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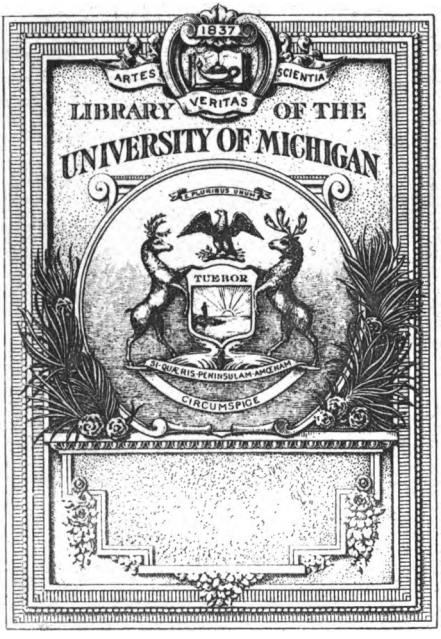

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MRS. WHITTELSEY'S

MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS.

EDITED BY

MRS. A. G. WHITTELSEY.

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace.—Bible.

VOL. I.

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Mrs. Mary E. Warner
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MRS. WHITTELSEY'S

MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS.

Editorial.

OURSELVES AND OUR MAGAZINE.

PERMIT us, by way of introduction, to say something of ourselves and of the objects at which we aim.

Seventeen years ago we originated the "Mothers' Magazine." Our connection with that work, as its editor, now terminated, has been continued from that time, with but slight interruption, to the close of the last year. Our circumstances, and those of our former patrons, have, in the mean time, materially changed. Long cherished companions have fallen by the way-side; our households, once numerous, are now widely dispersed; the fires upon the family altars of many of us are now quenched, or consume only the gifts of solitary worshipers; a generation has gone down to the grave; the young mothers whom it was our privilege to counsel and encourage, are now experienced matrons; and their children have succeeded to the cares and responsibilities which devolve upon the parents and guardians of the young. But *we* are still spared to labor in the field in which we have been so long engaged. That we may relinquish other pursuits and devote ourselves unreservedly to our editorial duties, and meet the wishes of our Christian friends, and the demands of the age in which we live more acceptably than we have been permitted to or could otherwise do, we have undertaken this new enterprise.

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The wonderful advancement which the world has made within these few years in every branch of knowledge, has essentially enlarged the interval between the twilight and the dawn of intellectual attainment. Children are now summoned into action earlier in life. They must, therefore, acquire knowledge more rapidly, and their character must be sooner established than ever before. Fashion and pomp, pleasures and power, now assail them, with their temptations increased ten-fold in number and strength. Hence our responsibility as parents is greatly augmented. We must be the more active in securing, so far as we can, their moral, physical, and intellectual well-being. Sensible of this, with a higher standard and redoubled exertions, it will be our aim to aid mothers, and those to whom the training of the infant mind is committed, in understanding, appreciating, and fulfilling the duties devolving upon them.

Many may feel that all that can be, has been said and written upon maternal duties and responsibilities. But they forget that it is made our duty to tell it to our children, and they again to theirs, how God has led us by the way, and kept our feet from evil; that rudiments require repetition; that the preceding generation must always be the teacher of the one succeeding; and that the wisdom and practical knowledge of others must be the guide to those to whom, without experience, is committed a trust so important, as the proper management of children.

Having secured the co-operation of many of our best writers on education, we confidently hope to accomplish much of what we here propose to attempt. As a further means of doing this, let us urge those who have had experience in the government and instruction of the young to write for our pages. None are so competent as those who are themselves parents, to point out the duties; none so well know the cares, anxieties, and difficulties which cluster around such a relation. We are confident that much valuable information would be derived from such sources. Many mothers in our land, though they may be humble and retired individuals, have it within their power to accomplish great good by the simple relation of incidents which have fallen under their observation, and of facts and principles which their experience have developed—even greater good than the mere theorist, though he may command greater fluency and grace of diction.

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We should rejoice in being the medium through which such writers would exert their influence. Let none be deterred by diffidence from making the effort, for, protected by a simple initial, they may, unknown, afford instruction, comfort, and encouragement to many inquiring and desponding mothers.

Among the many institutions connected with the church, we know of but few better adapted to promote religious feeling and to build up the kingdom of Christ, than Maternal Associations. We earnestly invite our clergy, to inquire and decide for themselves, if these be not powerful coadjutors in the great work in which they are engaged, for we fear they have not given due attention to this subject. It will be our aim to insure the formation of such associations in every church in our land, and to infuse vigor into those already in existence.

We have not the time to specify further the instrumentalities which we shall employ, nor the topics we shall discuss, during the year, to make this magazine what it ought and what it professes to be. We ask the patronage of the public upon the pledge that we shall spare no pains, and leave no means in our power unemployed, to deserve their support. Will not the friends and advocates of family piety second our endeavors by their pens, their subscriptions, and their prayers?

We cannot permit this opportunity of expressing our wish for the health, happiness, and prosperity of those upon whom we are permitted to make a NEW YEAR'S call, to pass unimproved. Our earnest prayer to God in their behalf is, that the year upon which we have just entered may be signalized by their increased self-devotion to the service of God, that their precept and example may be such as He shall approve, and that their children may all be found walking in the ways of wisdom. We can neither ask nor think of greater happiness than will thus be secured to them.

WHEN one flower fades, another springs up, fresher, perhaps, and more fragrant—and we forget the faded one. But the withered family flower can have no successor; it dies, and there is a blank forever.—BONAR.

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Original.

THE MOTHER'S TEACHERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

If there were a book, unequaled in antiquity and wisdom, in eloquence and poetry, both in theory and illustration, simple and sublime, yielding to the needs of the ignorant, yet revealing the finger of Deity, a book which the good have pronounced superior to all besides, and the learned retained for daily study, when every other was laid aside or forgotten, should we not be earnest to search for it? impatient to obtain it? uneasy till we were made acquainted with its contents?

There is such a book! And for want of the knowledge and love that it imparts, many regions of the earth are but habitations of cruelty. "More wisdom, comfort, and pleasure are to be found in retiring and turning the heart from the world, and reading with the good Spirit of God, His sacred Word, than in all the courts and all the favor of princes," said one who well knew what the pomp of palaces and the munificence of royalty could bestow.

Yes, there is a volume able to give the teacher discretion, and the disciple humility, to make the simple wise, and the wounded whole. To the penitent, bewailing his sins, to the mourner, sighing over the fallacy of earth's promises, or the frailty of her treasures, it points the way to pardon, and fullness of imperishable joy. Thanks be to Him, who thus accordeth us, in our oft-benighted pilgrimage, "the revelation of prophets, the melody of psalms, the instruction of proverbs, the experience of histories, a light that hath no evening."

If there were a day when the heavy-laden might repose from their burdening cares, when the sheep that had gone astray might hear of the open fold of the great Shepherd, when the poorest and most despised might associate not only with the rich and noble, in the worship of their common Father, but with cherubim and seraphim, around the throne, would it not be yearned after,

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watched for, and exultingly hailed throughout all the dimness and weariness of life?

And there is *such* a day. Duly it returns to spread its angel-wing over the caravan of Christian pilgrims, as they traverse these desert sands. Many feel its propitious influence in their temporal as well as spiritual progress. They find it leading the soul away from the rocks and quicksands, where the helmless, headlong course of the week might have driven it, and impelling it toward the peaceful stream of heavenly contemplation. It creates a fitness for intercourse with those glorified beings with whom the believer anticipates a deathless heritage. Amid its hallowed hours, the sainted ones whom he loved, and whose turf-pillow may have gathered greenness from his dropping tears, draw near, and teach him the dialect of heaven. They tell him of the empty tomb, of the soaring spirit; and he seems to feel their breath on his cheek as they whisper, "Come up hither." Blessed Sabbath! that thus brightens the golden chain between men and angels, and vouchsafes a foretaste of the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Mothers! who labor and pray that you may train aright the children who are dearer to you than your own lives, this Bible and this Sabbath are your great teachers, the conduit-pipes through which you receive wisdom and consolation from above. Bow down before their voice, and teach your little ones to reverence them by your own example. So may they aid you to aid others, until the teacher and the taught find a home where the law and the testimony are the delight of every heart, and the Sabbath-rest is eternal.

Original.

WOMAN'S LOT.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Woman's lot is, in many respects, a hard one. She is peculiarly exposed to adversity, and yet she is deprived of most of those resources which enable men to meet calamity, and to triumph over it. A man may, in some sense, be the creator of his own destiny. All the avenues of influence, and wealth, and

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power are open before him. The wide world is his home, and, with energy of character, he can, if he fail in one enterprise, try another. Every trade, every profession is free for his choice. The boundless West solicits him to cultivate the soil. California opens to him her gold mines. Every river, every lake, and all oceans are fields inviting his energies.

But how different are the chances of a woman, when the hour of adversity falls upon her. She is, perhaps, left a widow, with enfeebled health, no property, and a family of young and helpless children. She can *seek* no partner to be a father to her little ones, and to repair the breach in the shattered household. She can open a boarding-house, if she chance to have friends to provide her with the means. But the adventure is so hazardous to one all inexperienced in such an enterprise, that success can rarely be anticipated. She can have recourse to her needle. But what can a mother, surrounded by helpless children, do with a needle, to obtain support? If she have a cultivated mind, she can take a school, and that seems almost the only available resource open before her.

A few years ago, there might have been seen, in one of the most gorgeous equipages sweeping down Broadway, a lady, in the most showy garb of fashion. Every luxury embellished her home. The shops of Paris had been ransacked to furnish her parlors. Occupying one of the most fashionable residences of the city, and her husband having been eminently successful in business, she was regarded with envious eyes by those who had been less fortunate in the strife of life. Forgetful of her humble origin, she looked haughtily down upon those from whose society she had emerged into her position of wealth and brilliance. A few years of splendor passed away, when reverses came; every dollar of property was lost; the carriage and servants disappeared; the fashionable residence was abandoned; and the humbled family, who, in the loss of property, had lost the only title to distinction, were forgotten, as they sought refuge in an humble dwelling in an obscure street. A few years of struggling with absolute penury passed away, when the husband died, and the wife was left, with no friends, with no means, and with no energies for obtaining a livelihood. The sufferings endured in their privations during the slow process of humbling pride, no tongue

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can tell. But when the garments are worn threadbare, and hunger is gnawing at the heart, even the strongest pride must yield. Not long ago, this same woman was seen, in a cold winter's day, shivering, as the keen air pierced the thin shawl which covered her shoulders, soliciting, from door to door, a situation as a nurse, to take care of children. Is this case a rare one? There is hardly a resident in any one of our great cities who cannot relate many similar occurrences in his own experience. A good education might have divested these reverses of all their bitterest pangs. It is true, that an amiable and energetic character, without education, would have opened many doors and many hearts to one thus plunged into adversity. Few, in this country, need come to absolute want, who have the disposition and the ability to render themselves useful. But a good education is, to a woman of energetic character, an independence.

A few years ago, in one of the interior towns of New England, there was a wedding, under circumstances which gave unusual promise of happiness to the parties united. The young lady was beautiful and highly accomplished, of good parentage, and surrounded by a circle of relatives, intelligent and refined. The young gentleman was a physician of very eminent promise. Polished in manners, gifted with high poetic taste, and skilled in his profession, he was entering upon, apparently, a very brilliant career of practice, in the midst of a circle of families of unusual opulence and refinement. The lot of Leonora was considered by all as peculiarly enviable. She received, at her nuptials, the congratulations of all her friends, and was led, by her happy husband, to a home apparently as highly favored as earth could possibly present. A few years of happiness glided swiftly away. The fascinations of Dr. C., as a social companion, and the beauty and accomplishments of his bride, opened before them every door of festive enjoyment. In those days, "old Cogniac," "Hollands," and strong "West India," stood upon every sideboard, and wine sparkled in every entertainment. The popular physician, at every call, was invited to drink. It would not do to decline the invitation, either from the poor or the rich. Dr. C. became a drunkard. We need not go through the painful recital, with which all are familiar, of this dreadful career, from opulence to penury and woe.

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Drunkenness has been peculiarly the vice of the noble, of the generous, of the magnanimous. The man of warm heart, of social affections, and of attractive manners, was just the one to be lured by those fascinations, social and intellectual, which gathered around the wine-cup, where there was ever found the "feast of reason" and the "flow of soul." Prone to yield to the persuasions of others, and to self-surrender to promote the enjoyment of friends, he was led along, by insensible steps, to thralldom to the most dreadful appetite which ever cursed the children of men. Dr. C. fell from a commanding height, and he sunk to corresponding depths. His ruin was utter and irretrievable. He became a bloated inebriate, lost to all sense of humanity, and was often seen staggering through the streets, surrounded by a group of derisive school-boys, of whom he would be begging pennies to purchase rum—now making speeches in prose, and again in verse, for the reward of a penny. He at length wandered away, and was, one cold winter morning, found frozen stiff as a block of ice, upon a bleak plain, over which the winds and the snows of a January night had been fiercely driving.

Leonora was left, the drunkard's penniless widow, with three little children looking to her for bread. She had friends who were ready to take care of her, and to do what they could to alleviate the woes of a heart thus hopelessly broken. Different friends would afford a home for each of the children, and a brother would gladly have received her under his own roof. For some time before the death of the ruined inebriate, the family of Leonora had been entirely supported by her friends. She, however, with characteristic energy, now resolved that she would no longer be dependent, but that she would have her own home, and keep her own loved children with her.

She opened a school. Her highly cultivated mind was her ample capital for the enterprise. She was eminently successful. Time passed its alleviating influences over her wounded heart. Her home again became a happy one, as her noble sons grew up, her pride and her joy. Her daughter, intellectual and accomplished, and endowed with as much beauty as it is well for a woman to have, in process of time, was married to one who was all a mother's heart could desire. Her sons became successful in life, accumulated that ample competence which is better than

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enormous wealth, and were anxious for their honored mother, to the energies of whose mind and heart they were indebted for all their prosperity, to accept a home with them. She, however, for several years after it ceased to be necessary to support herself, preferred her own independent establishment and her labors of usefulness. At length, however, as she began to feel the influence of years upon her frame, she retired to spend the evening of her useful life at the fireside of her sons, receiving the love and the homage which her virtues so richly merited.

When we see how liable all are to such reverses as the one above described, it does, indeed, seem important that young ladies should be educated, not merely to fascinate, by a few external accomplishments, for a few months before marriage, but to encounter life, with all its real responsibilities and its serious hazards. There is no possible safeguard against the vicissitudes of fortune, and the faithful parent will ever bear them in mind.

Original.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF GOD.

The difficulty of conveying correct ideas of God to the minds of children, has been felt by many a parent. And too often, after repeated trials, some childish expression of the little learner, betraying the impression that the Most High is only a strong human giant, having eyes, ears, and hands, like men, and that cannot see in the dark, has put to flight many a good resolution, and discouraged further effort. It was but the other day a mother said, "It is of little use to attempt conveying to the mind of a child the idea of a God." It appeared that she had frequently sought to do this, but that her child still had the impression that God could not see behind the door, or in the dark, and even sometimes said, "I do not believe there is any God."

True, such results, at first thought, tend to discourage. But how often the efforts of parents are made so imperfectly, and at such long intervals, that no better result could be expected. But, parent, think for a moment of the greatness of the idea you

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are endeavoring to convey. It is the greatest that ever entered the mind of an archangel. The highest intelligence in creation has only begun to grasp it. Do not imagine that you, yourself, have adequate views of any one attribute of the Most High. "To know God," is the highest lesson of eternity; the greatest which he himself can teach to the loftiest intelligence. You have been studying it for twenty or thirty years, and if, after a few brief attempts to teach what you know of it, your child does not at once rise up to the measure of your conceptions, why should you be disappointed?

But you ask, "If the lesson is so great, why give it to the little child to learn?" I reply by asking, why should such a lesson be given to a man of three-score years? why to an angel? an *archangel?* At no point in endless duration can it be fully learned by any created mind. The Infinite One alone can fully comprehend himself. But is this a reason for discouragement to us, or to parents? By no means. It is a delightful thought, that so sublime a lesson, one which literally comprehends all knowledge, will last for eternity; that it will furnish something more glorious, still, to learn; still greater, greater thoughts to expand and elevate the mind, and to enlarge the capacity for reverent and holy love.

A finite creature, then, must begin this lesson, if ever, before it has the capacity to comprehend it all. Why should not some faint, feeble ray from Him who "is Light," be thrown, if possible, into the dawning intelligence? It is the economy of God to impart this light, beginning with the smallest degree, and to make the parent his agent, to open the eye of the child to those first, faint glimmerings of the moral Orient, and to aid its rudest essay at clearer vision, till the brighter flush of the morning shall gladden the sight, and the dayspring arise in the heart.

True, it is a great work. But what a *blessed* work! to be instrumental in letting into the soul of the young immortal *such* light. It is, too, a difficult work. But what that is most excellent is not difficult? *To know God,* is the great work of time and eternity. And none of us yet fully grasp the profound truth of those words of our Saviour, "And this is life eternal, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent."

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The first qualification of the parent for teaching this lesson must be, some just appreciation of both its greatness and its excellence; that while he feels its difficulty, he may also feel its worth, and not be disheartened at a slow progress. Again, the parent may be aided by using appropriate natural objects as emblems or symbols of some divine attribute. Accustomed as we are to gain our first knowledge through the medium of sensible objects, it is difficult for most persons to form the idea of a purely spiritual being. And then, the attempt to think of such a being who is *infinite*, may well overpower us. We can only approximate toward the development of that idea. "No man hath seen God at any time," and he can only be shadowed forth to us by outward symbols and representations. He trained the Hebrews by such means to a knowledge of his attributes. They had lived among an idolatrous people, and were so benighted and debased as to have lost all ideas of purity or holiness. And it may aid the parent just to refer to his mode of awakening in them the idea of his holiness of character. He commanded them to divide the animals of Palestine into two classes, the clean and the unclean. Those to be offered in sacrifice to him were not only to be taken from the clean, but to be the best of that class—without spot or blemish. It was then to be offered only by one who had been set apart to the sacred office, and after he had washed both the animal and himself in pure water. Then it could not be offered in the "Holy of Holies," but in a court without; and even the high priest could enter the most holy place but once a year. By such a process they attained to some idea of a single attribute of Jehovah.

Now we may not need just this mode of education to gain a conception of God's attributes. But we do need something of the kind. Mere *words* will not teach it. It must in some way be shadowed forth by *things*, and gained by comparison, and contrast, and emblem, or some outward representative which shall be *suggestive* of the great spiritual truth to be learned. How uniformly is this mode of teaching spiritual things employed in the Bible. For example, "God is light," "Dwelling in light which no man can approach unto," "The heavens are not clear in his sight." As the child looks into the blue depths of the pure, stainless sky, it has an idea of purity; and when it is told,

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"The heavens are not clear in his sight," it can transfer this idea, by the aid of its inherent knowledge of moral qualities, from the material heavens to the character of God, inferring from such language, "God is far purer than the stainless sky." So of *light*, as an emblem of purity. So of the fresh flowers.

This, in fact, is the natural mode of conveying ideas of spiritual things. All nature is a repository of emblems for suggesting moral attributes and qualities. It is a great storehouse of analogies, leading the mind to something higher and better in the spiritual world. And children can seize upon these analogies, and interpret these emblems with wonderful facility. They love to do it. It is often the zest of their sport on the playground. They make one thing represent another. The little girl that has seen her third summer, will, with a rough shingle and acorn teacups, acquit herself of the honors of the table with matron grace.

"See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learned art:
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral:
Then will he fit his tongue,
To dialogue of business, love, or strife,
And with new joy and pride,
The little actor cons another part,
Filling, from time to time, his humorous stage
With all the persons down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage."

Now this natural capacity, and this propensity, manifest in children, to make one thing represent another, and, while looking at the rudest emblems, to fasten the imagination on the higher reality, is the foundation of our highest knowledge and noblest enjoyments. And it is the great work of the parent, in communicating religious ideas, to select appropriate objects in nature, or events in sacred history, or facts and laws in the government of the family or the state, which shall emblemize and represent higher truths concerning the character and government of God. The parent should not imagine that the most careful study of *words* alone will impart such knowledge. *Things*, *objects*, *relations*, *events*, must be known, or words, however familiarly used, will have no meaning. There is, in religion, especially, with

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both young and old, a great deal of unconscious ignorance covered up under the veil of *words*. See to it that the child looks at things.

Neither should instruction be too general. Every lesson should be fitted to convey a *definite* truth. In teaching the nature and character of God, each attribute should, by itself, be carefully illustrated. The power, wisdom, holiness, justice, mercy, love of God, will require, each, separate methods of illustration. His *power* is easily seen from what he has made. He piled up the mountains; he spread out the great seas; he built the vast heavens. These convey the idea of power, partly as effects and partly as symbols. One object will be most impressive to one child, and another to another, according to situation, opportunities for comparison, etc., and each attribute should be separately illustrated by such objects or events as are fitted to give the clearest ideas, and to make the deepest impressions. Care should be taken, also, not to weary the child by too protracted an effort, and not to excite his aversion by a want of attractiveness in the illustration or the manner. One parent, the writer well remembers, made use of the thunder-storm to make on his children the impression of God's power and majesty. It was in an evening of summer, and during one of the most dreadful storms ever witnessed in our climate. Vivid flashes of lightning, thickest darkness, and crashing peals of thunder were following in quick succession; and the family group, shrinking and trembling, had gathered closer and closer around the parents, while the father, during those fearful intervals of sheeted-flame and thunder-peals, repeated, in a calm, solemn tone, "God thundereth marvelously with his voice," "The God of glory thundereth," "The thunder of his power who can understand?" And his calm voice, and the serene, almost unearthly composure of his countenance, which those lurid flashes but the better revealed, while the hills shook and the foundations of the earth trembled, taught us also another lesson: that he who thundereth in majesty, is also a God of glory and of truth, and that the upright in heart may *trust*, while they fear him. Without that serene and unshaken trust which was apparent in his whole aspect, his lesson would only have inspired us with fear. The God of power and majesty would have been only a God of terror. And this shows the importance, not

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only of choosing proper objects and favorable opportunities for impressing a particular truth, but of *so* teaching it, that a great truth shall not be linked, ever after, with a fatal error, but shall be rather, though unconsciously, a means of teaching another and another truth, still higher and more precious. The best auxiliary, then, which the parent can have, in connection with the Bible, and nature, and daily occurrences, for conveying the most important spiritual truth, is that of which he thinks least: the *natural language* of a calm, trusting, affectionate spirit; a spirit penetrated, moulded by a Christian faith; imbued with the power of every Gospel truth, and speaking out, in its own way, through feature, tone, language, deportment, in artless simplicity. Q.

Original.

LEARN THY LESSON, TEACHER!

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I saw a child some four years old
Along a meadow stray;
Alone she went—unchecked—untold—
Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—
Now paused, and now proceeded;
Hill, valley, wood—she passed them by,
Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright,
In circling thickets bound her—
Yet on she went with footsteps light,
Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,
And plucked a little flower—
A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped
Within a rosy bower.

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The child did kiss the little gem,
And to her bosom pressed it;
And there she placed the fragile stem,
And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true,
From nature's open book—
And oft I learn a lesson new,
From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple—loving—true;
'Tis Heaven that made them so;
And would you teach them—be so too—
And stoop to what they know.

Begin with simple lessons—things
On which they love to look:
Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings;
These are God's spelling-book.

And children know his A, B, C,
As bees where flowers are set:
Would'st thou a skillful teacher be?
Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,
Guide thou thy pupil's look,
And when he asks, with aspect sage,
"Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou with reverent gaze to heaven,
And kneel in earnest prayer,
That lessons thou hast humbly given,
May lead thy pupil there!

He that sins against man, may fear discovery, but he who sins against God is sure of it.

He that overcomes evil with good, overcomes three at once—himself, his adversary, and the devil.

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Original.

THE DUTY OF PARENTS IN RELATION TO THE SABBATH.

One of the most seasonable topics at the present moment is the importance of parental influence being exerted to impress upon their children's minds, the exceeding preciousness of the Sabbath; and we can hardly imagine a better use to which we can devote one article in this initial number of the present work.

In the first place, it needs no argument to show to thoughtful parents, that not only has God ordained the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest, of worship, and spiritual improvement, not only has he enjoined it upon us to hallow this day ourselves, and cause our households after us to remember and keep it holy, but by a long and uniform series of providences, he has hung out the signals of his displeasure against Sabbath breaking, so that he who runs may read.

For, it is a most striking fact, that if we look to the annals of crime and misery, we find, with scarcely an exception, that the downward career commences with Sabbath neglect, Sabbath violation, Sabbath pleasuring, and the like, and from this stepping-stone, by a regular and unfailing descent, the sad pathway of the transgressor is traced to the prison, the gallows, the almshouse, and a degraded grave. Failures in business, loss of character, ruin of health, and a thousand other calamities, which are constantly befalling men, may be threaded back, as through a labyrinth, by this single clue of Sabbath neglect or Sabbath desecration. On this subject we speak with the confidence of conviction, based, not on theory, but on observation repeated and verified a thousand times, and we say the great spring and fountain-head of disaster, of failure, of crime, and misery, is Sabbath breaking. There is no mistake about it.

On the other hand, just as visibly and uniformly does the blessing of God follow the endeavor to honor the Christian Sabbath. In temporal things, to say nothing just now of spiritual and eternal things, there is a wonderful connection between Sabbath keeping and prosperity. Let a young man conscientiously and carefully respect the Sabbath, and honor its ordinances, and at once all the other parts of his conduct take shape and tone

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from that. Some how, he compels the respect and confidence of his fellow-men. He learns to respect himself, too. He finds himself protected from even the inclination to engage in pursuits, pleasures, associations, and follies which attract and injure others. He finds that he not only loses no time, but that he actually gains time by consecrating an entire seventh of it to religion. In a word, he advances steadily in favor with the best men, prospers in business, and rises in the scale of excellence by an almost necessary process, and all this as the result of a uniform, consistent observance of the law of the Sabbath.

These, we say, are matters of fact and observation, which are so clear and plain that all may see them. And they are the indications which Providence, the Lord of the Sabbath, holds out to warn, on the one hand, against the contempt of his law, and to attract to obedience, on the other.

But another fact which all, and especially parents, are deeply concerned to consider, is this, that we live in a period when a secular, money-getting, pleasure-loving spirit is threatening to sweep away all distinction between the Sabbath and other days. The eagerness of the chase after temporal good is so intense and absorbing, that men are in constant danger of losing sight of sacred things. Youth and childhood follow in the blinding, debasing pursuit, and ere they are aware of their error, are wrecked and ruined forever.

Here, then, stands forth, with appealing earnestness and imploring urgency, the obligation of parents, who know the worth of the Sabbath and the soul of man, and who love their children. We say, parents are appealed to at the present time as they never were before, to throw their whole influence in favor of the maintenance of the Sabbath in all its healing, saving power.

We entreat parents to consider the suggestions here thrown out, and apply them without delay to the case of their children. It is not a surmise, but a solemn certainty, that, as your children grow up in regard to the Sabbath, so will be the tenor and the issue of their earthly career. If they are sent forth into the great maelstrom of this world's sensuality and selfishness, with no restraining, redeeming Sabbath influence to subdue and sanctify their hearts, dark, indeed, is their future prospect for time and eternity.

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We see parents making great exertions to secure property for their offspring; we see them struggling to give their sons and daughters an education that will enable them to stand well in society; yet many of these same parents are training their children to principles and habits regarding the Sabbath which threaten to counteract all the advantages of property and education. The best legacy to leave to children, the most valuable education to impart to them, is a profound respect for the Sabbath; and without this, there is no security that worldly advantages will not prove useless or injurious.

It is well worth considering whether parents might not accomplish more toward inculcating a love of the Sabbath, if they would take pains to render religious instruction on that day attractive and pleasing. The present age has a great advantage over the past, in the multiplicity and rich variety of religious books which are accessible. With a little effort and a little skill, the parent might make the instructions of the Sabbath a real feast of enjoyment to the children, and they would learn to look for the return of the day with eager expectation. This would prove a much more successful method than the one pursued by those parents who content themselves with merely forbidding their children to do thus and so, leaving them to pass the day in gloomy silence. But our space will not permit enlargement under this head at present.

Original.

THE TWO EXPERIMENTS.

BY A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN.

"A FINE, happy-looking child, I confess," said Mr. Jones, addressing a young mother, as she sat sporting with her first-born. "I may well congratulate you on the possession of so valuable a gift; a son, I hear?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mather, "and a happy little fellow he is. You are happy, ain't you?" said the mother, at the same

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time giving the infant just such a shaking as a mother only can give, and which made the boy laugh nearly outright—"you look happy, and I hope to continue to see you happy,"—ending with imprinting upon him a hearty kiss.

"Indeed, I may well join with you in hoping he will prove a great comfort and a great blessing to you," said Mr. Jones; "but it is no light matter to be intrusted with such a charge. Children are God's gift. They are bestowed upon us for a purpose. We are constituted their guardians. Every thing pertaining to their usefulness here, and their happiness hereafter, is for the time intrusted to our care. Responsibility is laid upon us, from which we cannot withdraw, even if we would. We must act; and for the manner in which we act we are accountable to God. In this view, the education of a child is a matter of no trivial importance. Consequences lasting as eternity, are involved."

To all this, Mrs. Mather observed that she believed most parents made the matter of educating their children far more difficult than they need to do.

"I should be surprised at the tenor of your remark," said Mr. Jones, "did I not know that you have had, as yet, but little experience in the training of children. This is your first essay, and while I do not suppose that your knowledge in relation to the duties involved is more limited than others in similar circumstances—indeed, I admit that it may be more varied and more extensive than that of many others—yet you do not mean to say that there are no difficulties in the proper training of a child? I am the father of several children, and have seen many more years than yourself, yet with all the light and experience I have been able to gather from every quarter, I must confess that there is no relation in life more difficult to fulfill than that of a parent; and I thought this was the concurrent opinion of all ages and all nations."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Mather, rather retreating from the strong position she had taken, "I do not doubt that there are difficulties, but I am proposing to myself a plan, pursuing which I hope to make what is commonly called a task, an office easy and delightful. I am designing to bring up this little fellow *just right*. I wish I could make him a sort of *model-boy;* and for this pur-

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pose I propose pursuing a very different course from what is common, and to which even you yourself, Mr. Jones, may possibly object."

"It is an age of progress," said Mr. Jones, "and it would surely impart great pleasure to me if you, or any one else, should make discoveries in relation to a subject of such vast importance, and in respect to which, doubtless, there is room for improvement."

"I am not going to set up as a reformer, Mr. Jones, I assure you; I shall only follow out a plan which I determined to pursue in case I should ever be so happy as to be a mother. Most parents, you say, find it difficult to make their children act right. I do not wonder. In my humble judgment, they proceed upon false principles, and pursue a wrong course. They take it for granted, in the outset—an opinion which has come down from the old fathers, I suppose—that their children are born into the world with a sort of taint in their blood, their hearts all wrong, dispositions all wrong, tendencies all wrong."

"Ah!" interrupted Mr. Jones, "and has the entire world, then, been for ages at fault here? Are children born into the world holy?"

"Do you mean to intimate, Mr. Jones, that this little boy of mine is a *depraved* being? Look at him—bright as a morning sunbeam, good-natured as the livelong day, happy as possible—how can I for a moment believe that such a lovely little fellow can have any depravity mingled in his composition? The very thought is repugnant."

"You would not wish me, my dear madam, to compliment your child at the expense of truth. He is certainly a fine specimen of humanity, and, judging from the exterior, we should not indeed imagine that any great evil could lurk within. But—"

"The common doctrine of you clergymen, I know," said Mrs. Mather, "is at variance with mine. I can't think my child, or any child at his age, depraved."

"That is a point which I do not feel called upon," said Mr. Jones, "to decide. I do not decide. It is not necessary to settle the precise moral character of infants. But if there be no moral obliquity whatever, in or about them, it seems strange that they should so uniformly choose evil rather than good, and

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pursue wrong rather than right, and often under the most enlightened education, the best discipline, the most powerful restraints which can be imposed upon them. Besides, the Scriptures would seem to justify such a view, even of infants. The general scope of the Scriptures is, that the race, as a race, have departed from the great line of rectitude. 'They are all gone out of the way.' 'They go astray as soon as they be born.' To these general declarations I find no exceptions. What is the precise truth in regard to an infant's heart, as the seat of moral affections the first moment it opens its eyes in the world, I shall not attempt to determine. It is, in my estimation, but of little practical importance that we should know. It would not, probably, alter our views of the divine character, or the divine government. It would not change, so far as I can see, our duty in a single particular. They are in the hands of God now, and at his kind and merciful disposal; they would be so then. Our duty toward them would begin where it now begins, and would be just what it now is. The religious world has been filled with inquiry, with perplexity, with disputes on this subject, and I know not with any satisfactory result, or with any great advance toward absolute truth."

"I admit," said Mrs. Mather, "that the Scriptures do say that all go astray as soon as they are born, and I concede that the deduction may include children. This, however, is only the declaration of a fact, if it be one, while there is no allusion to, or explanation of, the cause of that fact."

"And what would be your explanation of the cause?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"To myself," she replied, "nothing is plainer. They go astray thus early because they are educated to go astray. The common system of government, at its very commencement, is calculated to produce this effect. From the outset children are fettered and fretted. The whole system is one of self-denial. I purpose proceeding, in relation to my boy, upon another principle."

"That of *indulgence*, I infer," said Mr. Jones. "You deem it to be sufficient to adopt the *alluring* plan; leading your child into the paths of righteousness and truth by that process which, in reference to inferior animals, is denominated baiting or toling.

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You think, if I understand you, that all that is necessary in order to make a child what it should be, is to *please* it, to let it act as it desires, to have what it wishes?"

"That is my plan," responded Mrs. Mather. "The great error of the past has been, I conceive, a system of coercion. No sooner is a child born into the world, than it is constituted a soldier, against whom a warfare is to ensue. The whole system of education proceeds upon a plan of opposition. The inclinations of the child are to be opposed; its wants opposed; its aspirations opposed; in short, every thing in and about it wears the aspect of oppugnation. And the consequence is what might be expected, that it is continually fretted, so that if there were any evil in it, this were the sure way to bring it out, and give it strength and predominance. This process would engender evil, in my opinion, if it did not previously exist. I long thought that if I ever were a mother, I would adopt a system of education which should avoid those evils which the present system necessarily involves."

"And what says Mr. Mather to all this?" inquired Mr. Jones. "In regard to the education and government of children I had supposed that the responsibility of parents was mutual and inseparable. Does Mr. Mather agree with you?"

"He is altogether too much engrossed in his business concerns, he says, to think of educating the child; that is my business, and I trust I shall find it a pleasure rather than a task."

"Your theory is not a new one, I suppose you know," said Mr. Jones. "Thousands of parents have adopted and practiced upon it in all ages, and I fear often to the ruin of their children. The excessive indulgence of his children was the fatal error of good old Eli; and the consequences both to them and himself were deplorable. This was the great sin of David in regard to his children, several of whom were any thing but a blessing to his old age; while one, who on account of his beauty and grace, had been more than ordinarily indulged, proved a fratricide, and drove the father from his throne. In modern times," continued Mr. Jones, "we meet with specimens—some of them sufficiently ludicrous—of the manner in which this system of indulgence works. Take an instance or two, furnished us in the life of the late English Lord Holland, who made it a

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rule in the tuition of his children, it is said, to follow and regulate, but never to restrain nature. It was the boast of his son, the celebrated Charles James Fox, that when young he never was thwarted in any thing. The following instances are related of the indulgence of this father before the son was six years old. One day, standing by his father, while the latter was winding up his watch—'I have a great mind to break that watch, papa,' said the boy. 'No, Charles, that would be foolish.' 'Indeed, papa,' said he, 'I *must* do it.' 'Nay,' answered the the father, 'if you have such a violent inclination, I wont balk it.' Upon which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who instantly dashed it on the floor.

"It is related, that at another time, while Lord Holland was secretary of state, having just finished a long and labored dispatch, which he was in haste to send off, Master Charles was standing near him, with his hand on the inkstand: said the child, 'Papa, I have a great mind to turn this ink over that paper.' 'Do, my dear,' said the secretary, 'if it will give you any pleasure.' The young gentleman immediately threw on the ink, utterly ruining the dispatch. The father re-seated himself very composedly to write it out again. I trust, my dear madam," said Mr. Jones, "that you do not wish your son to be a Charles James Fox."

"It would highly gratify me," observed Mrs. Mather, "if he might be as distinguished a statesman and orator."

"Not for the world," replied Mr. Jones, "if he must inherit the awful vices, which so stained the character and deformed the life of that otherwise great man; and to which, doubtless, the indulgence of the father, in early life, so powerfully contributed."

Such was the conversation, and a very unexpected conversation it was, between the gentleman and lady whom we have introduced to our readers, on the occasion—a call of the former upon the latter for the purpose of taking leave—as he was about to remove with his family to the West. Mr. Jones was a clergyman whose health had for several years precluded him from following the duties of his profession. He had, however, now so far recovered, as to justify an attempt to resume his clerical duties, and he had selected the West as the theatre of his fu-

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ture labors. He had long been acquainted with Mrs. Mather and her family. But he was grieved, and even pained, to learn that such were her views on the subject of educating children. Of course he foreboded failure and disappointment as the result. With as much delicacy as possible, but in general terms, he had intimated his opinion as to the radical defects of the system she had adopted. Although not quite so sanguine on her part as when the conversation began, he left her evidently determined to pursue her own way. On rising to depart, and while he was yet giving her a final but cordial grasp of the hand, he said, "One thing I think you will ultimately find true—that the child that is not made to submit to parental authority at least once in early life, and whose act of submission is not at length free, full, and unconditional, is in imminent danger of never so submitting to any power in the universe."

The sequel of this experiment, and the story of another nearly related to it, are reserved for a future number.

Original.

THE OLDEN TIME.

THE following letter, of Mrs. Isabella Graham (now first published), was written to her daughter Joanna, while at a French boarding-school in Rotterdam, Holland, whither she was sent by her patroness, the Viscountess Glenarchy, to acquire facility in speaking the French language. Mrs. Graham first thought of sending her to France, but Lady Glenarchy interfered, knowing how apt the Roman Catholics were to make proselytes.

[Endorsed, "First letter from Mamma, no date; received October, 1784."]

"MY DEAR GIRL:

"You would search your trunk in vain for your buckles and slips, which, after all, I had forgot. I have not time to say any thing particular, only, forget not your God; he has kept you among Protestants, I hope among real Christians. He has overruled your going to France. I bless him for it; I hope it is

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your choice to give yourself to the Lord; to be saved by him in his own way. I hope your choice is the narrow path that leadeth to life, with Christ for your guide; his people for your companions. He has done much for you, and will do infinitely more, if you put all into his hands; converse with him daily by prayer; beg of him to put you among his children; to feed you with children's bread, and to reconcile your mind to children's chastisements; beseech him to direct your mind to the saving knowledge of the truth; none can teach like him; be you diligent in the use of means, and he will answer your prayer. O, my dear child, what are all other considerations to this? What though you could gain the whole world, could understand all sciences, speak all languages, poor Joseph, of whom you read in the printed paper, would be wiser and happier than you, even in this world; and O what a difference through all eternity, if the knowledge of Christ and his salvation were lacking on your part. I have no more time; I leave you on the Father of the fatherless; O, may he hedge you into himself. Meet me at a throne of grace, where I will plead with God for you. Your anxious, affectionate mother, ISABELLA GRAHAM."

Original.

A RIDE TO THE FERRY.

THE wise man says, "there is a time for every purpose under the sun." We who, as mothers, have undertaken the education of our children, feel that this is a *purpose* inferior to none; and if, when stating his proposition, Solomon had had this one object in view, above every other, he could not have been more to the point. "A time to *plant*, a time to *build up*, a time to *gather stones together*, a time *to get*, a time to *speak*." Yes, there is *but one* time to *plant*, and would that parents knew better the truth of this assertion. *One time* to impart health and strength, proportion and activity to the body; *one time* to sow knowledge, and virtue, and religion in the soul.

To exemplify the ignorance and indifference of parents to this

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important fact, let me speak of two cases which attracted my attention in a short trip to Jersey City. I entered an omnibus, in the upper part of Broadway, in which was a pale, nervous-looking man, seated at the farther end, who appeared chilled and unwell, and was wrapped in his thickly wadded coat. It was the first cold and raw morning which we had felt in the unusually pleasant month of November. Every one was complaining bitterly of the cold. Next to this man was his little boy, of about ten years of age, his satchel around his neck, on his way to school. He had on his brown linen apron, the dress which he had probably worn all the summer. He was a sweet-looking, delicate boy. His pale skin, flaxen hair, taper fingers, and slender frame told that he was of no sturdy origin. By and by, a stout, robust-looking young man entered the omnibus, and words of friendly recognition passed between the two gentlemen. The blood was glowing in his cheeks, and health was in all his veins, but he wrapped his coat closely about him, and complained of the cold. Soon his eye glanced along, and, with an expression of wonderment, he exclaimed, "Has Willie no coat on?" "No," said the father, gruffly, "he does not need one." "Oh," replied the other, "it is too cold to be without a coat." "He must be hardened to it," said the father. Poor Willie hung his head, and looked out the window, it may be, to hide a tear. Presently the young man related an incident respecting one of his brothers, an adult, who rose at five every morning, and performed some laborious occupation before breakfast. "I wish I could get *that* boy to do it," was all the reply of this son of hypochondriacism. "Time enough yet," responded the kind-hearted and considerate friend. We arrived at the Park. "Get out, Willie, and go to school," were all the words uttered to this dear child by that father, uttered in a chilling, wish-to-be-rid-of tone, to last him till night, when they would meet again by the fireside. Physicians tell us that children need more clothes than adults, to sustain the vitality of the body; they need more sleep; they need cheerful companions; they need exercise in the open air. From want of proper clothing to sustain the insensible perspiration of the skin, the lungs and bowels are called upon to perform double duty, and inflammation is probably the result. If that boy, with all his delicacy of formation, *must be* confined in a

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school-room, far better let him *run* down Broadway, and keep himself warm, than be shut up in an omnibus to have, not only his body chilled for a day, but his warm affections chilled for life.

Presently we came to the boat. A couple, young in life, were seated in it, with their two children, a girl and boy of about ten and twelve years of age. They were probably strangers to this part of the States; perhaps never had crossed the famous "Powles' Hook" ferry before. The boy, with the usual curiosity of children, mounted to the window, and was looking quietly out at that vast array of ships, and steamboats, and ferry-boats, which strike with wonder even the eye of an adult. This was the sight he had been longing to see. Here were the fictions of the Arabian Nights, in his view, realized. Presently was heard, in the harsh tone of a father, who evidently mistook sternness for good government, "James, come down." James slunk away into a corner, as if he had been shot. Why did not this young father see that then was the time "to gather stones together." James was thirsting for knowledge; his eyes, his ears, all his powers were on the *qui vive*. Why did not this father, robust in appearance, and able to encounter the wind of that day, take James on the deck of the boat, and explain to him the wondrous array which met his gaze? Why not increase his desire for knowledge, by the gratification of his curiosity, and form a nucleus for after years? Why did he not "build up," at that favored moment, an altar of love and confidence in that boy's breast, which would induce him, as years flew by, to go to his father for direction, for advice, for instruction?

Original.

FAITH INSURES THE BLESSING.

"This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting." *Reader*, have you a *son* who is to you a source of great anxiety and suffering? There was one like you in olden times—in Bible days—who came bringing such a son to the Saviour. This surely was the right place to bring him. He, who has "all

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power in heaven and earth," knows what to do with such a son. This father was one of the multitude—one of the "great multitude which no man can number." He was insignificant, hardly worth the notice of any one. But he could feel for his son, and lay aside all other concerns to take him to the Saviour. He complains to the Saviour that his son hath a "dumb spirit," and tells of its dreadful operations on his child: that he pineth away, and that the disciples, to whom he had just applied, could not cast him out. *Jesus* delays not. He says, "Bring him unto me," and inquires, "How long since this came unto him?" and is told, "*Of a child.*" Reader, does this case still accord with your own? "As the sparks fly upward, so has your son been going astray from the womb, speaking lies." Are you ready, with this father, to exclaim, "If thou *canst* do any thing, have compassion on us and help us?" Then listen to his blessed reply to him: "If thou canst *believe; all things* are possible to him that believeth." Wonderful words of consolation from *his* own lips! I think I hear you exclaim, with this weeping father, as the last and only resource of a despairing parent, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Does an evil spirit possess thy child, leading him into all manner of evil to destroy him? Do you desire the blessed Redeemer to say, "I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him?" He is as potent to say these words now as when he was on earth, and he is as willing too. What is the *demon* which leads your darling astray? Is it the gold of California, or the tempting billows of the ocean, or the allurements of the "modern Babylon?" Have you consigned him, with a trembling heart, to the influence of either of these, and do you now weep alone in secret places? Remember, my friend, *God is there.* A fond mother is too apt to suppose that, away from her, her son cannot be converted. But this is not so; it was not so when Jesus was on earth. "*Go thy way,* thy son *liveth.*" "Go thy way, the devil *is gone out* of thy daughter." While the parent was praying at the Saviour's feet, the miracle had been wrought! To feel that he is alone, but a plank between him and eternity, may bring your unconverted son to his right mind, and cause him to bow at the footstool. *California* may be to him, with God's blessing, the gate of heaven. The great city of temptation may hang out to him her sinful en-

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ticements *in vain*, for Jesus and his cross *can present greater* attractions. Pray, then, mother—pray as Jesus did, with fasting, with self-consecration, with faith—*unquestioning faith*—and you will receive a blessing.

Original.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

THE associations of our early home, how sweet to the memory! how dear to the heart! The spot where we were born—the place where first we learned to look with delight upon the beauties of nature—the scenes of our early childhood! How sweet, not to say sacred, the recollections of the emerald groves, of the flowery meadows, and the pure brooklet that gushed forth from the fountain in gently-flowing numbers! There is the stately oak, under whose shade we have spent many of our brightest days and happy childhood hours. Here, too, is the meadow green, or the blooming clover-field, where we have watched the honey-bee or chased the gay-winged butterfly!

Yonder stands the forest grove, where we have often repaired to listen to the sweet song of the birds, and chased the timid "chipmunc," and hunted the nest of the dove and the robin. How often, too, have we tangled the growing grass for the mower in the fields, in search of the delicious strawberry. And that stream still runs murmuring on, where we have watched the sport of the tiny fish that swam in its sparkling waters in the sunny spring. How often, too, aside the winding stream, have we built our miniature mill, with its swelling "forebay," and there sat and watched the sparkling waters pour their congregated floods upon our little flutter-wheel!

Here is the place where first we learned to fondly lisp the name of father, mother, sister, brother—where first we learned the language of piety and wisdom—where we learned to read the Bible, and to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven." These sweet thoughts and associations are indelibly engraven upon our memory. And still with delight we recur to the scenes of our

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early childhood, and the innocent pleasures of our old homestead. And so it is with thousands, whose thoughts recur to their early days, and their hearts are still moved most tenderly at the mere mention of "home, sweet home."

Wherever we wander over the landscape of earth, no place seems so dear, or attracts us like that of home. "No flowers are so fair as those that bloom around our home—no streams that meet the eye are so bright as those on whose banks we played in childhood, and no birds sing so sweetly as those whose notes we listened to beneath the trees that grew around our home. Yes, truly, 'be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

Though time may change, and all earthly things fade away, let us so live that we may live forever—that when we quit this earthly house, we may have "a house eternal in the heavens."

"Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
How blest the thoughts of heaven our home!"

Happy, rich, and glorious, he who makes heaven his home! Christian pilgrim, thy race is run—thy course finished—thy life ended below—enter thou into the palace of angels and God. Heaven is now thy home, and God thy exceeding great reward! Thy Saviour is thy eternal portion, angels thy company, and the immortal climes of bliss thy happy, exalted, and glorious home!

I. N. K.

Original.

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

Flowers are beautiful, because God hath created them. We take pleasure in them, because they are the creatures of his beneficent hand. We love to admire their beauty, and taste their fragrancy, because they are the objects of his continual care. The same hand that feeds the ravens when they cry, and that ministers to the wants of every living thing, causes also the tender flower to put forth the green leaf and expand into perfect bloom. That same, same eye that sees the sparrow fall, beholds

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the fading of the humblest flower, and decorates the earth's landscape. Yea,

"Thou that madest that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fixed the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launched away—
Painted the velvet lawn."

Man is a frail, blooming, fading flower. To-day he is—to-morrow he is gone. "All flesh is as grass, and as the flowers of the field so he flourisheth." How beautiful and fair to look upon! The very object of loveliness. The object of many blessings—the almoner of unnumbered mercies and gifts from above. Although he now bears the image of the earthy, he has the promise and prospect of ere long bearing the image of the heavenly—the impress of the divine nature—the fashion of the glorious body of Christ amid the seraphims of glory!

"Transplanted to the skies,
He'll bloom forever there."

How many of the good and great, my dear reader, have been already transplanted there, where flowers never fade. How many of our early associates and youthful acquaintances have gone to flourish in that immortal soil. Here they shall know no withering, nor feel any more pain, nor ever again be nipped by some untimely blast, nor be subject to mortality.

"No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

Death removes the flower to confer a jewel—takes the tender bud to impart the ripened fruit of paradise—receives the thorny ills of mortality in exchange for an immortal crown. Even here, the fairest flower that blooms on earth is piety to God. This will introduce us to the skies, where we shall never die; where we shall live and flourish as a rose, amid the fair bowers of a heavenly Canaan. This flower spreads a fragrancy through the *church* of God below, and it fills with heavenly odor the *temple* above, as the sacred and acceptable incense rises to God through eternity.

I. N. K.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GABRIEL, A STORY OF WICHNOR WOOD. By Mary Howitt. From the Author's manuscript. New York: Collins & Brother. Price, 37½ cents.

WE were beguiled into reading this little volume by the charming descriptions which introduce the scene and actors of the story. Miss Howitt gives a picture of "pleasant Wichnor Wood," which grows life-like under her graceful touches, until we seem to see its green haunts, and can almost greet the merry bands of children that come trooping through the forest to the village school, with berry-stained lips and fingers, and trailing flowers in their hands. Not less faithful, but quite different is her description of the dark pits of Grublow, with its grimmed colliers, and black, unsightly desolation every where. The moral that virtue is its own reward, is agreeably illustrated in the experience of the young hero, Gabriel, who, at the age of twelve years, is endowed with manifold manly virtues. We think our young friends will find a pure and pleasant entertainment in the reading of this work. The volume is not less attractive from the beautiful white doe and the benign, motherly-looking cow which appear in the frontispiece. For ourselves, we made one juvenile happy by bestowing it as a New Year's gift.

THE USE OF THE BODY IN RELATION TO THE MIND. By George Moore, M. D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 356.

This work is one of a series of three, from the pen of an eminent physician of England, which it is our purpose to review more critically at a future time.

The subject is one of the highest importance to all, and by no one should be studied with more profound attention and interest than by those who have the education of the minds and bodies of the young, whose habits are to be formed, and who must suffer evils untold, if they are not rightly directed.

No one, we think, could have presented the subject in a more attractive and interesting manner than our author. His practice as a physician has furnished him with facts which are the ground-work of his theories; he is philosophical and fruitful in beautiful illustration, and his heart has been kindled with love to the good, the spiritual, the godlike. He is not, as is too often the case at the present day, with his class of thinkers, a materialist.

He has clear and profound ideas, a rich fancy, delicate taste, noble sentiments, in fact, the right mind for the subject.

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Original.

UNDYING MEMORIES.

THERE is a touch of nature, which would be recognized the world over, in the remark of Naaman's servant, when his master refused to bathe in Jordan for the healing of his leprosy, "If the prophet had bid thee do some *great* thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" The servant hit the difficulty accurately. Naaman scorned the trivial means suggested for his cure. But had the prophet required some stately and striking thing, he would have proceeded with confidence to its performance.

So it happens now, that the very simplicity and ease of the duties required at our hands, constitute a stumbling-block and an objection. Is it not often the case with parents, that many of the duties which they owe their children, and upon which their salvation depends, are performed carelessly and without confidence in the result, because those duties seem trivial in their nature?

And yet these very trivial things are precisely those which oft-times are attended with the most lasting results. The hymn-tune which the young mother hums when putting her babe to sleep; the few words of prayer which she teaches her little one to repeat at her knee; the mere passing smile of love and pleasure which flits over her countenance when her child does some good deed—these and such like trifles are precisely the things that fasten on the child's mind, and follow him to the world's end, and a dying hour. That flitting smile comes floating like an angel of light into the field of vision, and that evening hymn seems to be uttered by an unseen harp, when long years have passed away, and the grave has received to its embrace the loving being who smiled and sung. Precisely such things as these never die out of the memory. They live in all their richness and power, when striking things are forgotten.

We cannot too earnestly press this thought upon the hearts of mothers, that often they are making impressions that last longest and sink deepest at the very moment when they are neither trying nor expecting to make any impression at all. This thought, while it enforces the importance of watchfulness at all

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times, encourages also the hope of good results from the least word or whisper that falls upon the ear of childhood.

If the pious mother could follow her children through life to the grave, and know the thoughts and memories that will most frequently and deeply affect their hearts, she would find, that, in many instances, special and extraordinary measures, upon which she placed great reliance, had been forgotten, while casual words or expressions of countenance took fast hold of the memory, and have never left it.

The truth is, we know not which will prosper, this or that; we know not what may be the effect of our slightest words or actions; but if we would fill our children's hearts with undying memories, which shall attend and bless them when we are dead, we shall endeavor to live, think, speak, and act at all times in such a manner as that our whole example shall make a harmonious impression in favor of truth and godliness. We should wish to live in our children's memories, long after our form and features have mouldered to dust, as the ardent lovers of their souls, and the anxious seekers of their eternal salvation.

If we could leave our children our daguerreotype, and could make all our deep affection beam forth from the eye and countenance, we should expect, even after death, to inspire their love and veneration. But we shall leave, drawn upon their memories, a daguerreotype of our mind and heart, and as often as memory opens it to their future view, let them never fail to see the expression of a heart and soul overflowing with devout concern for their everlasting good.

Original.

A GREAT SIGHT.

I SPEAK of an object which, however familiar to numbers of persons who live amid its wonders, or whose home is on the seashore, and to whom, therefore, it may seem indifferent, is, nevertheless, a great sight in itself, and especially so to a child reared in the country, and whose vision, for the first time, reposes on

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the *boundless ocean*. The ecstasy with which this spectacle was greeted in the mind of a child of my own, will never be forgotten by me. He had never beheld any extended water prospect, but his imagination having been nursed by reading descriptions of "the great globe"—the sea as well as the land—he was prepared to feel, in its full force, the scene that burst upon him. Riding from the interior toward the sea-coast, and coming suddenly to an opening which presented the long-desired object, the child sprang upon his feet as if he would have leaped from the vehicle, and cried out with a tone of exultation which no gamut could express, "Father, I see the ocean!" An indescribable emotion was depicted on his countenance as he gazed upon the scene, and such a thrill of joy he had probably not felt before in all his life. It was to him the realization of a fancy which had taken strong hold of his mind, as well as the gratification of that insatiable curiosity which is so common to young persons. What influence that single exhibition will have had in moulding the cast of his mind, and in inspiring him with enlarged business views in our American emporium of commerce and wealth, time may unfold.

In reflecting on the incident above introduced, I have often congratulated myself in having been the instrument of imparting to a child so much pleasure; and my wonder now is, my regret, rather, that I was not more disposed to favor my children with opportunities of seeing the magnificent and beautiful works of God, under the new and varying aspects in which they are presented, by going from place to place. How many times beyond the amount actually allowed, might they have been made acquainted with the marvels of land and water prospects, or with other objects of interest, at a slight expenditure, by way of traveling or excursions abroad! At what small an outlay of time and patience might they not have had their attention turned to objects of grandeur, beauty, or curiosity—to works of nature and of art—by a frequent pointing out of those works, or by comments on their peculiarities? Of what an enhanced degree of enjoyment might not the ardent and inquisitive mind have been made the participant, had some such course been habitually pursued, instead of having been, perhaps, only of casual or occasional occurrence!

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Now this mistake or deficiency of which the writer is conscious, if a judgment may be formed from observation, is but too common among parents and guardians of the young. The latter are but too seldom invited to mark the foot-prints of the Deity in his works, or to examine that which is rare or wonderful in human contrivance. Indeed, the curiosity of the child is frequently rather repressed than encouraged, and if he looks out upon the animate or inanimate world, and vividly expresses his delight at grand or uncommon sights, it is quite likely that he will be awed into silence by a frown or a rap. It is evident that the sources of a pure and healthful gratification in the young heart are, in general, slightly appreciated by older persons. Many of the latter are much more fond of their ease and convenience, than of allowing the buoyancy of youth to be fully exhibited in their presence.

By contracting the sphere of innocent pleasures in the mind of the child, such as he would derive from a view of the ocean, or mountain scenery, a champaign country, flocks and herds, rivers, towns and cities, natural curiosities, or specimens of the fine arts, he is, from habit, prepared to sink down into a character of tameness and indifference. That charming enthusiasm, which is ready to respond to whatever is fair and lovely, great and sublime in the natural or artistic world, is thus quenched in its incipiency. Doubtless many a poet, painter, or statuary, many a philosopher and man of observation (so born with all the subjective properties and propensities), has been spoiled by such a process. And it is well if numbers are not repressed from piety and truth when their harmless, though, perhaps, vehement emotions of wonder or pleasure at its appropriate scenes, are habitually checked; when the book of nature and the creations of goodness and genius are presented to the child, not in their own glorious costume, but through the discoloring medium of a false sentiment, or an unimpassioned taste. How sad the fading away of the bright, joyous visions of the youthful mind under the stern rule of conventional propriety, or of an unnatural staidness!

The warmth of feeling in the young mind, called up by the works of nature, or human imitation of them, should not be restrained; rather let it well forth from the heart, as I noticed,

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not long since, in a female of exquisite sensibility, whose intense admiration of a landscape left it doubtful whether her countenance or her soul were the more beautiful. The turn of mind, and its capacity, are indicated by these strong emotions. Sir Benjamin West, when a child, shed tears on seeing, for the first time, a gallery of paintings. How indicative of his taste and his powers! How prophetic of his future fame! I know a child, not yet ten years of age, beginning to sketch from nature, whose eye caught, with instinctive accuracy, the several charms of a dell, which included a gurgling stream, with an over-arched "rustic bridge," and who exclaimed, as he beheld it, "What a beautiful picture this would make!"

But often as the effect of freezing the genial current of the soul takes place, through a wrong or deficient training, it is, probably, still oftener the case, that this early curiosity, pent up in too narrow and unsuitable limits, will break forth at length, and indulge itself in more questionable forms. The child, if not indulged or moderately encouraged in giving utterance to his innocent emotions of surprise or joy, if not directed to seek his pleasures in the right objects, will be but too much disposed to take a wayward course in this matter. Enjoyment of some kind he will have. His taste for amusements not having been formed on a right model, his mind not having been pre-occupied with sources of pure delight, he will but too surely become corrupted in the pursuit of pleasures little suited to an immortal soul. He will be in danger of resorting to places of amusement where the moral feelings, instead of being refined and spiritualized, are injured, if not fatally perverted. In the country, so far as they are afforded—in the city to any extent—dissipating pleasures will be likely to find their votaries in uninstructed or badly instructed youth. The young mind, when left to itself, is but too apt to be delighted with the tricks of the juggler and the dance of the dissipated; with theatric entertainments, and the carnival of wine and wassail.

Where the exuberant spirits of youth find their outlet in such gratifications, we may bid adieu to their best hopes and noblest aspirations. The true joys of life will have departed from them; and parents reposing on the promises of childhood, and waiting for the precious fruits of wisdom and piety in their offspring, if,

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perchance, they have consecrated them to the Saviour, are doomed to the bitterness of disappointment. How much a right direction of the young in respect to the means and sources of enjoyment may have to do with a preservation from such a course, is certainly a subject for serious reflection. It is possible that there is no duty more sacred than to allow children an ample range of harmless pleasures, to the exclusion of all such as are low and degrading, or merely factitious. Observation and experience must teach parents that one of the greatest enemies to the intellect, morals, and piety of the young, lies in the natural love of pleasure and amusement, which, if not directed to its proper objects, will be apt to riot, whenever opportunity affords, in unhallowed scenes.

Original.

MOTHERS, ASSISTANT TEACHERS IN THE GREAT SEMINARY OF PROVIDENCE.

BY REV. WALTER CLARKE, HARTFORD, CT.

The Mosaic economy was a kind of social microcosm, for the study of all nations and ages. Its institutions, rites, and usages were types of universal truth. The book of Deuteronomy is an epitome of the moral economy of the world. For example—that book pictures the Jewish nation as a great school, and represents all the Hebrew children as at their lessons. We know, also, that the Jewish nation was a great workshop, and all the boys were at their trades. And the lessons of the schools, and the trades of the boys, were all of God's appointment, and all under his supervision. Jewish parents were therefore taught to look upon themselves as assistant teachers in the great seminary of Providence. And that special truth in the Hebrew economy, is really a universal truth in the world's economy. All children, of all nations, are in school learning their lessons. And all children, of all nations, are at their trades, acquiring and perfecting their habits. And over this great school Providence presides as

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the head teacher—as the supreme superintendent. Mothers are assistants and subordinates under Providence. And mothers should never forget that God takes upon himself the cares, the sympathies, the responsibilities, and the labors of the head teacher in his own seminary. How many things need to be done in this school of childhood which parents cannot do—with which God must charge himself! To continue the lives of the pupils; to form their innate tastes and predilections; to arrange the circumstances that shall develop their predestined peculiarities of character; to prepare for them their places and their work in society; to renew their hearts, and give them the christian temper; to shape that temper into some one of the special propensities or instincts of the christian life; all this is God's work—is in his department. And he is continually, and in all our families, secretly superintending this work. Our children, and all that concerns them, are included in his plans of Providence. Children are seeds in God's garden; seeds which he is continually preparing for the harvest of coming history. God is continually providing beforehand their work for the children; and as continually preparing the children for their work. Centuries before Josiah was born, a prophet announced that in the plans of Providence a work was being prepared for that Jewish boy. And was not a work ready and waiting for Paul, when Paul was ready for employment? Was it not so with Timothy? Is it not so with every child? Let mothers remember, then, that God has taken their children into his school; and that they are assistants only in the great seminary of Providence. Let them always think of their children as pupils under the divine superintendence, and always bear in mind that an unseen Father is secretly preparing work for the children, and the children for their work.

Look at the case of that Hebrew mother, Jedidah, the wife of Amon. How many sorrows and discouragements must have embittered her heart while she remembered the wickedness of her house, and pondered the prospect of her boy! At length the little one is himself in peril, probably from alarming sickness. The mother's anguish finds vent in prayer—the boy recovers—and Jedidah, "the beloved of the Lord," names him Josiah, "the *healed* of the Lord." Ignorant alike of the an-

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cient prophecy at Beth-el (1 Kings, xiii. 2), and of the real though secret intentions of Providence; unconscious, perhaps, of the great fact that an unseen Providence is the daily companion of the world's mothers, and daily at work to prepare their sons for their places, Jedidah devotes herself to such efforts and instructions as she can give to the little "Healed-of-God." At length, when the boy is ready for his appointed, though unsuspected work, the throne of his father is suddenly vacated—a pious youth reigns in Judah—idolatry is overturned with its thousand altars—God's purpose is accomplished, and God's work for a boy is done by a boy. What a joy for Jedidah in her later years, to remember how in that school in which her son was educated the God of Israel was secretly but truly the head teacher! And what a joy if she could have known this, and felt it, from the day that the little one received his name!

Look, too, at the instance of Timothy. His mother and grandmother are pious Jews having heathen husbands. They live in a heathen city—associate in heathen society. But their little boy must be trained in the nurture of the Lord. Trained for what? Does Eunice know for what? Does Lois know for what? But God knows.

It is far enough from the thoughts of these mothers to educate and prepare, in this obscure and distant heathen village, and in this humble heathen dwelling, a servant and minister of the great Messiah. Possibly they have never imagined that God takes notice of little boys, and continually shapes his plans and matures his preparations for the children. These good women desire to train the little boy to habits of humble piety, expecting probably that if he lives, he will one day be their joy, as a devout mechanic in his native village. That is their plan, and they give lessons accordingly. But God has his plans, and into these plans he secretly weaves the affections, and efforts, and instructions of pious mothers. These little threads, wrought into the great superintending scheme, shall be examined hereafter, when the woof is done, and heaven shall study the finished history of earth. God's secret preparations in regard to Timothy keep pace with the efforts of Eunice and the instructions of Lois, till at length, when the pupil is ready for a lesson which neither mother nor grandmother can give, a sudden tempest of persecu-

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tion drives a refugee into Derbe, and Paul sits at the hearth of Eunice, and pours the gospel of Christ into the heart of Timothy. The apostle departs. God's secret plans move forward, till at length the Christian Timothy is prepared to go forth an apostle of Jesus. And just at this moment Paul, deserted of all his helpers, needs an assistant, and is again at the hearth of Eunice, asking, in the name of Messiah, the service of the consecrated son. What a joy to mother and grandmother, could they have realized, from the first, that God was with them, training and preparing that little son of a heathen city, for work which he in his Providence was also preparing. Let mothers think of these things. Let them remember, as a solace, an encouragement, and an admonition, that they are teachers in God's seminary, and that their children are pupils in God's school.

THE TWO EXPERIMENTS.

BY A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN.

Continued from p. 28.

THE day following the interview between Mr. Jones and Mrs. Mather, of which we gave an account in the preceding number, the former, with his family, took his departure for his western residence. Here, for the following ten years, this pious and faithful man continued in the discharge of his ministerial duties. At the expiration of this time, however, his former bodily infirmities recurring, he decided to return to his former residence, and there spend the remainder of his days.

To Mrs. Mather the intelligence of Mr. Jones' return was a source of mingled pleasure and regret; *regret*, because he must now know the utter failure of that plan of educating her boy, in the success of which she had expressed an overweening confidence; *pleasure*, because, although he had forewarned her of its probable, not to say certain, failure, she should have the sympathy of the good man, and, perhaps, some suggestions, drawn from his wisdom and experience, by which to rectify the mistakes of the past.

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On Mr. Jones' part, there existed some curiosity regarding this experiment; not that he expected the result would contravene all former experience, but he had a desire to know how far she had succeeded, or, rather, how far she had failed. In a few weeks, his little affairs being adjusted, and his strength somewhat renovated, he commenced the renewal of his acquaintance with the several families which remained, with whom, before his residence at the West, he had been on terms of intimate and delightful intercourse.

Mrs. Mather was among the first upon whom, in pursuance of his plans, he called. Their meeting, I need not say, was mutually cordial and gratifying, notwithstanding the embarrassment to which her circumstances had given birth. Our readers must well know that the heart that is full of its own griefs is apt to overflow whenever those griefs, from any cause, are brought to recollection. It was so in the present case. Scarcely had the congratulations of these friends been exchanged, and mutual inquiries after absent friends had been made, when Mrs. Mather observed,

"You have not forgotten, I presume, my dear sir, the subject on hand at our parting interview?"

Mr. Jones was about to respond, but had no time to do so, as at that instant the door opened, and Mr. Mather himself entered.

"My dear sir," said the latter, advancing toward him, and extending his hand, "allow me to assure you of the pleasure it gives me to see you once more, and to see you apparently so much better."

"Sir, I thank you," said Mr. Jones. "Relaxation from professional duties, and rest from a long and fatiguing journey have had a beneficial influence upon me. I feel quite like a new man."

"It will be a source of gratification," continued Mr. Mather, "to all your friends, if your health shall admit of frequent visits among them. There is a wide field here for doing good, and I trust we shall all be profited by your example and counsel. I am quite sure that Mrs. Mather and myself shall early wish to call you to our aid."

"We were just alluding to the subject of our dear boy," said Mrs. Mather, "as you entered. Oh! I do trust"—

The tenor of the remark she was about to make our readers

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will easily judge; but she was interrupted by the sudden and startling bursting open of the door, near which Mr. Mather was sitting, and the immediate rushing in, and in a manner the most impetuous, of his three children (two having been born during the absence of Mr. Jones). Henry, the eldest, led the way; and for turbulent and impetuous bearing, he resembled more an untamed bullock than a human being. He was closely and hotly pursued by Charles, bellowing at the top of his voice; while little Sarah was herself overflowing with tears at the rude and passionate quarrel of her brothers.

In an instant Mr. Mather was on his feet, while Mrs. Mather hid her face in shame and anguish.

"My children!" exclaimed Mr. Mather—"Henry! Charles! what is the matter? What mean these rude and boisterous tones?"

"Henry has got my top," said Charles; "he snatched it from the floor as I was playing with it, and he won't give it to me."

"It is'nt any more his top than mine," said the boisterous Henry, nothing daunted by the presence of Mr. Jones.

"It is mine, and I will have it," said Charles, at the same time making an unavailing snatch for it.

"You shall never have it again. I'll burn it the first chance I get," replied the selfish and the ill-blooded brother.

By this time, Mr. Mather had himself succeeded in seizing Henry, and had forced from him the top, the cause of all this trouble—Charles insisting that it belonged to him, while Henry continued to declare that it was not his, and that he should never have it.

As the parents had now additional reason for consulting Mr. Jones, it seemed necessary that the children should, at this point, for the time being, be dismissed. Accordingly, Henry was required to go to his room, while Charles and his sister were bidden to retire to the garden.

"You have a mortifying exhibition of the practical working of my system," said Mrs. Mather to Mr. Jones. "Oh! had I been convinced of its inefficacy when conviction would have availed!"

"I was apprehensive," said Mr. Jones, "that you would find your system, as you term it, work mischief; but I indulged the hope that you would discover its defects in season to change your

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parental policy, and save your children from the contraction of such rude and evil habits. The indiscriminate indulgence of children in early years is always perilous."

"I have a thousand times regretted my mistake," said Mrs. Mather, "and I tried to alter my course. But I had already indulged him too long. The head waters had already become too impulsive. I called Mr. Mather to my aid. We consulted; we adopted various corrective and restraining expedients, but I have never been able, in a single instance, to make my boy submit, when he had once determined to have his will."

"And he is now ten years of age, if I reckon rightly," said Mr. Jones. "Do you recollect my parting observation, my dear madam?"

"I do, I do; and I am sure you are right; but is it too late? Can nothing be done to save my poor child, and to prevent the baleful influence he is exerting over his brother and sister?"

"Sir," said Mr. Mather, "we are ready to adopt, and, I trust, follow out, any suggestion which you may make. We can live no longer as we do. Something must be done, or, as parents, we are miserable, and our children ruined."

To this Mr. Jones replied, that he was not certain that he could suggest any plan which would immediately result in reformation. Much was depending upon themselves, as parents, and much upon the grace of God. In humble dependence upon that grace, something, doubtless, should be attempted. "One experiment," said he, "you may try. I can only say of it, that it *has been tried* in cases apparently as forbidding as this, and with success. I will suggest it, as I see that there exists at this present moment a fair opportunity to try it. But remember, my friends, that you may need much more fortitude than at present you imagine, in carrying it to a successful issue."

Mr. Jones now proceeded to unfold a plan, the immediate execution of which he advised these parents to commence. This he followed by proposing that they should unite with him in humble, fervent prayer to that God under whose influence are all hearts, and upon whose grace we may depend in all our endeavors, whether to benefit ourselves or our children. This proposal was most welcome; and now these parents prostrated themselves at the footstool of mercy, while the kind-hearted Mr.

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Jones sought counsel of God, and his special blessing on a measure which had for its object the obedient spirit of children, whom these parents still loved with the fondest affection.

It was now near three o'clock, of a fine, mild day in June. No sooner had Mr. Jones retired, than the needful preliminary steps were taken. A small room, adjoining the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Mather, was dismantled of its furniture. The windows were shut and fastened down. A small mattrass, with appropriate clothes, was laid upon the floor. A table, with a chair, was placed in a corner of the room. On the table was a pitcher of water, and a wheaten loaf, and a small table-bell.

These preparations having been made, which were without the privity of the children, the latter were summoned to the parlor.

"Here," said Mr. Mather, as they appeared, "here is the top which has occasioned such angry and violent dispute. The top belongs to Charles."

"It is not his," interrupted Henry, in an emphatic and sour tone, "any more than it is mine." "It is mine," said Charles, in a similar tone and spirit, "and you had no right to snatch it as you did."

"Stop, my sons," said Mr. Mather. "The top belongs to Charles; and now, *Henry, do you take it, and give it to your brother, and ask his forgiveness.*"

"I can't ask his forgiveness. I don't want his forgiveness."

"Follow me, my son," said Mr. Mather, leading the way up stairs to the chamber we have described; "enter that; and here you stay, till you are willing to do as I have required. There is your bed; there your bread and water; and there a bell. When you are ready to do as I have commanded, you may ring the bell, and either your mother or myself will come and witness your submission."

"Am I to stay here all night?"

"You are to stay here till you submit."

"Am I to have nothing but bread and water?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Mather, closing the door, and turning the lock on the rebellious boy, and, at the same time, giving vent, as he descended, to a flood of tears.

We have not yet reached the result, but must claim the indulgence of the editor, of a few pages more in the succeeding number.

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Original.

THE CHERUB'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Among the bright-robed host of heaven, two cherubs were filled with new rapture. Gladness that mortal eye hath never seen, beamed from their brows, as with tuneful voices they exclaimed,

"Joy! joy! He cometh! Welcome, welcome, dear brother! Babe redeemed from earth!" And they clasped in their radiant arms a new immortal.

Then, to their golden harps, they chanted, "Thou shalt weep no more, our brother, neither shall sickness smite thee. For here is no death, neither sorrow nor sighing."

At the Saviour's feet they knelt together, with their warbled strain, "Praise be unto Thee! who didst say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

"Thou didst take them to thy bosom on the earth; and through thy love, they enter into the kingdom of heaven. Endless praise and glory be Thine, O Lord! Most High!"

They led the little one to amaranthine bowers, and wreathed around his temples the flowers that never fade. They gave him of the fruit of the tree of life, and of the water that gusheth clear as crystal, from before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

And they said, "Beautiful one, who wert too young to lisp the dialect of earth, sweet to thee will be the pure language of heaven. Bringest thou to us no token from the world that was once our home?"

Then answered the babe-cherub: "Here is our mother's last kiss, with a tear upon it, and the prayer with which our father gave me back to God."

And they said, "Their gifts are sweet to us. We remember *her* smile, who lulled us on her breast; whose eye was open through the long night, when sickness smote us; and *his* voice who taught us the name of Jesus.

"Oft-times do we hover about them. We are near them, though they see us not. While they mourn, we drop into their

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hearts a balm-drop, and a thought of heaven, and fly back hither swifter than the wing of morning.

"We keep watch at the shining gates for them, and for the white-haired parents whom they honor, and for our fair sister, that we may be the first to welcome them. Lo! when all are here, our joy shall be full."

Long they talked together, folding their rainbow-wings. They talked long with their music-tones, yet the darkness came not. For there is no night there.

Then there burst forth a great song; choirs of angels saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." And the lyres of the cherub-brothers joined the chorus, swelling the melody of heaven.

Original.

A WORD TO FATHERS.

A MOTHER'S cares, you know, are constant, and her responsibilities are almost oppressive. Were it not for that self-forgeting and undying affection which Providence gives with the object on which it fastens, her burdens would be insupportable. But even with that affection in her heart, deep, joyous, and perennial, like a well-spring that never fails, and never loses its melody or its sunbeam as it flows, even with this to sweeten her cares, she needs your aid and efficient co-operation. You can, in several ways, contribute to the success of her efforts. But now I will mention only one, viz.: you can see that she has *time* to devote to your children. Not to their food and wardrobe only, but to their discipline and their mental and religious instruction; to their minds and souls, as well as to their bodies. Now is it not true, that many mothers, especially in the country, have but little time and strength for such duties (the most important of all), because they are entirely occupied and worn down with the drudgery of household affairs. Do not think me as advocating for the mother an easy life in the parlor, or an exemption from the practical knowledge of any cares or duties relating to domes-

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tic life. Whether she have servants or not, she should know how to do, and what to do, in every department of household affairs, and be willing to put her hand to any part of the household machinery. But are not many mothers so tied and riveted to that machinery, that it becomes incompatible with the duties of instruction; a kind of *tread-mill* from which they cannot step out, even for a moment, and in which they must neglect some of their most important responsibilities. The writer knows many a mother of whom it may be said, that every moment of her waking hours brings round, in addition to cooking, washing, mending, baking, etc., some "chore," or something to be done "about the house," which leaves no time for the instruction or training, or even amusement, of her children. They have a thousand wants; and some of them appeal to her with such vociferous clamor, that they *must* be heard, while those of the mind and heart, not addressing the senses like the cries of hunger and pain, or like unseemly rents and soiled garments, are overlooked in the pressure of other cares.

Now, should not the mother have stated times each day, when she may withdraw from other cares, and attend to the intellectual and moral wants of her children? to the formation of their tastes, their habits of thought and feeling; to their reading, or to some verbal account of what they have last read; or to some means of fixing valuable impressions and correct principles; and of cultivating the power of attention, and strengthening the memory, and cherishing right feelings? Ought other cares to occupy the whole time, and exhaust the entire strength of the mother? Every one replies, No!

This, then, is the problem for thousands of families, particularly in the country, to solve. With limited means and strength, but with unlimited, ceaseless cares in household matters, how can the mother get *time* for the proper instruction and training of her children? Shall it be by a more simple way of living; by less cooking; less time and expense given to dress, etc.? or can any labor-saving machine be applied so as to diminish the amount of her present drudgery? or, with less ambition to save money, can she be afforded more living, muscular "help?"

To thousands of families, particularly in the country, the solution of this problem would be a blessing.

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Fathers, this is a problem for some of you to solve. You are most of the time from home, during the day. Your occupation, as you think, leaves little time to be devoted to your children. Will you see to it, that the wife and mother who remains at home, *can be* so relieved from other cares, for *one hour* each day, to give that time, if no more, sacredly, to the mental and moral wants of your children? Does not their temporal and eternal welfare require it? How shall this change be effected?

Original.

THE END IN VIEW.

It is an important thought. For what *object* are we training our children? The Christian, in his meditative moods, often inquires of himself, "For what end was *I* made? and whither am *I* going?" He asks, too, "Why these anxious cares and midnight watchings? why do I labor to feed and clothe and cherish these little ones committed to my care? have I an *end* in view?" Some parents may, with great truth, reply that they have *no object* in the "bringing up" of their children; time and chance are to determine their destiny, and they leave care to the future. But not so with him who, in the spirit of self-consecration, has subjected his spirit entirely to the will of God. With him the sole inquiry of life is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And as God has most graciously granted him dear and lovely offspring, he adds, "What wilt thou have me to do with *these!*" He finds in the sacred word, that he is commanded to *train* his children. How much is implied in this word "train," those who have prepared for the combat and the race, well understand. Every muscle is to be enlarged and strengthened; every joint made supple; the spirits light, and the digestion vigorous. Our children have a race to run, a combat to sustain.

The race, the combat, is life; and for this we are to train them. We must teach them "so to run, that they may obtain; so to fight, that they may come off conquerors." I would here speak of a few things which are held in vast estimation by many

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parents, but which are not the *end* for which we are to educate our children. I say *educate*, because education commences in the mother's lap, and the nursery is a school whose lessons will never be forgotten.

The parent's *own pleasure* is not the end for which he should train his children. Our offspring afford, indeed, a pure source of delight; but they are, like most other beautiful and precious possessions, easily defaced. Enter many families, and you find the formation of a child's character regarded with as much indifference as that of the pet dog by his side. To prove a source of amusement and temporary gratification to his thoughtless parents, appears to be the end of his being. That which would be *sin* in the man, is allowed, and smiled on, and applauded in the child. His attempts at deception are regarded as indications of cleverness; his bursts of passion evince spirit; his ungoverned self-will shows energy and determination. As opposed to this, we are commanded to "Be holy, even as God is holy;" and parents can do much, even at this early period, in assisting the child to put off that "old man" which is to haunt him as long as he has being, and to obstruct and harass his path-way when he commences openly to follow Jesus.

Parents are not to make the pleasure of their children an *end* in education. There are families where, to make one ungoverned little tyrant *happy*, every thing is overturned, and put at hap-hazard; the comfort and regularity of servants destroyed; parents made slaves; and one would almost believe, that when he shall express a wish to ride on the moon, some effort will be made to put him in the saddle. The lesson of self-government, like all other lessons, is easiest learned in youth, and he who best learns it, possesses the highest prospect of happiness. Infinite wisdom has said, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth;" and the maxim has been found true in many a man's experience. By yielding to a parent, a son learns the lesson of submission to his Maker. Instead, therefore, of doing our children a favor, by granting them every desire of their hearts, we make them happier and better, both as children and as men, by early teaching them due submission and self-denial.

The praise and honor of the world is not the *end* for which we should educate our children. Many a parent "loves the praise

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of men more than the praise of God." If, then, he prefer it for *himself*, he will undoubtedly choose it for his children. Many a lovely child has been slain at the altar of ambition; many a dear one has dropped exhausted before he reached the goal. Children early perceive on what object the love of their parents is fixed, and that object they will regard as the chief good. "Whoso is the friend of the world, is the enemy of God." Purify your hearts, then, ye double-minded!

There is but one end which is pure, and for which we may educate our children. "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Let us consider seriously what course of acting, in regard to our offspring, will most promote this divine command. Let us reflect whether the infant bud, now so sweet and lovely to our eye, will bear satisfactory fruit in the man; whether we may not possibly be sowing seeds of character, which we shall in vain endeavor to eradicate in maturity. Let us advise parents to hold up from early infancy, to their children's view, the exalted yet humble character of Jesus. "He knew no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; he was given as an example that we should follow his steps." "He came to do the will of his heavenly Father;" and this is the end, the sole end, for which your child was sent into the world. Teach him, then, what this *will* is. It is comprehensively stated in our Saviour's reply to the lawyer, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, etc., and thy neighbor as thyself." Love, then, to God and man is the end of life. By small beginnings and illustrations, teach your child the length and breadth, the height and depth, of this love; and although, in your best efforts, you will still have the mortifying experience that he is *carnal*, yet "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," will, by his divine spirit, aid your humble teachings, and cause to spring up to eternal life that seed which you have watered by your tears. G.

THE little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value. like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.

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Original.

A GENTLE WORD.

"Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild."

WELL would it be if all who have the care of children, could remember to speak "gently to the little child." My precious mother died when I was six years of age, and though long and weary years have gone by, and I have seen changes sad and many, yet a little incident of my childhood, some two years previous to her death, will *never* be erased from memory's page. I had, one Sabbath morning, been taken to church by an elderly lady who resided with us, my mother being too ill to go out. I remember well it was the season of Christmas, and the little church of L—— was gayly decorated with wreaths of evergreen. To my childish eye it was very beautiful. Directly I began playing with the spruce and myrtle which hung near our pew, and despite the angry looks and whispered reprimand of my friend, I kept on plucking the leaves, and throwing them all about, until at last, mad-cap as I was, I put some of the dried pieces in the foot-stove to make a smoke! Service being ended, my attendant *twitched* me along through the aisle, and observed, when we reached the door, "Now, you wicked child, I shall take you to mamma, and she must whip you." I made no reply, for conscience told me I deserved it well.

We reached home, and I was taken to my mother's chamber, and the whole scene is as vividly before my mind as though it passed but yesterday. My mother was seated in her easy chair, supported by pillows, "while fatal beauty mantled on her cheek!" The sweet smile, with which she greeted my entrance, faded from her lips as she heard the recital of my misdeeds. After a moment's pause she begged to be left alone with me, when, drawing me to her bosom, she laid her soft hand upon my head, and the tones of her loving voice, oh! how did they sink into my soul, as she said, "You have grieved your poor sick mamma!" I felt her tears upon my cheek; there was no need to say more; I clung to her arms, and sobbed as though

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my heart would break. Her gentle words had done what punishment, in my case, *could not* have effected. This little incident, so trifling in itself, why has it so impressed my mind? Why do I, to this day, so feel the hallowed influence of those loving tones?

I have been a wanderer "o'er the world's wide waste," yet my early home, and the lessons learned there, still linger at my heart—perhaps influence my daily life. All, all is changed: strangers now inhabit the spot so dear to my memory:

"Children not thine have trod my nursery floor."

To what strange, mysterious influence is it owing, that amid the "world's wild strife," a gentle word, an affectionate look, has never been forgotten? ISABELLA.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

[Our readers may rely on the truthfulness of the following narrative. We insert it with the hope that its perusal will afford encouragement to the desponding, inspire faith in the distrustful, and teach the prayerful to await God's dispensation.]—ED.

THE widow sat in her solitary chamber. The darkness of evening, which was gathering around her, was strikingly emblematic of the gloom that had settled on her soul; and as she thought of her own desolate situation, of the changes that a few short weeks had effected in her own happy home, and looked upon her fatherless ones as, unconscious of their mother's distress, they sported around her, she groaned in the agony of her spirit, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Two months ago and the domestic circle was unbroken, and bright and promising prospects filled her heart with joy and gladness; now she was stricken of God, and her name was written widow. Far from her native land and the friends of her early days, was she left without pecuniary

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resources, and in feeble health, with a young family dependent on her exertions. In the bitterness of her spirit she had forgotten the precious promises which had so often filled her soul with strong consolation, and the strength of that Almighty arm which had sustained her in the hour of her bereavement. All day had the complaining aspiration burst from her lips, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." The evening was one in which she was accustomed to listen to the instructions of the sanctuary. With a heavy heart she entered the house of God. The prayer was offered, the hymn of praise was sung, and the man of God arose—"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest," was the passage selected for the evening's lecture; and as he opened to her view the secret feelings of her heart, and exhibited the cowardice and rebellion that led her to shrink from the discipline inflicted by her heavenly Father, and to rebel against his wise and merciful government, the poor widow, confounded and rebuked, humbled herself in penitence before her Maker; and returned to her family, blessing God that he had not answered her request, and cut her down as a cumberer of the ground. This singular incident re-awakened all her confidence in God, and clinging to the promise, "Leave thy fatherless children and I will preserve them, and let thy widows trust in me," she sought in humility, and with fervent supplication, for that strength and grace which enabled her to cast her loved ones, with all her cares, on Him who careth for the poor and needy. With the confidence of a child, she believed that God was able and willing to do for his children all that he had promised, and very precious were the manifestations of his love often made to her soul in the hour of need. A few instances will exhibit the simplicity of her faith, and the watchful care of her heavenly Father. Her little pittance was reduced to a few shillings, and the garments of her children were becoming threadbare; her eldest son, a lad of ten years, could not appear decently abroad. Winter had set in with unusual severity, and no resource presented itself to her mind. She spread her necessities before her God, pleading his own promise—"I will preserve them"—and she felt that she did trust in him alone to help her. Confident that the assistance she needed would be

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vouchsafed, she went forth to procure some samples of cloth at a neighboring store. Passing the house of a friend, she stepped in to ascertain the requisite quantity, but before she could make known her errand, her friend said to her, "I have wished, for some days, to see you, to request your acceptance of several yards of cloth, for a suit of clothes for your son, as I thought you might be in need of such articles." "God has then brought me hither," said the grateful mother, "to receive the answer to my prayer." At another time the last stick of wood was burning on the hearth, and the cold storms of winter were beating upon the humble dwelling of the widow; night was approaching, the Sabbath was at hand, and no earthly friend was near to aid her. She durst not borrow, she could not purchase, and in the retirement of her closet she poured out her full soul unto God. Strengthened in her confidence in her Almighty friend, she returned to the family circle. "Mother," said one of her anxious children, "what shall we do to-morrow; we have no wood." "God, my child, will provide for the widow and fatherless," and she repeated the rich promise which had comforted her heart in many seasons of trial. A rap at the door announced a visitor. "Madam," said a man who opened it, "Mr. C—— has sent you a load of wood, for he says the weather is cold and stormy, and you may be wanting it, and he bade me cut sufficient to last till Monday." This kind benefactor lived four miles from the widow, and was entirely ignorant of her pressing necessities.

Years passed on. Exercising the strictest economy, with the blessing of God on her untiring efforts, these orphan children were becoming intelligent and respectable. The eldest son was in college, placed there, at first, through the kindness of friends; but, unexpectedly to her, he had been thrown at once upon a mother's efforts to sustain him there; and how did that mother struggle to give to that beloved son those advantages which would fit him for usefulness and heaven! At one time a bill was presented for the board of this son, which amounted to forty dollars. She had not a dollar in the world; the individual to whom the money was due, like herself, was dependent on her daily efforts for support, and must be paid. She employed every means within her power to meet the demand, but without success. She

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spread out her wants before her Father in heaven, and plead her necessities; but the heavens seemed as brass over her head. In all the gloom of despondency, she sat down to weep; she felt as if God had forgotten to be gracious, and had forsaken the widow and fatherless. Suddenly the thought entered her mind: I have been importunately praying for relief from this pecuniary trial; but I have not asked that I might bear it with a submissive spirit, if God sees best to deny my request. I have sinned; I have been dictating to Him in whom is all wisdom, as well as mercy. Again she prostrated herself at the throne of grace; she resigned herself, her children, and all her interests anew to His disposal, and earnestly prayed that she might rejoice in His government "who doeth all things well;" and she arose from that communion with her Saviour, feeling, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." With her mind calm and composed, she seated herself in the midst of her children. Presently the youngest came running in with a letter. "Here, mother," she said, "a boy handed me this for you." The seal was scarcely dry; and on opening it, she found inclosed just the amount of the bill that had so much distressed her. On a sheet of dirty paper, and evidently in a disguised hand, was written, "The inclosed sum is for the use of Mrs. —— and her children. She need not attempt to ascertain who sends her this, as she will never know." And to this day the name of the generous donor is unknown. Three of the children of this family consecrated themselves to the service of God, when at the age of fourteen. Her eldest born, the son whom in early life she had dedicated to God, in the hope that he would become a minister of the gospel, perhaps a missionary of the cross, was still living without God in the world. Often had her soul been agonized on his account, and day and night had she presented his case before the mercy seat with such importunity, as called forth the remark of a Christian friend, "I will say to you, as one said to the mother of Augustine, 'take courage, good woman; the child of so many prayers cannot be lost.'" At the age of sixteen, while he was in college, a revival of religion, in the institution, in some measure affected his mind. Oh, how did that mother then plead for her beloved boy. On a day appointed for fasting and prayer, she requested several Christian friends to unite with her in secret

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supplication at the throne of grace; and to the pious members of the class with which her son was connected, she wrote, "If you can exercise faith for one who has sinned against great light, join a widowed mother in her supplication this morning for this son of prayer and object of agonizing solicitude." The request passed not by unheeded; they plead for the prodigal, and they carried God's own promise to his throne, "Leave thy fatherless children and I will preserve them, and let thy widows trust in me." From the depths of distress, did this anxious mother cry unto God; unto Him who had heard her supplications in other days. All day did her prayer ascend for her thoughtless boy, and the midnight hour found her still pleading for his soul. But the prayer was unanswered; the harvest passed by, and he was still unreconciled to God. Often had the disappointed mother asked, why were not those prayers heard? They were earnest; they were continued; they were made in the full belief that God is able to fulfill his own promises. The subject was perfectly absorbing. This one idea, the salvation of that child's soul, filled all her thoughts, was the burden of every prayer. In after years, when God graciously answered her petition, and brought her son in penitence to cast his soul on the Redeemer for pardon and salvation, she was able to see *why* the answer was then withheld.

Her prayers were selfish. She could not bear to be disappointed in the expectation she had indulged from their infancy, that her children should all be the followers of the Saviour. She had said much respecting her belief in God's covenant with the believer, and she felt, in some measure, pledged to show, in the early conversion of her children, what that covenant had done for her. She could afterward plainly see, that her distress partook more of the popish spirit of self-inflicted torture, than of an humble, submissive spirit, desirous only of the glory of God. She felt, with Israel of old, "I cannot let thee go, except thou bless me;" but she said it with a fretful, impatient spirit, that could not bear to be denied. How different were the feelings of this Christian mother, when, in after years, with the spirit of a subdued and humble child, she plead the promises of God. *God's glory* was the great object constantly and distinctly before her mind. She believed *that* glory would be promoted by the

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salvation of such a rebel; and therefore she laid hold on this covenant; here she had a strong hold. She had God's own promise, to be not only her God, but the God of her children. She trusted his promise, and his faithfulness did not fail. She had consecrated her loved ones to His service, and he mercifully accepted the sacrifice, and prepared them, by his grace, for lives of usefulness on earth, and for happiness in his heavenly kingdom.

Original.

THE INVITATION.

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.—*Proverbs* viii. 17.

What words of love and peace
Are sweetly mingling here!
With more than mortal tenderness,
They strike the listening ear.

Ye, now in life's first bloom,
Whose pulse with hope beats high,
To whom earth's vista opens fair,
No cloud obscures thy sky;

While in thy youthful heart,
The light of morning shines,
Ere yet thy onward path in life
Is check'd with darken'd lines;

List! 'Tis a call from heaven;
'Tis He who reigns above,
Bends from his high and glorious throne,
To win you to his love.

'Tis He—your Father—God—
Your Maker and your King;
He calls! Haste, summon all your pow'rs
Your young affections bring.

Those fountains in your breast,
Of hope, and joy, and love,
Were treasured there as Heaven's behest,
To raise your thoughts above.

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List to the "still, small voice,"
Bid earth's low joys away!
Come, make His love your early choice;
Why linger? why delay?

Soon time, with rapid course,
Will speed your footsteps on,
Beyond the bound which measures off
Life's morning from its noon.

Now, while the promise waits,
'Tis morning with your soul;
The favored hour to set your steps,
For yonder heavenly goal.

Yield to the voice divine;
The heavenly call obey;
Then shall your onward path in life,
Conduct to endless day.

Then shall you know the *joys*,
That God alone can give,
To those who early seek his face,
And in his service live.

Original.

IT WAS YESTERDAY.

"EVERY morning the child wakes with a feeling of innocence, and believes himself justified for all his faults as soon as he has said, '*It was yesterday.*'"

"It was yesterday," I again repeated, as I read this; but, alas, this is no quietus to one of many years; for the soul which has expanded as time has rolled on, contains an inmate unknown to the innocent child in the days of youth: it is *remorse;* and its language is, "Oh, that yesterday were not." Even the soul that bows with adoring gratitude to the Saviour, for a *sense* of pardoned sin, is still in a world where the remembrance of sin is not effaced.

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"It was yesterday!" The whole past of our meteor lives is to us as yesterday; and where is the heart that does not almost burst at times, as the memory of days come rolling back, fraught only with the memory of sin. Strangely we return to the vision, as it comes glaring vividly before us; and while the past would let fall a pall upon the future, we hear the words, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. 'Tis this day-star of hope and redemption that penetrates the thickest gloom, and without which the dark passage to the tomb would never be brightened.

"It was yesterday." Sweet child, may the lispings of thy gentle voice never syllable forth the remembrance of yesterday in more bitter tones. May the guardians of thy destiny breathe to thee of the dangers that beset thee; lead thee to thy God, and pray to him who alone can keep thy erring feet from falling; and when the years of thy pilgrimage are numbered in review, mayest thou

"Better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser."

Original.

READING.

Some thirty or forty years ago, it was often found difficult to inspire children and youth with a taste for reading. This was chiefly owing to the want of suitable books. These, though intended for children, were adapted to the adult rather than to the juvenile mind. The language was not sufficiently simple, and the subject-matter was either too dry, or too systematic in its arrangement to suit the untutored mind. Under such circumstances, the selection of books, and the time allowed for their perusal, were matters comparatively of little moment. The great point was to induce a *love of reading*, and almost any book that was found to interest a child, would, if not palpably immoral, or unprincipled in its character, be allowed a place in his library. Plays, novels, romances—fictitious writings the most extravagant and absurd—stories of robbers, witches, and

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apparitions—all were in place. Scarcely any thing of the kind would come amiss; for then there was little danger to be apprehended from a passion for books, or from any specific or confined course of reading.

But circumstances have entirely changed. Some of the first minds in Christendom have employed their energies in framing books for children, of the most simple and attractive kind; and others have followed their example with so much success as to furnish an abundant supply of every name and character. The style is no longer dry or intricate. The art is at last discovered of bringing every subject down to the level of juvenile apprehension, and clothing it with every thing which is of an attractive or fascinating nature. Every child, acquainted with letters, will now become an habitual reader; and books, from their specific character, will become the all-powerful instruments of forming his mind. Children are not all alike. Books are also very dissimilar. A fortuitous selection, therefore, may very probably be attended with disastrous consequences. They may tend to over-excite or enfeeble the mind, to supply it with useless lumber, with questionable maxims and principles. They may aggravate the too susceptible nerve of feverish sensibility; and, above all, they may, as they too often have done, create such an undue passion for reading, as to lead children to become greedy devourers, rather than careful students. Books are continually multiplying: faster than any one can possibly read; and the titles and indices are not always sufficiently significant of their contents. Immoral and profane sentiments, and licentious and impure principles and motives are finding their way in many an unsuspected channel, under the semblance of cultivated taste and refined sentimentality. The great problem now should be, not so much to induce a love of reading, as to give suitable direction to those who are fast acquiring it. This is all-important; and as we value the present and eternal welfare of our children, it should never be neglected.

"Too much study," as the wise man says, "is a weariness to the flesh." The quantity should not be too much for the physical health of the child. Here is ground for intelligent discrimination. Many a child, at the present day, is broken

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down in its physical constitution by too much confinement to books, and a consequent deficiency of muscular exercise.

The mind, as well as the body, may very easily be injured by too much application to books. Careless reading should never be allowed, nor waste of the time appropriated. But severe application should often be mitigated by such judicious means as an ever watchful parent can devise.

The choice of books should not be confided to unintelligent persons. They should be chosen with strict reference to the specific traits of the reader. A child, for example, who is deficient in nervous susceptibility, may require a very different class of books from the one whose nerves are less rigid. The child who reads from a mere passion for books, evidently needs a different selection from the one who has too little fondness for the employment. For similar reasons, works of taste should be more sparingly read by some than by others. The fit course for a well-formed and well-balanced mind requires much thought and care.

Books should be carefully adapted to the moral and religious habits and inclinations of a child. The neglect of this may be attended with momentous results. The parent should know, intimately, the state of the child's mind in this respect, and not rest in conjecture. Every child has its special seasons of seriousness and concern. These are golden moments, too precious to be neglected, too important to be misimproved. Books which are proper at other times, may here often be found to dissipate the influences which they ought to cherish. They may have all the influence of ill-chosen society, or ill-timed plans of amusement or diversion.

The few preceding hints may serve the purposes of reflection and discussion, and lead the way to additional observations and discoveries. The subject is very important and cannot be easily exhausted.

A DRONE should be as rare in society as in a hive of bees, and almost deserves to be treated the same.

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Original.

A MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

WHAT is a mother's privilege? It is thy privilege, and thou must not neglect it, to train up thy child for heaven. It is thy privilege, and ever prize it, to plead for him the promises of a covenant-keeping God. He bids you come; He will not allow any one to forbid you, when, with yearning soul, you bear your little one, warmed in your bosom, and its heart beating against your own, to Him who died for yourself and your child. *This*, THIS is a mother's privilege: to win a blessing for the babe thou lovest, that shall abide on its spirit through the eternity of its being. As it lies lapped in thy guardianship, unconscious of the care that watches its slumbers, thou canst breathe over it faith's heartfelt consecration of thy loved one to thy present God. As in gentlest ministry of tenderness, thou openest for it thy bosom's fountain, and givest it, as it were, to drink from thy own life, thou canst bear its name in all the urgency of a mother's love, on thy humble, holiest prayer. Thou canst bind its soul around thine own as inseparable from thee, and never to be forgotten or neglected while life or hope is thine. To watch its infant passions, and suppress their urgency; to train its infant thoughts, to twine around its infant affections a tie that Heaven will kindly own, that shall wax stronger beneath a Saviour's smile—this, this is a mother's privilege. Make it all thine own. Think not that it is enough to *hope*, but be thou sure to *know*, thy child an heir of heaven. Promises, bright with protection, supply for every need, and more precious with eternal life on every page of God's revelation, beckon thee to a world that needs salvation. Plead them, plead them mightily, and leave Him not till He bids thee go in peace. Motives break out in voices from heaven, bidding you "Come in with thy child—come;" and in unearthly warnings from the pit, "Turn him from every path that may bring him hither;" and as they pour their tide of influence on thy sighing heart, they proclaim that thou hast a work of faith and labor of love to accomplish, in which thou must not linger or grow weary. Strengthen, then, that faith, by feeding on the word of truth, and drink in, in communion with thy all-

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sufficient Redeemer, the streams of life that may invigorate thee to the noblest deed that thine immortal spirit can perform. Thou must win that soul, instinct with undying energies, to be a gem in thy Saviour's crown.

Pride would teach thee to ask for greatness; for honor to laurel his brow; for what the earth-born call happiness, to be his pleasant portion here; but a greater boon than any or all of these thou must beg; and passing this narrow bound of time, thy prayer must reach out to grasp upon a prize which he can only value as he learns it, when eternal ages stamp it never to be forgotten or unenjoyed.

As if but one sole request, which must never be let go till it is granted, was thy errand there, so make thine urgency to be felt at the footstool of the throne. A mother's voice, a mother's heart shall not plead in vain. S. G. E.

Original.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

An English lady of respectability resided, for a few years after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities of Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the elements of the Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly caressed by the fellow-boarders. An elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. B——, was exceedingly fond of him, and invited him, one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, to remain upon his knee. The ladies had retired, and free conversation ensued. The gentleman alluded to was given to expressions which must ever shock a pious mind. "Well, Tommy," said one at the table, in high glee, "What do you think of Mr. B——?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I think he did not have a good mother, for if he had, he would not use such *naughty words.*" The gentleman was a Scotchman; home, and a pious mother rose, in all their freshness, to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterward known to make use of similar expressions.

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Original.

THE PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. T. H. GALLAUDET.

THE practice, I believe, is universal among all parents who feel it to be their duty to bring up their children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," to begin, as early as possible, to lead them to unite in the prayers which are made with them, and also to pray for themselves. This is regarded as an essential element of their religious training; while an abundant experience shows what a mighty influence it has upon their future religious development and character. The recollection of the times and circumstances when the pious mother prayed with her little one, and taught him how to offer up his own prayer, and of the morning and evening devotions of the family circle, where he heard the voice of a venerated father supplicating the throne of grace, clings to his memory through all the changing scenes of life, and often, in the waywardness or recklessness of youth, and the irreligious worldly-mindedness of manhood, rouses his conscience to give its faithful admonitions, and produces the most salutary and hopeful impressions upon his heart. How many it has rescued from ruin! How many it has been the means, under divine grace, of turning from the broad way of destruction into the path of eternal life!

To conduct, then, this part of the religious training of our children aright, is a matter of vital importance. There are, I think, some errors and deficiencies in doing it, to which I would invite the attention of parents, and of others who are interested in the subject.

With regard to training children to pray for themselves, the means employed sometimes partake too much of the dictatorial, authoritative, and even compulsory character. Religious feeling, to have value and efficacy, should be voluntary. In its highest and purest form, it is entirely spontaneous. It flows, full and free, from the heart, as the gushing stream from the fountain. I know it will not do to leave the child untaught and undirected in this matter, and that the influence of the parent must be

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used, with the filial affection and respect which a kind, judicious, and decisive authority in the government of the family, will seldom, if ever, fail to produce. But in beginning and cherishing the habit of private devotion in the child, let it be *influence alone* that is used—the influence of simple, intelligible instruction, showing why and how this duty ought to be performed—the influence of motives addressed to the conscience and the heart; stopping short of any thing which amounts to a direct, positive command—the threatening of a penalty, or the incurring of a loss, in case of disobedience—or the rewarding of compliance with any favor or privilege—lest servile or mercenary feelings should be induced, and mere selfishness be called into action, when only sincerity, penitence, gratitude, and love toward his Heavenly Father should be awakened in his breast.

Much, I am aware, of all this cannot be done at the earliest dawnings of religious susceptibility and intelligence—a period which, it seems to me, is not *too early* to begin to cherish devotional feelings in the child, and the expression of them by outward utterance and act. The idea of God may, indeed, at such a time, be very vague and indistinct, and the notion of what prayer to him is, quite obscure; but the heart is ready to act, and to act, if wisely guided, in the right direction. The fountain has risen high enough to send forth its thread-like stream. Let the channel, however small, but be opened, and it will continue to be filled, and grow wider and deeper. To open it, let the mild influence of example moving the imitative faculty, and of gentle persuasion touching the filial feelings of the heart, be employed. Then will the child, while praying *for* himself, pray *of* himself. The duty will, by degrees, be regarded as a pleasure and privilege, and habit will strengthen into settled principle what has thus been begun voluntarily and cheerfully.

With regard to *forms* of prayer, to be taught the child, doubtless they are useful, and perhaps, at first, in most cases, indispensable. But they should be short and simple, adapted to the humble capacity and the daily wants of the little one who offers them. They should lead him to feel his necessities, both for the body and the soul—for every-day comforts, and for spiritual blessings—for the correction of selfish and sinful dispositions and outward acts—and for his improvement in all that is

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true, kind, right, and good. They should serve to draw forth his sense of dependence on God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit —his contrition for his sins—and his gratitude for the many mercies bestowed upon him. To avoid making his prayers of an undue length, they should vary in their topics; some being introduced in one prayer, and others in another. And I would suggest, in passing, whether a similar variety in the prayers of older persons, in the family circle, the social meeting, and even in the sacred desk, is not much needed. How often, day after day, and week after week, do we hear prayers offered up, preserving the same number and order of topics, with precisely similar expressions, so that the hearer has soon got them by heart, and they become to him set and invariable forms. The child is fond of variety. Sameness is apt to tire him, and to produce inattention; and this is true even in his very prayers. And yet, I know, there is an extreme on the other side. It is the mingling of variety with uniformity which constitutes the better way.

Is not a suitable short series of such prayers for children and youth, progressively increasing in copiousness and length, yet a desideratum? Would it not be well for some capable father or mother to prepare it, at least for their own children?

But while forms of prayer are useful, in order to lead the young child to pray, and to pray aright, he should early be encouraged to address his Heavenly Father in his own simple, artless language. Who can doubt that such lispings of the needy heart of the very babe in intellect will be acceptable, through the intercession of that meek and lowly Saviour who so tenderly loved the lambs of the flock, and reach the throne of grace. Who that is interested in the religious condition of children, but has known instances of such prayers, the spontaneous outgushings of the soul, marked by a singular significancy and beauty. No matter how homely the words may be to the fastidious ear. Their true import and value consist simply in their being the exponents of the feelings of the heart. They may even express, at the time, but *one* feeling; but that one feeling may be the very one which of all others it is the most desirable and encouraging to find arising in the breast of the child, under the circumstances in which he is placed.

A boy, some two or three years of age, was overheard, one

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evening, as he was retiring to rest, resisting the authority of the nurse; in what way, was unknown to the father, till he went into the room to inquire. The child was found standing upright in his little crib, and refusing to lie down, which the nurse was endeavoring to have him do. "What is the matter?" said the father. "She won't let me say my prayer before I lie down." "You may say it; come, say it now." He knelt in the crib, looked reverently upward, and in a subdued, devotional tone, uttered these few words: "God in sky." He then quietly lay down, put his head on the pillow, and prepared to go to sleep. Was not such a prayer, by such a tender child, valuable in its measure and degree, and worthy of being classed with the "God be merciful to me a sinner," of the penitent publican? It was his *own way* of expressing his emotion of reverence toward God, and the more earnest and effectual on that account.

Who can estimate the results, both for time and eternity, of inducing and cherishing in our children and youth the habit of constant, daily, secret devotion! Let Christian parents be more faithful in this respect, and they will oftener have occasion to rejoice in seeing their offspring, early in life, giving pleasing evidence that they have the spirit of Christ, and are among the number of those who are ransomed by his own precious blood.

Original.

GOD OUR FATHER.

What a beautiful arrangement in nature is it, that mankind are thrown together into *family groups*. Those little private communities, dispersed here and there in the midst of the great promiscuous world around them, in which the endearing name of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, convey such a meaning to the heart, and spread such a quiet charm over the whole scene of human life, from the cradle to the grave—how delightfully do these speak to us of the great and good Parent above, and breathe His name to us wherever we turn, in glad reminiscences, and as with a thousand voices.

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The tie of *parental* affection alone, involving, as this tie does, so many other ties of kindred, and reaching round so wide a circle of social feelings and social interests—what a little world of blessed influences are there wrapped up in it; and that, too, in relation to the highest, last, best end of man's being, "to glorify God, and enjoy him forever." Take away from among men this single bond of union, and what a fearful blank is produced; or rather, what an entire revolution in society; what a subversion of the very foundations of peace and order; what a hopeless wreck of all remaining virtue and happiness on earth! He must have the heart of a fiend, or at least of a very bad man, who could survey such a spectacle with any other emotions than those of the deepest sorrow and dismay.

In the present article we wish to state and illustrate the following delightful truth, viz., *that God has authorized us to regard him as the God and Father of all his believing people*, and that consequently he actually sustains to them this most interesting relation. Now, we scarcely need say, if this be true, it is certainly a most glorious truth, replete with considerations, to the good man's heart, of the most soothing, cheering character. But is it not true? Does not *some* such endearing relation as that suggested by the terms "Father," "thy God," "thy Father," "our God," "our Father," subsist between the true God and the good man's soul? What, then, mean those numerous texts of Scripture which assert or imply this fact? We ask our readers to take their Bibles and go along with us, while we bring forward the following touching examples of the inspired testimony on this subject. First, we present that memorable form of prayer which Christ taught his disciples (Matt. vi. 9): "When ye pray, say, Our Father who art in heaven." Here we see that the very title under consideration, the title of Father, is to be used by us in the most serious and solemn of all our religious duties, even those duties in which we directly come before the Most High God to ask, first of all, that his great *Name* may be hallowed. But what name? The name, doubtless, just specified—that of "Father." So again in all, or nearly all, the apostolic greetings to the churches and individuals to whom the Epistles were addressed. How common is such language as this, and what a beautiful introduction to those

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Epistles does it form: "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, to all the saints at Rome, grace to you and peace from God *our Father* and the Lord Jesus Christ." So in both Epistles to the Corinthians the same language is used: "Grace be unto you and peace from God *our Father* and the Lord Jesus Christ." Precisely the same language, "God our Father," is employed in the introduction to the Epistle to the Ephesians, in the Epistle to the Philippians, and in those to the Colossians, the Thessalonians, Timothy, and Philemon. The same endearing title is, moreover, abundantly used in the Gospels, as applied to the same glorious Being. Thus in Matthew, "When thou prayest," said our Saviour, "enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your *Father* who is in heaven." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." "Even so it is not the will of your Father in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Thus also in Luke: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And that most expressive passage in John, "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

But if any should feel at a loss for the exact meaning of the language made use of in these passages, we will endeavor to explain and illustrate its meaning a little more fully. It means this, that God exercises toward those who are his children, a disposition, or feelings, akin to those which a wise and good earthly parent exercises toward his children. It is an analogy, borrowed from what we know of men, and in one of the most interesting relations on earth. And it was designed to aid our imperfect conceptions on this great and sublime subject. The wise and good *man* desires the happiness of his children. So our infinitely wise and good Parent in heaven desires the happiness of his children. The wise and good human parent *seeks* the happiness of his children; it is one of the main *objects* on which his heart is set. He adopts *means* and *measures* for that

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end, and often for a long period of time he pursues that end. Weeks, months, years, and sometimes many years roll away, and he is still looking to the same object—he is still seeking the same end. And he never gives it up, so long as he sees any opportunity or way left for attaining it, consistently with his own character as a wise and good man. Such a parent seeks, also, to promote the happiness of his children by seeking to form in them that *moral character* which he knows to be the only foundation for true and solid happiness.

When he sees them running into *sin*, giving way to the seductions of evil company, and forming vicious habits, and thus periling their eternal well-being, how do his parental feelings, strengthened and heightened by Christian principle, incite him to do all that he rightly can do, to arrest the fatal consequences which he sees that they are bringing upon them. And so, on the other hand, when he sees his children obeying his will, listening to his fatherly warnings, resisting and overcoming temptation, and fleeing from the paths of sin, and thus avoiding, or escaping from, the danger which sin always brings in its train—how sincerely, and with what great satisfaction, does he rejoice over his children, and especially over that *reclaimed, penitent* child of his, as he beholds *him* thus happily arrested in his perilous course, and plucked from the jaws of ruin. Oh, how sweet, how rich and full the satisfaction which his parental bosom feels, in view of his once stumbling, falling, almost lost, but now recovered, penitent, happy child! "It was meet," said the rejoicing father in the parable, "that we should make merry, for this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." And this whole story of the prodigal's father, especially in delineating the *kindness*, the deep, strong, unaltered affection of his bursting heart over his returning son, as he "ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him," is perfectly true to nature—just what we should expect. It was the *father, all* the father, acted out toward the once disobedient but still ever-beloved son, now come back again to the paternal home and the paternal bosom, but never, at any time, forgotten by that bosom, even in the midst of all his previous wanderings, and notwithstanding all his former rebellion and ingratitude!

Now there is something analogous to this, we think, in that

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love which *God* exercises toward men, and especially toward his own children. It so *resembles* the feelings of a father toward his offspring, that it is proper, and according to truth, to speak of the love of God toward his believing people as that of a father; his care of them, as the care of a father; and to address him in prayer under that tender appellation. Otherwise, of what possible use could it be to us, that God is represented under this expressive name? We could not understand it. It could only mislead us.

If this view of God be correct—if the term "Father," as applied to him, mean what we have supposed it to mean—then what a delightful truth is that which we have been contemplating? Not merely as an *abstract* truth, viewed irrespectively of man's wants and man's duties and dangers, but more especially delightful when viewed in its *practical*, every-day tendencies, and in relation to man's highest interests and concerns. Mankind are too apt to regard God as a hard master, rigorously demanding of them that they do *his* will and serve *his* purposes, without his having any respect to the question of their *own* happiness or misery, except as these are purely incidental and foreign to his main design. Even the Christian himself is too slow to look upon God as a kind and loving Father, desiring, and aiming to accomplish, his happiness. No; he is (not seldom) afraid to view Him in this light. He often shrinks from His presence. He dares not confide in Him. He does not fully see what a good and merciful being God is, aiming to diffuse happiness far and wide in his kingdom, and to this end giving his holy law to mankind, enforced by all its appropriate and solemn sanctions, and offering forgiveness only on the ground of an adequate and a necessary expiation of human guilt, and thus seeking to *recover* man back to peace and happiness, in the only way in which true peace and happiness could ever be made to visit his bosom again. If, then, the eye of one afflicted, trembling, misgiving child of God should chance to fall upon these pages, we would beg leave earnestly to propound to him some such queries as the following, and request him to meditate upon them till he is prepared to give them a satisfactory answer. Does your darkness proceed from conscious estrangement of heart from God? Does it grow out of neglect of duty? Is it the fruit of

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worldliness and sin? In short, have you "gone away backward" from God, and from his throne of grace? If so, then indeed you have no reason to wonder at your present unhappy state of mind. You know its cause, and all you have to do is to repent and do your first works, and thus return to your forsaken and offended Father in heaven. Tremble you may, and tremble you should, while you turn away from Him and from His service. The world cannot make you happy. Sin cannot restore to you your lost peace of mind. Repentance is your first duty, your first step toward regaining lost happiness. Return to God, and he will return to you. But, are you *already* returning to God, and aiming to do his will? Have you given up the world, for his service? and still, does your soul dwell in darkness, and is there a heavy burden upon your spirit, and do you carry about with you a slavish feeling of distress and fear, as if God were a stern taskmaster, and you his helpless, desponding creature, afraid to meet him (like our sinning first parents in the garden of Eden), and yet vainly seeking to shun his presence, and vainly endeavoring to turn away his displeasure from you? Is this your case? Allow us, then, to say to you, are you not taking wrong views of God? Are you giving him, or so much as even attempting to give him, that *cheerful, confiding* love, which as a father he requires of you?—that *childlike, reverential* regard, which his greatness, purity, and benevolence, all combined, so plainly demand? If you would ever come into the full light of his countenance, and feel what a blessed thing true, free-hearted religion is, you must come more fully to view God as, in Christ, your loving Father and Friend. For this, if you are a Christian, is only the true state of the case. He *is* such a Father and Friend—such a Father and Friend to *you;* and he would have you *believe* it of him, and that just in proportion to the evidence you have that you are a Christian. Surely, this is a blessed truth. Who would not avail himself of it? How it soothes the sorrows of the afflicted! How it comforts the heart of the mourner! Look up, desponding soul, and say—

"My Father God, to thee I look—
My Rock, my Portion, and my Friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
My sinking soul shall still depend."

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Original.

THE BLESSING IN DISGUISE.—A SKETCH.

CALM, gentle, holy twilight! How serene and heavenly the smile thou wearest, and the silence thou bringest into the troubled heart! Sweet thoughts of peace spring up at thy coming, and the cares of the world vanish, while we commune with God.

Such a twilight, so still and calm—the twilight of the holy Sabbath—rested on the quiet village of M———, and breathed its sacred influence within the cottage, where Mrs. Harley and her two little daughters were assembled for their evening worship. The large family Bible lay open upon a small stand. Beside it sat the widowed mother, pale and sad, and, reclining on a low seat at her side, were the two rosy-cheeked little girls, with whom, for three years, she had knelt, both morning and evening, around that lonely and almost desolate altar. She had just finished reading the beautiful words of David in the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd—I shall not want," and they were now mingling their sweet voices in singing their usual evening hymn. An unwonted sadness seemed to rest upon the brow and heart of Mrs. Harley, and her voice trembled in singing; but when the sweet hymn was finished, overcoming her emotions, she took one little hand in each of hers, and knelt in the presence of God. Long and fervent was the prayer she poured forth from her bursting heart for her little ones, that they might early love their Creator, and be kept from the evil that is in the world; for herself, that she might have grace to direct them aright in her lonely and widowed condition; and, finally, for her absent boy, if he was yet alive, that God would guard and guide him, and, though he might never return to his earthly home, that he might be gathered into the fold of the great Shepherd, and be made meet for a holier home in heaven.

She then rose from her knees, and, with a new expression of peace on her countenance, and less loneliness in her heart, led Mary and Alice away for the night.

Frank Harley, the eldest child of that once happy family, for whom Mrs. Harley had offered those fervent petitions at the throne of grace, was a wanderer, she knew not where. At the

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early age of twelve, his imagination had become so excited by the stories he had read of a life at sea, that hearing of a vessel, bound to the Mediterranean, and about to sail, he collected his small wardrobe together, left his home in the dead of night, and, unknown to any one, set off in search of her. He was a boy of strong passions and determined will, and, arriving at the place from which the vessel was to sail, by his remarkable energy and perseverance, succeeded in obtaining the berth of cabin-boy on board of her.

Great was the surprise and grief of his parents, as day after day passed without his return; and when at length the rumor of his having gone to sea in the "Orico" reached them, it only deepened their anxiety and distress. A few weeks after this strange and melancholy event, Mr. Harley, suffering deeply from the conduct of his son, and the partial loss of his little property at the same time, was taken violently ill, and soon carried to the grave, thus leaving his sweet wife to struggle alone with this heavy accumulation of sorrow. Since that time, no tidings of either Frank or the vessel had been heard—conjecture became useless, and the fond mother was forced to believe her son entirely estranged from home and friends, or lost at sea. But she never forgot him in her prayers, and though for *three years* she had apparently prayed in vain, she ceased not to importune still that God would bless and restore him.

Were her prayers answered? We shall see.

A week passed happily away in this quiet little family. Alice was never weary of entertaining her mother with the wonderful conduct of her pet kitten, or the history of her favorite doll; while Mary, more sedate, loved better to read pretty stories, and ask mamma to tell her what they meant. They were twins, of five summers—happy little creatures, blooming with health and beauty.

I have said this week glided pleasantly away; but when the sweet Sabbath twilight came again, Mrs. Harley was laid on a bed of sickness and suffering. Attacked by a violent fever, which hourly increased in malignancy, her form soon became emaciated, and her strength gone.

But could it be that she was going to die, and leave her lovely orphans to the care of strangers? Must so great a sacrifice be

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required of her—the giving up of her cherished idols, poor, helpless, and dependent, to the cold charity of a selfish world? Thoughts like these filled her mind, and destroyed her peace, during the early part of her sickness.

But she had yet to learn that she must cast all her care on "Him who careth for her," and be able to say with sincerity of heart, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Severe and unexpected as the trial was, yet strength was given to her, in her hour of weakness—grace triumphed over the deepest earthly affection—she became submissive and resigned.

It was a sad hour when the fond mother clasped her children to her bosom for the *last* time, and imprinted the *last* kiss of love upon their lips.

"Mary," said the soft, low voice of the dying woman, "you and little Ally will soon be orphans—God is going to take your mamma to himself. When I am gone, will you and Ally kneel down, at morning and evening, and ask God to take care of you, and love you, and make you good children?"

"Yes, dear mamma; but oh, there won't be any body to pray for then, but Ally and me," sobbed the sweet child, whose maturity of character enabled her, in some measure, to comprehend the dreadful meaning of her mother's words.

"Yes, Mary; do you forget your brother? will you not love him, and pray for him too? Perhaps God will hear your little prayers, and send him back to you again after I am gone." Turning to Alice, she said,

"You won't forget your dear mamma, Ally, when she is laid away in the cold ground, will you? You will come to me, my children." Then, clasping their little hands together, she kissed them, and murmuring, "O God! bless my poor orphans!" sank back on her pillow, and died.

Kind friends and neighbors, who had assisted in the painful sickness, now came forward, and made all needful preparation for the melancholy burial. Mrs. Harley was beloved by all who knew her, and no sooner were the sad tidings of her death known, than the helpless orphans were kindly taken home by good Mrs. Mellworth, who cared for them as her own children.

* * * * *

Three years rolled rapidly away—the grass had grown over

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that grave in the village churchyard—the beautiful twins had become still more blooming and beautiful with the flight of years, but no tidings of the wanderer had been received.

It was a wild and stormy evening in November—the wind had been increasing in violence till it blew a hurricane, and the rain dashed unceasingly against the window-pane. The peaceful inhabitants of the village of M——— gathered around their large fires, and talked of the poor sailors exposed to the pitiless peltings of the storm, and blessed God for their happy firesides.

Those who were compelled to go out, and test the violence of the gale, hastened homeward with rapid step, shrugging their shoulders, and exclaiming, "A terrible night for poor Jack," while around many a blazing fire, the laugh and song rang loudly in contrast to the roaring of the winds without.

Many miles off, on the seacoast, a sadder sight was seen, and sadder sounds were heard, which even the howl of the angry elements could not drown. Two noble vessels, with their precious burden, had gone down, and another, with masts and rigging partially torn away, was fast nearing the rocky shore. Among the crew on her deck, who were running to and fro in wild confusion, trying to the latest to prevent the fatal shock, was a young man of eighteen, whose dress, conversation, and careless intrepidity denoted him a reckless sailor. He was boldest among that bold crew, apparently the most indifferent of them all to the fearful danger they were in; but when, at last, all was done that could be devised to prolong life, secluding himself from observation, and folding his arms over his capacious chest, he fell into a deep and prolonged revery.

Frank Harley (for it was he) had become a wild and dissipated youth, steeped in sin and sensuality; but, amid all his wickness, one holy affection still burned brightly in his bosom. He still loved his mother—and this seemed the only redeeming trait in the character of that once pure-hearted and innocent boy. Six years of sea life had done a desolating work upon his mind and heart, and he would never have revisited his childhood's home, but for the promptings of that pure affection which was still, and had ever been, unclouded. Amid all the wild excesses in which he had indulged, during a four years' voyage in a whale ship, the memory of his far-off and affectionate mother, had swept,

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like a strain of sweet music, across his heartstrings, waking, amid the sad discord which *sin* had made, the harmony of *love*.

Her wild countenance had appeared to him in his dreams, glancing reproachfully upon him, as if upbraiding him for his desertion, till at length, having an opportunity to obtain a passage in a vessel homeward bound, he eagerly embraced it, and after so long a time, set his face once more toward his native village. But he had no intention of remaining on shore—the wild and fitful sea was his home—his attachment to it, and to his sins, was too strong to be easily broken. Secretly, and effectually disguised, he hoped to obtain one glimpse of his sweet mother's face, to hear again her low voice, to listen unnoticed to the artless prattle of his twin sisters, and then leave them forever.

This was the subject of his meditations, during his long revery, on that fearful night.

Swiftly, as if driven by all the winds of heaven, the noble ship neared the shore, while the loud roaring of the waves, as they dashed against the rocks before them, fell, like a funeral knell, upon many hearts.

In another moment the vessel struck, and yielded up her living multitude to the raving sea.

The sun had been long up on the following morning, when Frank Harley awoke to consciousness. He was lying on a projecting ledge of rock, where he had been washed by the waves on the preceding night. Around him was a scene of melancholy, ruin, and desolation. Pieces of the wrecked ship were floating on every side, while the dead bodies of many of her ill-fated crew and passengers lay in the niches of the rocks, or on the sandy shore, with the fierce waves, which had not yet subsided, dashing wildly around them.

Sad as the sight was which lay spread out before him, Frank heeded it not; with one bright vision still alluring him onward, he only paused long enough to find himself the sole survivor of the night's fearful tragedy, and immediately set out for home. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at M———. Not wishing to be seen or recognized by any one, and endeavoring to loiter away the time till evening, when he could steal unnoticed to his quiet cottage home, and look once more upon the

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faces that were still dear to him, he entered the village churchyard.

There, the green mound, the white marble, the simple inscription, which met his eye, told a tale of sadness for which he was unprepared. "My mother!" broke from the pale lips of the hardened sailor, while an expression of intense agony passed over his features. The shock was too sudden, the blow too severe for even his iron nature to bear, and, weakened as he was by fatigue and fasting, he sank insensible upon his mother's grave.

The shades of twilight gradually deepened into night—the light breeze ceased to play among the graceful branches of the elm and willow—one by one the stars glistened in the blue vault of heaven, but he awoke not; and when, at last, he did awake, it was to insupportable anguish and bitter remorse. Feelings that he had never known swept his soul—his father and mother lay side by side in that grave beneath him—perhaps *he* had caused their death. In the wildness of his grief he threw himself upon the green mound, clasped it in his arms, laid his cheek upon the sod, and called loudly on his mother for forgiveness.

* * * * *

Day had faintly begun to dawn in the east when he rose from that hallowed spot, but he arose a changed man, and gazed upon every thing around him with new sensations of pleasure and delight. The stars looked mildly down from their pure height upon him, telling him of a Father's love, while the slender spire of the church near by, seemed to proclaim peace and pardon to the guilty, through a crucified Saviour.

We may not know the deep agony which racked his soul, the bitter communings with his own heart during that long night; but on that lonely grave, in the darkness of midnight, with no eye upon him but the All-Seeing, a mother's prayers were answered—her son "was dead, but is alive again—was lost, but is found."

Need I add any thing more to finish this little sketch? Cannot every one imagine the happy conclusion, how Frank became a devoted Christian, abandoned the sea, and was soon engaged in prosperous business on shore, how he toiled night and day for the support of his lovely twin sisters, fitted up the little cottage,

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which had suffered much from neglect, and rebuilt there the family altar, and finally rose to fill a commanding station in wealth, honor, and influence? So it was. And often, in after years, did the happy brother and sisters recall the memory of their sainted mother, and acknowledge with gratitude, that what had seemed so deep an *affliction*, had proved, both temporally and spiritually, "*a blessing in disguise.*" M. E. A.

Original.

"HERE MY MOTHER KNELT WITH ME."

The Rev. Mr. Knill, well known to the religious world in connection with Russia, lost both his parents while he was there. His mother was a pious woman, and he relates the following interesting reminiscence of her:

"After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both of my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, '*Come, my dear, kneel down with me and I will go to prayer.*' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed and fell upon my knees, just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and I thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as for them."

I cite this fact, undoubtedly familiar already to the most of those who read it here, to bring up a point not often insisted on, in speaking of the religious training of children; and that is,

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the importance of *local associations* with early instruction and prayer. There is great power in such memories. They are places to which the chains of holy influence are made fast, and they hold the heart long after the child has wandered far from the parental roof, and grown up to the stature of man.

The mother should have a place—a holy place—it ought to be a pleasant place—where she daily takes each one of her little children, to pray with them, and speak to them of the things of eternity. In after years they will think of that spot, and bless God for what they felt and heard when there.

Such principles of association are stronger than we are apt to suppose. Even the greatest of men, and those the most immersed in business, and hardened by long contact with the world, are under the power of religious associations, and these sometimes result in their salvation. One of the Presidents of the United States said to me while in office, and in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly, "I was instructed by a pious mother, and I hope I shall never forget the lessons I received from her lips."

Another President went to his mother's room and prepared his inaugural address, under the power of the feelings which the visit awakened in his soul.

Mothers, bind your children's hearts to the home of their childhood; hallow your chamber in their memory by its hours of prayer and holy words of parental love; and when you are dead and buried, the children you have left behind you will cherish the thoughts of it with a sacredness equal almost to that which invests the grave in which you lie. AMBROSE.

FAITH RESTING ON CHRIST ALONE.—The Rev. John Noyes, of Connecticut, died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and the sixtieth of his ministry. Not long before his death one of his friends said to him, "Father Noyes, if you were assured that you should die to-night, would you be afraid? He sat and pondered. "I feel," said he, "that I am a poor sinner; I have no hope but in Christ's atoning blood. But he is faithful, and almighty, and I have fled to him. I THINK I SHOULD NOT BE AFRAID." F. L. S.

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Original

ANNIVERSARY REPORT OF THE FIRST MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF NEWARK, N. J.

TIME, with his untiring tread, has brought us again to one of those points of observation from which we are permitted to catch a hasty glance at the past ere we are hurried on into the unknown and impenetrable future. Let the review remind us of that last, long look, which shall give back the history of our lives, when time with us shall be no more, but when the decisions of time shall have sealed our destiny for eternity.

During the year under review, "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday," has been commissioned to do its fearful work in this community; but the plague entered not our dwellings, because He whose servant it was shielded us from its power.

> "He bids his angels pitch their tents
> Round where his children dwell;
> What ills their heavenly care prevents
> No earthly tongue can tell."

But though we and ours have been defended from the arrows that were flying so thickly around us, that there seemed indeed but a step between us and death, and we are here so many of us together to erect another monument of praise, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," yet when we look around, even upon this little circle, we meet not the attentive, beaming eye of all who sat with us at our last anniversary. Even from this hallowed inclosure, the messenger has summoned one away to the land of spirits. Not to the aged and infirm, to whom life's history seems but as a dream when it is past, was he sent, but to one from whose cheek the rose had not yet begun to fade, and from whose bright eye, hope, smiling, spoke. As in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, she exchanged the active employments of earth for the better services of heaven. In the evening she kneeled, a suppliant on the footstool, to plead for herself, her husband, and her child; and when the morrow's sun had scarce passed the meridian, her spirit was winging its way

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to join that blessed company before the throne. You will each recall the name, the countenance, the voice, of our youthful and beloved sister, Mrs. Jane Fisher. You miss her warm greeting to-day. You wept over her lifeless remains—lovely even in death—and you will drop another tear as her vacant seat reminds you that here you will see her face no more.

"How many fall as sudden, not as safe!"

There is yet another dwelling which death has more recently entered; and the stroke which he was commissioned to inflict, severed again the tenderest tie that here binds heart to heart. It took the husband, the father away, and wrote one of our earliest and most endeared members, *a widow*. But the "Judge of the widow" has remembered her, in her loneliness and grief, and has enabled her to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

From two of our families a venerable and beloved grandparent has been taken; but their precepts and example still live, and their prayers are laid up as a memorial before God.

"Children of parents passed into the skies;"

let us seek to catch their falling mantle.

But while we record our bereavements, let us not forget our thank-offerings. How many have been the thoughts of that love, that has not only spared us to our children and our children to us, but also crowned our lives with mercies "new every morning, fresh every evening;" protecting our bodies from pain, our minds from derangement, our dwellings from poverty; that has watched over our beloved ones when far distant from us, on the land and on the sea, and, in some instances, permitted us to greet them again in their childhood's home; that has healed the diseases of others who seemed ready to die, and put a new song into their mouths, even praise to our God! Yes, we have here to record—and let it not be with trembling accents, but with a full chorus of praise—that He on whom we wait has not altogether disappointed the expectations of his people. From among the lambs of this flock it hath pleased him to gather seven into his visible fold during the past year; and three of the number were selected from the motherless and

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orphan group. Yes, the prayers offered by lips long since sealed in silence, were not forgotten; the tears that had been shed, were found numbered before God.

Two motherless and two orphan children have been adopted by members of this Association, and their names are enrolled on our list. One mother has been added to our number, making our circle just as large as it was one year ago. But as age and infirmity often prevent the attendance of those whose presence we can least afford to spare, let us seek to bring yet others in, that our prayers and our faith may still more abound. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

There is yet another subject of congratulation which it would illy become us to pass over in silence. It is, that our Zion has lengthened her cords and strengthened her stakes by an addition of new churches and pastors to her communion; and that some of us, who have long been destitute of a pastor, have received from the Head of the Church this precious gift. The Gospel ministry is not of man's appointment. What son of Adam, knowing his own weakness, would become a self-constituted watchman for souls? If devoted pastors have been given to us, well does it become us to take heed to their instructions, to sustain them by our affectionate co-operation and prayer, and to bring our children as much as possible under their influence. "My word," says Jehovah, "shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

And now, beloved in the Lord, let us each ask herself, and ponder seriously the inquiry—what shall be the result to us, to our families, to our churches, and to this community, of these our multiplied blessings? Let no one of us be tempted to say, "I am too insignificant to exert an influence beyond my own little circle." It is not more true that we cannot breathe without changing the elements of the air which surrounds us, than it is that we cannot live without imparting character to the moral atmosphere where we have our being. By remaining silent when we ought to speak—by speaking unadvisedly where we should

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rather be silent—by suffering our temper to counteract our precepts, or our practice to war with our theory—we may, unwittingly indeed, but not the less truly, impede the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, and contract stains that will appear on our garments when the Father of spirits shall make inquisition for blood.

Again, what shall be the result of our covenant engagement to each other, as members of this mother's circle? It is indeed a delightful union to those who rightly appreciate it; and if there be one heart here that does not respond to this sentiment, it may well be questioned whether that principle of "love" which is the only "fulfilling of the law" be there, in constant, prevailing exercise. One would think that, were only the joys and sorrows of *this* life taken into account, it would not be difficult to bind a company of *mothers* together, in common sympathy; how much more emphatically should this be true of those who have bound themselves, before God, to love one another so well as to pray one for another every day that we live! This is our covenant, beloved sisters; and if any soul draw back, let that name be stricken from our list. But we hope better things of you, though we thus speak.

May the heavenly influence be shed forth that shall make us more faithful to each other and to the souls intrusted to our keeping, during the little time for labor that remains! The day is far spent, and the night is at hand. We dare not promise even these youthful mothers another anniversary meeting, for a voice from the green grave of the youngest of them all cries, "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Some of us must, at no far distant period, hear the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." May our joyful response then be, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

On behalf of the Association,

F. L. Smith, Secretary.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 5, 1850.

Time does not wear out the guilt of any sin.—M. Henry.

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Original.

THE TWO EXPERIMENTS.

BY A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN.

Concluded from p. 49.

We left the rebellious and obstinate Henry Mather confined to his chamber for the reason, and under the circumstances, detailed in the preceding number. To his parents such a mode of discipline was as painful as to them it was novel; nor would they probably have adopted it, but for their confidence in the judgment of Mr. Jones, and their utter inability to devise any other method likely to result in the desired obedience of their son.

The spirit of insubordination, even in the bosom of children, is sometimes not easily subdued, as many a parent can verify; but in the case before us, that subjection might be expected to be the more difficult by reason of the strength it had acquired in a course of indulgence for years. Mr. Jones, therefore, had endeavored to prepare the minds of these parents for the trial, which, from the turbulent and obstinate bearing of Henry, he was confident they were destined to experience. This he did by impressing upon them the necessity of some efficient measures of reform at this critical juncture—by the assurance of divine aid in their reasonable efforts for securing the obedience of their child—and the lasting joy of their hearts were that obedience once secured.

The first hour of Henry's confinement was passed in a state of storm and wrath, which precluded reflections and even tears. For a time, he invoked the aid of his mother in loud and beseeching tones, from an impression that she did not sanction the measures which his father was adopting. Following this, he tried the door and examined the windows, intent on escape; but finding these locked and secured, he fell to kicking the door with a vehemence which left many a sad mark upon the paint, and many a deep indenture in the wood. But as in the material world the "stormy wind" at length lulls, and the rolling billows subside, so in the heart of man excited passion has its limit.

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By degrees, although the spirit of disobedience remained in all its strength in the bosom of the boy, its turbulent manifestations were comparatively staid. The hour for tea had now arrived, and the family were already seated, when the bell was heard to ring. A gleam of hope and joy brightened the face of Mrs. Mather. Her husband's heart, were the secret known, beat quicker; and yet his judgment convinced him that the spirit of submission had as yet no place in the boy's heart. The malady was not so easily cured.

"You rang the bell, Henry?" said he, inquiringly, as he opened the door.

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "I don't want to stay here any longer."

"But, my son, you was to ring the bell only when ready to do as I required; are you ready?"

"I will give Charles the top—but I don't want to ask his forgiveness."

"Upon no other conditions than those I have named can you leave your chamber. Remember, my determination is fixed."

"Am I to stay here all night?"

"You need not stay here another hour, nor another minute. If ready to comply with my wishes, you may go down with me *now*; what do you say?"

Henry was silent—and Mr. Mather again locked the door.

During the progress of the evening, Mrs. Mather often listened in the hall. What mother would not have listened? Often her fortitude nearly forsook her, and often was she on the verge of regretting that the experiment had been attempted. As she and her husband retired that night at a very late hour to their chamber, she paused at Henry's door. All was still. She stood—she listened—was he asleep? Gently turning the key, with her husband's permission, she as gently opened the door. There, on his cot, undressed, lay her son fast locked in sleep. The angry feelings of that bosom, which for hours had been at war with reason, conscience, filial affection, were allayed—only for the reason, however, that the exhausted powers of nature could sustain those conflicts no longer. The spirit of rebellion, dormant as it now was, was, perhaps, gathering strength for a new and higher exhibition on the coming day. But yet it was a

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relief to the parents that there was this stay in the tide of rebellious feeling; nor could they help lingering some moments longer to watch the moonbeams as they penetrated the window, and the leaves of a tree before the house, and fell upon the face of their own beautiful boy. But even this relief had its alloy; for, on turning to leave the room, they discovered the water in the pitcher was untouched, and the wheaten loaf remained unbroken.

We pass over the incidents of the following day, excepting to say that Mr. Jones, who was deeply interested in the result of the experiment, called to offer his sympathy and advice to these increasingly anxious parents. He admitted the painfulness of the disciplinary process both to parents and child, but he exhorted them to faith and perseverance. He brought to their aid the promises of God, and set before them the importance of securing, by any means possible, the obedience of their child to parental authority. His final salvation might be depending upon the issues of this experiment. Mr. Jones' counsels were followed by prayer with these parents, whom he taught to look unto that God who has styled himself "a very present help in the time of trouble."

In the course of the third day, Mr. Jones again made his appearance, and now suggested the propriety of adding a new element to the experiment—the *weight and authority of God's word.* He had selected several passages from the Bible approriate to Henry's circumstances, and which he advised Mrs. Mather should read to him.

It seemed a happy suggestion, and Mrs. Mather hastened to comply. As she opened the chamber door, and Henry's eye fell upon her, he rushed to embrace her, exclaiming, "Mother! my dear mother! have you at last come to my relief? I shall die, if I am longer confined here."

Mrs. Mather, while she did not exactly reciprocate, did not repel his tokens of affection, or immediately reply to his appeal for relief.

"Mother," continued Henry, "you never treated me so unkindly before."

"My son," said Mrs. Mather, taking a seat, "I have for years treated you most unkindly. I have indulged you, till you have come to feel that you must have your own way, even against

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your parents' authority, and in opposition to the rights of every body else. Why are you here? Why has it become necessary to confine you to this chamber day after day? Why do you stay here when you might be released at any hour? I treat you unkindly! no, my son, only in the past; and I hope God will forgive me for being so blinded to your true good. My kindness to you now is a reality; and though late, I hope it is not too late for the purpose of your reformation. And now, my son, I have brought to our aid the Bible. This is the Bible. This is God's word. You refuse to listen to what your father and mother say—now hear what *God* says; and remember, my son, that he is to be your final judge.

Mrs. Mather proceeded to read the following selected passages:

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—Ex. xx. 3.

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Ex. xx. 12.

A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.—Prov. x. 1.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.—Prov. i. 8.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.—Eph. vi. 1.

Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.—Prov. xix. 18.

The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.—Prov. xxx. 17.

He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.—Prov. xxix. 1.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.—Eccl. xii. 13, 14.

For the first time Henry's countenance fell. Mrs. Mather could not but observe the effect of the divine word, and feeling that she could add nothing to it, she rose to depart. Observing

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this, Henry sprang to her side again and held her as by force. "Mother, I beg you, don't leave me."

"My son," she said, in reply, "your father has decided, and I heartily concur with him, that you shall not leave this room till you are ready to give Charles his top, and ask his forgiveness. Nor shall I stay with you. God says, 'Thou shalt have no other God before me,' no, not your own will. God says, 'Children, obey your parents, for this is right.' God says, 'Chastise thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.' God says, 'He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.'"

While Mrs. Mather retired, Henry sank upon his cot. Never had such words been uttered in his ear—never such thoughts before rolled in upon his mind. The word of God—solemn, searching, convicting, was as a two-edged sword in his conscience. He was young, but he well understood the plain and simple declarations which his mother had read, and deeply, at length, did he feel their solemn import.

In the course of the afternoon Mr. Jones again appeared, and learning from Mrs. Mather the impression apparently made on Henry's mind, hope dawned in the good man's bosom. Nevertheless it was a most critical hour. A crisis was at hand. Now, or never, perhaps, would that stubborn heart yield. At this moment Mr. Mather hurriedly entered. Mr. Jones suggested the importance of pleading with God for divine interposition. And now behold all prostrated at the footstool of a sovereign, yet gracious God. And such a plea as Mr. Jones made for these parents—for that child—for himself—for the triumphs of his word—for the fulfillment of the divine promises—for the encouragement of other parents who might hear of this case! yes, he did plead, urge, importune, and behold the result! while he was yet praying, and just as in conclusion he was ascribing all glory to God, as sovereign on his throne—the bell—the bell from Henry's chamber, rang.

On rising, Mr. Jones hastily retired, and Mr. Mather proceeded to Henry's chamber. On opening the door, tears were rolling thick and fast down his cheeks. "My son, my son," said the father, not able to repress the emotions of the moment—"my son!"

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But Henry interrupted him—"My father, can you, will you forgive me? I have been very, very disobedient. I am willing to give Charles his top—I *wish* to ask his forgiveness. Will mother forgive me?"

"My son—my Henry—we will all forgive you—we shall love to forgive you; come, let us go down and find your mother and Charles.

We should fail to describe the scene which followed. The top was restored; the forgiveness asked; and these done, Henry fell into the arms of his mother; upon her neck he wept, and upon her offered cheek he imprinted kisses of penitence and joy. There was yet one act to follow, and in some respects the crowning act in all this train of sorrowful and joyful incidents. Penetrated with a sense of God's great goodness, and convinced that he is a prayer-hearing and sin-forgiving God (for these parents had been learning solemn and important lessons themselves), Mr. Mather, now for the first time as the head of a family, kneeled; and, with his wife and children, poured forth their united confessions and their almost unutterable joys. From that day, these parents had occasion only to say to Henry, their penitent son, "Go," and he went, and "Do this," and he did it.

And, now, there are two inquiries which our readers will doubtless wish to make. The first is, "Is this a truthful narrative?" I answer, it is *substantially* true. The second is, "Can such a mode of discipline be properly recommended to general adoption?" I answer, no. A sound discretion must decide—a wise discrimination should be made. It would be unsafe to attempt such a process in respect to children of very tender years; or in respect to those who are constitutionally afraid of the dark, or afraid to be alone. But there are occasionally to be found children of firm fibre and courageous bearing, in respect to whom such a disciplinary process might well be adopted, and whose obstinacy can, perhaps, be subdued in no other way.

Insubordination is the great sin of the race. It manifests itself almost with the very dawn of our being, and arrays itself against every form or species of authority; and it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. To counteract this, parental effort must be made early. The child's submission should be required and secured at an early period—precisely

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how early, I will not attempt to decide—for children greatly differ in their comprehension of duty; but as early as practicable—and that submission should be required, at least sometimes, *on the sole authority of the parent.* I would not give a rush for a submission which must be bought—to secure which the parent makes promises of gifts or rewards; nor is it safe to appeal only to the child's reason or judgment. That submission only is genuine which springs from a love and respect to the will and authority of the parent. As a cheerful submission is, perhaps, the most important virtue of a child, and the most conducive to the order and happiness of the family, so often is it the most difficult to secure. In some children, it is like giving up the ghost. But it should be remembered that if not found in the child, it will seldom be found in the man; if not manifested in respect to the parent, it will seldom be manifested in respect to God. It was the highest honor of Christ, as a child, that he was "subject to his parents;" as it was his crowning glory in his manhood in view of the cross and its agonies, that he said unto his Father, God—"Not my will, but thine be done." And of all attainments in this sinful world, and of all evidences of true piety, submission to the will of God is the highest. Said Payson, on a dying bed, "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will; since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointments to me, for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished." He was on the verge of heaven.

Let parents then, by every wise and proper means, secure the submission of their children to their own authority, as one means, and an important preliminary to their children's submission to God, and their final happiness. The "disobedient to parents," an apostle classes with those against whom "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven."

Spirit of Prayer.—"Could these beams and rafters speak," said a good man, pointing to an unceiled roof, "they would testify what hours of enjoyment I have had here, in communion with God."

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Original.

MUSIC.

Few mothers have any adequate idea of the genial effect of music upon the family circle; of its harmonizing, softening influence on the character. As a recreative employment for our sons, when released from business occupations, music is invaluable, and he that can go home to the sweet circle where brothers and sisters unite in sounds of harmony, vocal and instrumental, without being a better man, is indeed not to be envied. The following facts, as given by Rev. J. Todd, in regard to musical instruction in Germany, will give our readers some idea of the extent to which this science is cultivated in that country:

"In all the common schools in Germany, singing and music are taught, and every child is as much expected to read and write and perform music as to read and write and recite any other lesson. They are all respectable performers, and many of them proficients.

"The reading of musical notation is learned even in the snow-covered huts of Iceland. In passing through the continent of Europe, the traveler finds every festival, whether national or religious, graced with music. Serenades from the common people are heard every night in the street. Music echoes from the shops, the boats, and the harvest-fields. Some of the best performances of Mozart's difficult pieces are said to proceed from the privates of Prussian regiments. As a general thing, every house in Germany and Switzerland has some musical instrument.

"I once stopped at a German settlement of no great size, where I was invited to hear some music at the house of a mechanic. Here a small company performed, vocally and instrumentally, almost the whole of Haydn's Creation. The master of the house, a blacksmith, more than sixty years of age, took the first violin; his aged wife, in spectacles, gave us a vocal part; the eldest son, a joiner from a neighboring village, sat down at a Leipsic piano, on which, after tuning it, he executed, with great skill, the whole accompaniment; several young men and women filled the remainder of the score. A boy of five years of age was pointed out to me as beginning to play on the

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violin. Upon inquiry I found there was not a house in that town without a piano or some keyed instrument. This evening's entertainment has often occurred to me as illustrating the happy influence of music upon domestic life and social habits. If you would have young people love home, induce them to cultivate music. It will beguile many a winter night, which might otherwise be worse than wasted. Few pleasures are cheaper or more innocent, or more within the home circle. Almost all foreigners are proficients. A few years ago a party of emigrants encamped for the night, on a small eminence, about half a mile from my residence. About sunset we were surprised by the most delightful sounds, wafted across the valley by those sojourners. It appeared to be their evening hymn, accompanied with horns. The effect was indescribable."

Original.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

THE duty of parents to educate their children is a duty which cannot be alienated or transferred to other hands. They *may*, and, so far as they are able, they *ought* to, call to their aid well-qualified instructors, and the influence of the best schools; but the more important concern, the education of the heart, the calling into exercise the right dispositions—the moulding of the character—*this* cannot be *bought*—this, by the order of nature and in the providence of God, is the parents' *own work*. That parents are deficient in their duty, to the injury, and oftentimes to the *ruin* of their children, is too obvious to require proof. Many have imperfect views of what constitute a good education. If their children can read well—write well—translate well—sing, play, and *dance*, they are, in fashionable parlance, thoroughly educated. But such an education may come far short of the idea presented in the words "Train up a child in the way he should go." Education undoubtedly includes whatever may strengthen and inform the mind, refine the taste, and regulate

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the conduct of the outer man; but *more* than this; it implies all that preparation that is necessary to prepare one for usefulness and heaven. It has reference to man's *entire* nature, to his *relations*, *duties*, *responsibilities*, and destiny.

Parents should give their children a *physical* education. This has reference simply to their bodies, and is designed to promote good health and invigorate the corporeal constitution. Its importance no one will question, if he will recollect that without, health and strength life must be comparatively useless as well as miserable. The body is the spirit's organ, and through its different senses finds access to the external world. Through its ear, it drinks in the tones and voices of loving friends; the eye and the senses all are avenues leading from the bright and the beautiful without, to the intelligent and immortal dweller within. If the body be neglected, if it fail to receive a healthy and harmonious development, the mind is trammeled and embarrassed in its earthly mission, and can never reach the high goal of sublime and superior attainment. If it be enfeebled, the subject of disease and pain, the spirit will be depressed, life will assume a sombre hue, and selfishness and misanthropy will be likely to gain the ascendency over the character. To anticipate and prevent this, parents in training their children should study the laws of health, and studiously employ those means that are adapted to impart vigor to the physical constitution. The seeds of disease and of premature decay are frequently sown in youth, and that too by the negligence or indulgence of parents. You visit the families of the sick, and too often find the children pale, effeminate, and feeble, as the result of fashionable refinement, too much stimulation, unhealthy diet, and indolent habits. You go to some of our large manufacturing villages, and in many instances you will find children and youth forced to an amount of labor and confinement which their physical system is unable to bear. They are worn out, and their constitution broken before the period of manhood. A suitable degree of exercise, industry, and temperance is essential to good health, and should, therefore, be included in the physical education of the young. Omit these, and we may expect the rising generation to be infirm and sickly, physically unfitted for the responsible offices of life, a burden to themselves, a tax to their friends and the world. It could be

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easily shown that physical education is the great cause of the difference between the strength and vigor of savage and civilized men—of those of a country and a city life. The plainness, simplicity, and rustic manners of the one, impart a strength of body which the other do not possess. If, then, you would see your children vigorous and healthy, capable of toil and manly endurance, give them a *physical* education.

Original.

CAROLINE.

I LITTLE thought, my darling, when I saw thee laid
In thy low resting place, that I could still live on
To see the sere turf freshen—springs revive and fade—
And the full circles of ten years round by;
Still less I thought there could remain for me
A glory or a joy on earth, or sky, or sea.

I little thought that I could ever calmly look
On the cold dawn of a November sky,
Without the dread and shuddering pang that shook
My shrinking soul, when, after a long night
Of fear and hope—that pallid dawning by—
I saw death shut thy dark and loving eye.

I thought that the sweet name you bore must ever bring
The image of my suffering child to me;
But a bright seraph with a golden wing
Comes at my calling—and the low, faint,
"Mother—*dear* mother," on thy faltering tongue,
Is never needed in thy triumph-song.

What am I to thee now? Have the slow years,
Whose long vibrations to thy dying knell
Have rung thy requiem to my listening ears,
Wafted thee from me, till I am a dream,
Lost at the dawning—and where thou dost dwell,
Comes there no echo of what here befell?

I know not; but in God's creation still a place
Thou hast; thou 'rt with the blessed little ones
"Whose angels ever look upon our Father's face"—
A countless host, learning new songs to sing.
If I may know thee there, it matters less to me
What thou art to me now—what I am now to thee!

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Original.

THE GOOD MAN A CHILD AND HEIR OF GOD.

This is but the necessary counterpart of the great truth which we considered in the last number of our Magazine, viz., that "God is the good man's *Father* in Heaven." For if (as we then attempted to show) the Most High God stands to the good man in the relation of a *father*, and authorizes him to address him as such, and to rely upon him for all needful good, under all his wants and weaknesses, temptations and sorrows, then is he also allowed to entertain the correllate idea, which is now to come under our consideration, and which is announced at the head of this article—*that the good man is a child of God, and may look upon himself as sustaining this interesting relation, and as being entitled (through grace) to all the privileges, and all the hopes and expectations, the present supports and solaces, and the far-reaching earnests for the future, of such an inheritance.*

We know, indeed, that the truly good man, in that characteristic humility which is so suitable for him, and which so well becomes him, often shrinks from availing himself of the full benefit of this truth, and feels as if it could hardly be said, of *himself* at least, that he does really stand in such a relation to such a Being, and is slow to let in upon his mind the full strength of present comfort and future expectancy which such a truth most assuredly warrants in the case of every real Christian. Hence a few words to this point seem to be called for, before we proceed to speak further of the appropriate *blessings* which flow from this high and sacred relation.

Is it, then, true that the good man *is* a child of God? Yes, we answer, this is certainly, undeniably true. The Bible, our only competent guide on such a subject, puts the matter beyond all question; insomuch that we *need* not have any doubt or misgiving about it. Knowing how indisposed the good man might be, through remaining unbelief and fear, to admit in all the fullness of its meaning this great and blessed truth to his heart, the inspired writers seem to take much pains to press it upon his at-

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tention. They speak of Christians as being "the *sons* of God," "the *heirs* of God," "the *children* of God," in language so plain, so diversified, so often-recurring, and so emphatical, that it cannot well be misapprehended or overlooked. A few passages, out of many, may be referred to in passing. "Love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the *children* of the Highest, for he is kind to the unthankful and the evil: Be ye therefore merciful as your *Father* in Heaven is merciful." (Luke vi. 35.) Here, a certain character in men, as evinced and acted out by a certain specified course of conduct on their part, is exhibited as proof of the great truth before us. Still more definite, if possible, are the following passages: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the *sons* of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of *adoption*, whereby we cry Abba, Father. And the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the *children* of God; and if children, then *heirs*, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." (Romans viii. 14.) "Ye (i. e., Christians) are all the *children* of God by faith in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 20.) "And because ye are *sons*, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a *son;* and if a son, then an *heir* through Christ." "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the *sons* of God." (1 John iii. 1.) These texts have been cited for one definite purpose, to establish the *fact* that the good man is, truly, a child of God; that he does, indeed, stand in this endearing relation to him; that as one born of the Spirit, begotten again unto a lively hope, born from above, and bearing in moral character the image and likeness of his Heavenly Father, he has been *adopted* into the family of Christ. *How*, in what *manner*, this new and most interesting relation is brought about, it will be our object to show hereafter. Here, and for the present, we are concerned only with the *reality* of the relation, and with the *blessings* which flow from it. And do not the foregoing passages abundantly establish its reality, and place it beyond all debate?

The good man, then, *is a child* of God and an *heir* of heaven.

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Sweet sentiment! Beautiful, sublime, glorious truth! How it shows forth the love of God; his grace; his condescension; his self-moving goodness; his long-suffering patience under manifold provocations!

But it is time that we proceed to notice some of the *privileges* or *blessings* flowing from this relation. They are such as the following. Let them be carefully considered. We can do little more than just name them. *A full and free pardon of sin.* On the sinner's first return to God this infinite blessing is bestowed upon him. He no sooner abandons his past sinful ways and comes back to his Heavenly Father in true repentance, than he is received and acknowledged as one of his dear children, and all his past sins and provocations are at once and forever "passed by," "blotted out," "cast into the depths of the sea," never more to rise up against him. What a blessing is this to a poor sinful worm of the dust!

Peace of conscience is another blessing of God's covenant of grace with his children. The previous trouble of mind is gone. The dead calm of a hardened apathy and indifference is now over. And a sweet serenity of spirit supervenes. A conscious return of the sinner to God, followed (as it ever is) by a promise of pardon, and in such a way, too, as is seen to be in harmony with the justice and holiness of God, while it exhibits a most delightful view of his clemency and mercy, *must* bring peace to the believer's soul. This is not simply the teaching of the word of God. A thousand witnesses also, among men, stand ready to attest its truth from their own experience. And is it not a blessed privilege?

Audience from God in prayer. Of all our privileges, this is among the greatest and the best. But to whom has God granted this privilege? To whom, if not to his own children? Surely, if any among men may go to a throne of grace and hope to find audience there, it is they to whom he has himself accorded the place of sons and daughters in his family. The Bible, too, is full of this most delightful truth, assuring every child of God that he may come to his Father's throne of grace with humble boldness, yea, with the fullest assurance of being heard and accepted. And the magnitude of this blessing—who shall measure it?

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A lively hope for the future. Peaceful submission to the Divine will under trials. The continued influence of the Holy Spirit, guiding, supporting, and comforting the good man, all his journey through. The final victory over all enemies. Everlasting felicity with his God and Saviour beyond the grave.

These are the blessings of the new covenant, into which God has been pleased to enter with all his dear children. Nor are these the whole. But one other only can we now mention; and that is this: *The good man, by means of his connection with many others around him, by his prayers, his example, his instructions, his truly heavenly influence, becomes (through Divine grace) the happy, the honored instrument of transmitting blessings to his fellow-men.* This is, especially, true in reference to his *children*, and those who compose his *household*. The promise is not only to *him*, but to his *seed* after him; so that he has encouragement to labor for *their* conversion and salvation, as he has not, to the same extent, to labor for *others*. There is encouragement, indeed, to labor and pray for the good of all men; and this, as we have opportunity, is our bounden duty. But there is *special* encouragement to do this for our *children*, because there are special *promises* and grounds of hope held out to us to engage us to do this for *them*. Nor is this to be wondered at. *They* are near and dear to us, as no other beings on earth are. And God himself has constituted this intimate and endeared relation between us and them. He has made them bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. And why should we not look for some special ground of encouragement, *in the promises of God*, to seek their good, and to hope and expect (if we are faithful to our trust) that God will hear our prayers, bless our exertions, and save their souls? Why may we not entertain a confidence of this *beyond* what we may entertain in other and ordinary cases, where no such relation exists, and where of course the opportunities and facilities for accomplishing the good of others are fewer and less favorable? But this sentiment, so encouraging, so full of hope to the Christian parent, and so admirably calculated to stimulate him to the utmost possible effort in behalf of his children, must not be perverted, as it easily may be, and sometimes has been. Almost the entire Jewish nation have thus perverted it. Simply because they were Abraham's

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seed, they confidently expected the favor of God. This was that fatal rock on which they split. They had Abraham to their father; and with this as their passport to the Divine favor, they were content; they wanted nothing more. So it may be now. The children of Christian parents *may* place an undue reliance on the fact that their parents are Christians, and may take occasion from it to expect that it will be well with themselves somehow, in consequence of this relation. But this is only a perversion of the doctrine we have been maintaining. And because this doctrine may be perverted and abused, to foster negligence and presumption, let us not therefore recklessly throw it away. It is a blessed truth still. Jehovah is "a God to his people and to their seed after them." And the whole history of the church confirms it. For it is in the bosom of Christian families where, especially, God's grace like heavenly dew distills.

And now, in reviewing the glorious truth set forth in the foregoing remarks, to wit, *that the good man is a child of God and an heir to such immortal blessings from Him*, we cannot forbear making a single concluding reflection. How desirable is it to be a Christian, a good man, a child of God, and an heir of his kingdom! what delightful privileges are involved in this character and this relation! A child of God! Oh! if this *character* be ours, what else need we desire? And if the future *inheritance* of a child of God be ours, what better portion, here or hereafter, can we possess? Afflicted, tempest-tossed soul, this thought is for thee. Take it to thyself, if thou art a child of God. Cease all thy complainings. Banish from thy mind every dissatisfied, every troubled feeling. Thy Father in heaven is on the throne; and he reigns to make *all* things work for thy good. Hence the apostle's beautiful words: "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." What a choice inventory of blessings! Can you add any thing more to it, and not included in it? Try and see.

"If you would keep out bad thoughts, keep your head full of good ones. The cup that is full can hold no more."

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Original.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

PARENTS should give their children a *practical* education. Men have wants in this world which will be supplied, not by a miracle, but by their own exertions, and no small degree of effort is demanded to meet these wants. Now a practical education proposes to give the knowledge of some mode of lawful support. It regards life not as a grand holiday, a splendid panorama, exhibited for an amusement, but a scene of toil and trial, where man is to work out his own destiny, and reap down to the very root and soil that which he has sown. A practical education provides for life's great necessities and wants; and it is the solemn duty of parents to give such an education to their children—to prepare them for some sphere of labor and usefulness—to send them out into the world with the means and knowledge of self-support. Among the Athenians, if parents did not put their children into the way of obtaining a livelihood, children were not bound to make provision for their parents when old and necessitous. I do not say that such a return for parental neglect is sanctioned by the spirit of the Gospel, but it is a practical comment of human nature upon the impropriety of failing to give children an education that will fit them for the duties and responsibilities of after life. But how often are they educated as if they were to dwell forever in a land of dreams, and shadows, and unrealities; as if life were a *playground*—where labor, and duty, and trial, and calamity were unknown—educated to no profession—for no end! This is not training up children in the way they should go. It is not acting according to God's design and appointment. He intended that children should be trained up to labor and industry. The rich would nullify the original ordinance of Heaven, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and teach their children that labor is associated with poverty and meanness, and the dishonors of

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the world. Not so thought the Jews in their palmiest and most prosperous days. It was their custom to teach their children some kind of handicraft, whatever might be their rank or wealth; so that in case of a reverse of circumstances, they might have a resource to which to betake themselves. Accordingly Paul, when a boy, had learned the art of *tent-making*, and when the world was hearing from his lips the tidings of redemption, he had recourse to this, "that the Gospel might not be hindered." It was never designed that man should be an idler, but a laborer from the beginning. God sanctified the seventh day as a day of rest before Adam disobeyed, and thus marked out six days of labor and employment before sin sowed the seeds of the thorn and the thistle. We may suppose that, previously to the fall, labor, so to speak, was just one department of piety; and that in tilling the ground, or watching the herds, man was as religiously occupied as when communing with God in distinct acts of devotion. The great and fatal alteration which sin has introduced into labor is, that a wide separation has been made between temporal business and spiritual; so that while engaged in providing for the body we seem wholly detached from paying any attention to the concerns of the soul. Now we hold it to be a first truth, that patient and unwearied industry may consist with pre-eminent piety—that God may as truly be served by the husbandman while ploughing up his ground, and by the mechanic at his anvil, and by the merchant while engaged in his commerce, as he can by any of these men when gathered by the Sabbath-bell to the solemn assembly. It is a perfect libel on religion to represent the honest trades of mankind as aught else but the various methods in which God can be honored and obeyed.

Let parents, then, train their children to feel that industry is *honorable* not *only*, but a necessary element of a good character, and indispensable to the highest success in life. If wealthy, they had better give their children a practical education, and they will be the better prepared to meet poverty or affliction, should it come upon them. Without such education, a man is a consumer of the fruits of other's toil—a leech upon community—a loss to humanity and the world; yet by the unthinking his position is often envied. He is regarded as the gentleman, the

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man of leisure, and they would be glad to strut with him into a virtual non-existence.

If this reasoning be valid in relation to the families of the rich, what must we think of those in more common circumstances, who bring up their children with no *practical education*. We can think of them but with mingled feelings of astonishment and regret. Their children grow up to manhood, utterly unqualified for the scenes that await them; unfitted for any species of useful industry, they plod their way through life in disgrace. They contract vicious habits, furnish the scum and sediment of society, and become miserable objects, to be pitied or despised. The evils resulting are too manifold and mighty to be easily described. Let the parent, then, consulting the talents and tastes of his children, select some employment, whether it be mechanical, mercantile, literary, or agricultural, and make it necessary for them to acquire both the habit and the knowledge of pursuing it. By so doing, he will lay the foundation for their future usefulness and honor. They will be qualified for their appropriate position, will have right views of life and labor, and with the blessing of God, will become benefactors of their race.

Original.

THE KIND WORD.

When the heart is o'er-weary with toiling and strife,
And is breasting alone the struggle of life,
How often a fountain of gladness is stirred
By the soft-falling tone of a single kind word.

It steals o'er the soul, like a voice from above—
Breathes heavenly music, and heavenly love;
And the spirit that's bowed, and the heart that is broken,
Will thrill at the sound of a word kindly spoken.

'Tis a gem on the forehead of earth's darkest night—
A gleam, to the captive, of heaven's own light;
A sweet music strain, o'er the spirit-chords rolled—
"Pictures of silver, and apples of gold."

M. E. A.

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Original.

MY MOTHER'S OLD RECEIPT BOOK.

I WAS one day called into my kitchen to give directions for the preparation of a certain dish for dinner, but there were various opinions about the requisite "quantity of flour." I consulted all the authorities within reach, without coming to any satisfactory result. Even Miss C. Beecher, whom I had found a most efficient assistant in similar emergencies, failed me now. At length I remembered an old receipt book of my mother's, and decided the matter by a reference to its venerable pages. My cook, a devout worshiper of the antique, could not think of disputing what had so evidently borne the test of time and experience.

After the important question was amicably settled, I sat down with the little peacemaker in my hand, and as I turned over its soiled and yellow pages, smiled to think what "a vision of my own" had preserved it from the wreck which came upon many things more valuable. One day when the process was going on of burning family papers no longer needed, from a condemned pile I picked up this old book.

It was associated with the good dinners of my childhood—the festival days—thanksgivings—weddings—and family gatherings. When any thing out of the usual course was to be done, the best things always came out of this old book. At such times the little dining-room wore a gala air. The sun, as it looked into the south window through the quivering leaves, as it was always sure to do just about dinner-time, seemed to dance on the white table-cloth and the bright plates and tumblers as if it enjoyed it all as much as I did.

Many years it had lain without notice, except a few times, when the inquiry had been made, why I kept so worthless a thing among my choicest treasures.

It was not attractive in appearance. Its cracked and warped leather cover, and leaves of stiff coarse paper, were not beautiful, but gilt edged hot press was not always common as now. It

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was, too, a motley collection of odds and ends, and had served as a repository of many things not strictly relating to the culinary art. My mother, when we were all gathered round the fire of an evening, would often call in the aid of my father's ready pen to record some successful experiment made through the day. It then became authority for all the future. I remember, at such times, to have seen him sketch with some artistic skill, on one of these blank pages, pictures of men and women for the amusement of restless little people who sat on his lap, meanwhile lost in wonder at the tall head-dresses of the women, and the cocked hats, clubbed hair, and ruffled cuffs of the men—and here some of them still stand in military attitude. They would serve as records of the costume of the latter part of the last century.

I was about to consign the old book to its retreat, perhaps never again to leave it, till it should help to swell a funeral pile from which no one would remain to rescue it, when my eye was caught by some faint lines in pencil which I had never before noticed. Indeed, they were almost obliterated. They were in my father's hand—the hand he wrote in earlier days. I held them in every light, and carefully spelling them word by word, deciphered their meaning.

My father stood before me, not as I remembered him, a venerable man, with benignant air and white locks, which somehow I had supposed he always had—for I could never think of either of my parents as other than mature in years and in wisdom.

The date is plain, Feb. 2, 1772. My father was then in the prime and vigor of early manhood, with a wife and several small children looking to him for care and support. Here, for the first time, I learn that he was then very dangerously sick. This little book probably lay within reach, and here, with feeble and trembling hand, he traced this prayer, wrung from an aching heart.

"O that the Lord would hear my cry, for unto him do I lift up my soul in this hour of my extremity. Restore me to health. Grant me submission to thy holy will; whether this sickness end in life or death, let it be for thy glory. My hope is in thee. For myself, I do not desire to live long. I have never looked forward to long life with much expectation. If it is thy will to take me thus early in my pilgrimage, to thee I commit my all.

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My family—raise up for them friends and protectors when I am gone."

Here the manuscript becomes unintelligible, except here and there a word; among them I spell out "distressing circumstances."

But the trial was seen to be sufficient, the submission complete. The half-formed prayer for life, checked ere fully uttered, was heard. He recovered; and when, after a long and useful life, the final hour at length came, no anxieties weighed down his spirit, but his exulting exclamation, "My confidence in God is firm as the everlasting mountains," seemed to impart something of his own strong reliance to those who heard it.

Long ago a wave rolled in upon a sandy beach. It receded, and came not back again, but it left behind a ripple mark. Many changes took place as ages went by, and that mark was buried from sight. Not long since, some workmen were opening a quarry of sandstone, when that ripple mark appeared, to tell that a wave once rolled there.

So, my father, after so many years have lain upon it, this little ripple mark left by that wave of thy long-forgotten sorrow has come to light, that thy child, who had not then entered upon life, may learn a lesson from thy suffering, thy submission, and thy triumph.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD'S GOVERNMENT.—"I know not," says Bonar, "a better illustration of what the feelings of a saint should be, in the hour of bitterness, than the case of Richard Cameron's father. The aged saint was in prison (for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ). The bleeding head of his martyred son was brought to him by his unfeeling persecutors, and he was asked derisively if he knew it." "I know it, I know it," said the father, as he kissed the mangled forehead of his fair-haired son—"It is my son's, my own dear son's! It is the Lord! good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me or mine, but who hath made goodness a mercy to follow us all our days."

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Original.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CITY MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING its length, we cheerfully give place to the Report of the New York City Maternal Association, presented at its THIRTY-FIRST annual meeting, held on the 27th of February last. It may be interesting to our readers to know that this organization has heretofore embraced within its limits *thirty* Associations. We trust that success will attend the efforts which are being made to renew the interest once taken in these Associations in our city, and that the number of mothers who shall enjoy the blessings and privileges which these institutions are designed to secure, will be greatly augmented.—ED.

IT is well for us, from time to time, to review the way in which we have been led. As we pause to recall the scenes through which we have passed, we are reminded of many mercies from the hand of God, of many interpositions of his providence, and of occasions for gratitude which had been almost forgotten. Such thoughts have suggested themselves to us while examining the reports of our several Associations. We find in them much to strengthen our faith and animate our devotions; much that we would love to bring to the notice of every member of our respective circles; but we must confine our extracts, mainly, to a few of the facts that have been presented in the dealings of Providence with us during the year, leaving each mother to draw her own lesson from them.

The first report dwells on the pleasant and profitable meetings that have been enjoyed, in which those present trust they have felt the Saviour's presence with them, and adds—

"The names of seven mothers and nineteen children have been added to our list. During the former years of our organization, we have been enabled to offer it as a subject for thanksgiving, that death had not invaded our circle. It is not so now. God has called one of our number from time to eternity—a mother of six children, who was frequently with us in our meetings, and loved to share

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their interest and enjoyment, whose voice we have heard at the mercy-seat, and in our mutual consultations; one whose watchful care and exemplary devotion to the true welfare of her children was remarked by all who knew her. This devotion was undying. Her faith in the Saviour was unwavering, and her end peace. God has graciously answered her prayers in the conversion of one of those bereaved children, who has already made a public profession of his faith, while two others have often expressed an interest for their soul's salvation, and desired a remembrance in the prayers of God's people.

"We have also been called to sympathize with two other families, who have each buried a lovely daughter, one at the age of thirteen, the other six. It is an unspeakable satisfaction to these dear parents, that they have abundant reason to anticipate a happy reunion in heaven. Their consistent deportment for many months previous to their last illness, the numerous evidences of the work of the Spirit upon their hearts, and their final, patient submission to the will of God during the most intense bodily suffering, give much reason to hope that they have been transplanted to a fairer clime, where their opening powers will unfold in new beauty under a heavenly culture. Thus have our trials been mingled with mercies, and we trust all those afflicted ones can meekly say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' To preserve the family chain unbroken, is sweet and pleasant; but when God, in his wisdom, removes a link to fill a higher and brighter sphere, every parent thus honored has reason for gratitude.

"The conversion of the three above referred to, together with the manifest seriousness of several others, affords ample encouragement for persevering prayer and effort. We trust our plan, recently adopted, of making a particular family a special subject of prayer during the intervals of our meetings, will be crowned with success."

The secretary of one Association acknowledges the sparing mercy of God in preserving their respective families while separated during the summer, and continuing their number of mothers and children unbroken, and adds—

"We have made our usual collection, and appropriated a portion of it to subscriptions for Mrs. Whittelsey's 'Magazine for

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Mothers,' to be regularly forwarded to missionary mothers in heathen lands."

Another, after mentioning the loss they have sustained in the removal, for a second time, of their much-valued secretary to a distant field of duty, thus writes—"Our meetings have been regularly sustained, with the exception of the season during the prevalence of the pestilential scourge which spread gloom and desolation over every heart, and we would here express our unfeigned thanks that though the members of some of our families have been laid low in sickness, the angel of death has been stayed from removing any by that terrifying disease.

"We have to record the loss, by death, of one valuable member, whose seat at our meetings was seldom vacant. 'Her sun went down while it was yet day; and in an hour when we thought not our sister has been called to the presence of her Saviour.' She was taken from four interesting little ones, one an infant of two weeks, for each of whom we would prayerfully claim the protection of the orphan's God.

"One member has been called to part with a lamb of her flock, but she has been enabled to say, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"

One secretary reports—"Two young daughters, from one family, have united with the church since our last report.

"The past year has been one of great judgments and great mercies. Some of us have been brought down to the borders of the grave, but God has restored us to health. He has laid his hand upon the members of our families, but he is raising them again, we trust, to health and usefulness. Another is afflicted in the death of friends; but the number of mothers and children in the Association remains unbroken.

"When our Saviour was upon earth, with what solicitude did parents apply to him for the recovery of their children from bodily diseases. How much more anxious should we be in view of that greatest of all diseases, a sinful heart, which dwells in those committed to our care; and should not the interest we manifest for their temporal welfare reprove our want of deeper solicitude for the conversion of their souls?

"Our dear children, as well as ourselves, are fast hastening to eternity. Who can look on them destined to be forever hap-

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py or forever miserable through our instrumentality, without putting forth the agonizing prayer—'Lord, save, or they perish?'"

Another writes—"One young lady has united with the church, whose mother assisted in forming our Association, and who has continued devoted to its interests. Her children are all living testimonials to the faithfulness of Him who hath said, 'His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness upon children's children.'

"While we have been permitted to rejoice with those that rejoice, we have also been called to mourn with those that mourn. A young wife and mother, the daughter of one of our members, has been removed to that bright world where, we trust, she shines a gem in the crown of her Redeemer.

"Surrounded by every thing that could make life desirable, she was enabled, through grace, to relinquish all she held dear with cheerfulness, and welcome death as a messenger sent to release her from a world of sin, and bring her to a world of holiness and joy. Her dying chamber was a privileged place, and its scenes will long be remembered by those who were present.

"One mother mourns the loss of an interesting daughter of eight summers, and we are comforted with the hope that her spirit mingles with adoring seraphs around her Father's throne on high.

"It is with no ordinary feelings of sadness we contemplate the following mysterious and afflicting dispensation of God's providence. A young lady of seventeen years of age, whose mother was a member of this Association, was attacked with that fatal disease, the cholera, and died in a few hours. A younger daughter was also taken, and died before the burial of her sister. But a short period elapsed when the mother was called to follow. A father and son, a youth of fourteen, alone remained; but the work of death was not yet complete. That father, after seeing the choicest treasures of his heart so suddenly torn from him, fell a victim to the same disease. Thus a whole family, save this youthful son, went down to the tomb within one short week.

"Who will guide and protect this orphan boy, far from the home of his father's friends—who will comfort him? May He who hath said, 'I will be a father to the fatherless,' be his guide, protector, and preserver. From the tombs of these departed

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ones comes a monitory voice, and may the lessons be written as with a sunbeam on our hearts, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.'"

A secretary, in acknowledging mercies mingled with chastisements from the hand of God, remarks:

"The Lord has seen fit to visit one mother with the rod; her heart was bleeding from a recent bereavement, when the last report was presented; and ere that wound was healed, another precious child was taken from her. One day she was in perfect health, the joy of her parents; the next they were called to weep over her lifeless form. Their fond hearts would have retained her on earth, but by grace they are enabled to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His name.'

"Other families have been preserved from sickness and death, and of one child we cherish the hope that he has given his heart to Christ."

One report comes to us in tones of sadness, though bowing with submission to the chastenings of a Father's hand. Passing over its introduction, we insert the following notice of one whose name was among the first of the children of the Association. She early consecrated herself to Christ, and in maturer years shrank not from duty, when called to labor for Him in a foreign land. To quote the words of the report, "She was called to rest, while the sickle was yet bright in her hand. Only four short years have passed since she entered upon the duties of a missionary's wife.

"The angel of the covenant bears the timid dove across the ocean in the 'hollow of his hand,' and from the midst of heathen darkness and heathen degradation the youthful missionary writes to us, with all the chastened enthusiam which characterized her—'When friends ask you if I am happy here, tell them from me, I was never *so* happy, and am more and more happy every day, and have no wish to go back.' Then again she writes with the full heart of a grateful mother and says, after the baptism of her little one, 'Now, you will pray for us, that we may fulfill the vows resting upon us.' We contemplate with wonder and admiration the power of divine grace, in the self-denying efforts of this young Christian, as we see her gathering

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the rude natives round her, before she had acquired their language, and praying with them through an interpreter. It may seem to us that her life was short—but what her hands found to do, she did with her might, and quickly; and *her work was done*, and well done; so that agreeably to the Scripture promise 'she lived long upon the earth.' Again, just before the 'silver cord is loosed,' she calls to us from the dark valley, 'I am not afraid—Jesus is with me. My parents will never regret that they gave me to the Lord.' When asked, 'Do you regret that you came here?' she replied, with emphasis, 'No!'

"We sympathize affectionately to-day with one of our loved circle who has recently been made to resign one of her heart's jewels for the Master's crown. We say the Master's crown, because there is Scripture ground for hope that Israel's gentle Shepherd folds the lamb in his arms. The comfort which this child derived from the Bible, and the affection with which she clung to it, should strengthen our faith, as we endeavor to make our little ones acquainted with the precious truths of the Gospel. Even in her last hours, when her mind had begun to wander, she started up, and looking under her pillow, cried out—'Where is my Bible? Mother, how could you let me come here without my Bible?'

"Another dear little girl has been removed from her home on earth to the world of spirits; but her parents sorrow not as those without hope; they trust they may say, 'It is well with the child.'

"To sorrowing mothers we would say, in the words of our pastor, 'A child lost upon earth is a painful thought, but a child in heaven is a delightful one.' It gives to that far off and better world a reality to our minds and an interest to our hearts. Have you a child in heaven? then that is not an unknown, dreamy world to you; you have an interest there; every thing connected with heaven now must be interesting to the spirit."

It is gratifying to us to know that a son of one of our early members has, during the year, been settled in the ministry, and united in marriage with one whose mother was also connected with us. We affectionately commend these children of our prayers, in their new relation, to the God of their parents.

As we gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, we see many

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tokens of our Father's love—some of our daughters, walking softly before the Lord, so as to avoid the snares and pitfalls in their way—some of our sons, wearing the badge of discipleship, pressing forward toward the accomplishment of their "high calling" in the church of the living God. True, the scythe has laid low our sweetest flower; but mark the Lord's goodness!—those of our children who are living without God, and without hope (mere cumberers of the ground), are not cut down. "Surely His mercy endureth forever!"

A mother in N. J. recently asked the privilege of joining this Association. Her health had been declining, and she felt that her days were numbered; her anxiety for the souls of her children led her to wish that they might be placed as much as possible under the influence of the counsels and prayers of Christian mothers. No Maternal Association existed in the town where she resided, and from her dying bed she sent to us a request that she and her children might become members of ours.

We have referred to the happy influence of reading the Bible to our young children. Another instance, which has recently been communicated to us, though not within our own Association, we would mention, for the encouragement of mothers who would fill the minds of their little ones with God's own word.

A little boy, whose mother died when he was five years old, had so learned to love the Bible from hearing her read it to him, that he thought there was no other book of half so much interest; and for a long time supposed that her own Bible had a great deal more in it than others, because she talked with him about it, and made him understand it so easily. And when, a few months since, he was admitted to the church, he referred to those early lessons as leaving an impression that had never been effaced. The remembrance of her prayers and instructions has been to him as a guardian angel, strengthening him to resist temptations, and encouraging him in a struggle with a deceitful heart, to believe that "a child of such prayers could not be lost."

The knowledge that his parents had in infancy consecrated him to God, led him to feel the responsibility resting upon him to live as a child of God, and take those covenant vows upon himself which they had made for him.

The late Mrs. Scudder, of Madras, was for many years a

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member of the Jaffna Maternal Association, where the beloved Harriet Winslow left her testimony in favor of the united prayers and counsels of associated mothers.

Dr. Scudder writes of his wife—"She literally prayed her children into the kingdom." We know on one occasion, after taking leave of a son, she spent the whole night in prayer; the first intelligence from this son was, that he had given his heart to Christ. The prayers of that sainted mother were answered during her life, in the conversion of seven out of her ten children. We commend this thrice bereaved family to the prayers of this Association.

Several reports have mentioned their diminished numbers, scattered members, and irregular attendance with some feeling of discouragement; and we often hear a contrast drawn between the interest of former years and the present. It is said the meetings are not as well attended as formerly, and cannot be sustained; and the inference is that the Association has declined in interest, and many who loved to mingle their prayers and counsels now voluntarily absent themselves. But on examination it will be found that the small attendance is caused by the removal of families from the city, or from the churches with which they were connected, and while some seats were vacated, efforts were not made to bring in new members. We could point to one Association where, twelve years since, the usual number at the meetings was not less than thirty, and now but four of those members remain connected with that church; and to another that formerly reported sixty members, where now but six of that number can be found in their church. While, then, removals and death are separating us, should we not with increased activity attempt to bring into our circles young mothers and strangers who worship with us? We would by no means lose the remembrance of those seasons of Christian communion, or the refreshing effect they had upon us, cheering us in the midst of difficulties, and encouraging us in our feeble efforts to guide the minds of our children aright; but would rather seek to revive those scenes, by inducing others to come with us and share these privileges, that we may avail ourselves of every means of aiding each other in the important work of "bringing up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

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Original.

AUTUMN.

BY THE LATE DIVIE BETHUNE.

You've seen the leaves in autumn drive
Before the powerful wind;
And only to their flight alive,
Leave all return behind.

'Tis thus, inspired Isaiah says,
The power of sin impels
The human heart to crooked ways,
Wherein its empire dwells.

The fading leaf's an emblem true
Of souls estrang'd from God;
It withering quits the parent bough
To scour destruction's road.

Where is the power to make it green,
Or give it life again?
For to revive spring's glowing scene
All human power is vain.

Then why should man expect from man
Life from the death of sin?
Go, go to God, to him who can
Create new life within.

For Jesus died, that dying seed
Might rise to fruitful grain;
Man's fading leaf God has decreed
In Christ shall live again.

The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlor or the boudoir, she is not a helpmate, but an incumbrance.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN INVALID.

JAN. 17, 18—.—This has been a pleasant day to me in my sick chamber. Not only has the sun shed his reviving beams upon the natural world, but a cheerful influence from those beams has reached and gladdened my heart. A sunny day doth good, like a medicine.

I had hoped, long before this, to have done with the need of medicine of any kind—to have been once more a useful member of society—to have resumed duties which so much require me, and which I love. But weeks and months pass over my head, and find me still languishing on a painful bed—still forced to feel that the business of my life is endurance. Before me lies the same unvaried prospect. Health, strength, ease, have taken their flight. I may hope for them no more. Shall I repine? No. Too long, already, have I been sorrowful and gloomy. Too long has my harp hung upon the willows. Let me retune its neglected strings, and sing once more the songs of Zion. Many have been the mercies of the Lord to me, and that my soul knoweth right well. "Shall we receive good at his hands, and shall we not receive evil?" Or, shall we call that evil which he sends, when his own word is pledged that every event shall work for our good? I will grieve no more.

Jan. 24.—I have been meditating to-day. Multitudinous and varied are the thoughts which crowd my mind, shut out as I am from the busy world. I will record them from time to time. Perhaps the day will come when my child will read them with interest. Perchance, before the little life so lately commenced shall reach the years of understanding, the eyes which now rest on nothing so lovely as her tiny form and beaming face, will have closed to open no more on earth. Perhaps the heart, which now yearns with such overflowing tenderness for her, will have ceased its throbbings forever. Then dear to my daughter's heart will be every memento of the mother who loved her—precious every memorial of the life which was the source of her own.

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Or it may be that in the unfolding book of Providence, dark scenes are written for my cherished one. She is the child of many prayers. She wears the seal of covenant love. To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit she was early consecrated. Severe and stern may be the discipline which shall answer those prayers, and make effectual that consecration. Before she shall sit down in the place which her mother has entreated for her, at the Saviour's right hand, I know she must receive the baptism wherewith he was baptized. In those coming scenes, when she walks through the billows of affliction, when the rebuke and chastening which sooner or later visit every child of God, shall grieve her spirit, then it will cheer her to look back upon her mother's saddened days, and learn how she was sustained under accumulated sufferings and deprivations. She shall then be blessed and comforted in reviewing the divine dealings with me, and magnify and trust the grace which has been my sufficient support through all.

My precious, unconscious babe! What a motive to exertion and to cheerfulness thou suppliest, now that weakness and infirmity have deadened my faculties, and weighed down my spirit to the dust. For thy sake I will strive to live once more. I will struggle against the apathy which is creeping over me. For thee I will search with deeper interest the loved oracles of my God. For thee I will pray. I will sing of mercy in the midst of judgment. I will lean upon the proffered arm of Almighty love, and walk with unfaltering step this painful road which lies before me, that so thou, when thy days of trouble come, mayest bear more cheerfully thy burdens, and be able, the better from my example, to follow unhesitatingly, and without fear, wherever thy Saviour shall lead.

Feb. 1.—I have been deeply interested, lately, in a little work which purports to be the diary of a clergyman. It is a life-like narrative, and I find in it many pleasant pictures of domestic happiness and deep piety. I have read it twice, and should like to impress its instructions upon my memory, and drink largely of its spirit.

Sitting together, one day (the husband and wife), conversing as is their wont upon holy themes, they discuss the manner in which the Christian should meet the trials and sorrows of earth.

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They speak of their peculiar blessings and comforts, and acknowledge to each other that few are so happy as they. But knowing that days of darkness must be in store for them, they fortify themselves by reflections on the love of Him who rules every event, and strive to strengthen each other's faith in the promise which says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The closing scene is beautiful. He writes—

"While I was speaking, my eyes were fixed upon the mother and her child, and I could not but mark the look of intense love with which my Lucy regarded the beautiful and sleeping boy, and the perfect security with which he lay reposing in her arms —the serenity spread over the closed eyelids and the clear forehead of the infant, and the little dimpled hand resting on her lap. Suddenly the door of the study was pushed open, and our old mastiff, Leo, stalked into the room, wagging his huge tail, and moving about with so unceremonious a disregard of every thing in his way, that he upset a small round table, near Lucy; the noise of the falling table disturbed the child; he awoke crying, and as Leo approached him he looked round with terror at the dog, and cried more loudly. But Lucy soon soothed her infant, and when Leo came near them, and laid his great head on her knee, the dear child placed his hand on the dog's head and laughed. But poor old Leo soon became troublesome, and I was obliged to turn him out of the house, and shut the door upon him. When I came back, the child lay already half asleep again in his mother's arms.

"'Here is an illustration, Lucy,' I said, 'of the things on which we were conversing. If God should wake us with a shock from a state of happiness as tranquil as that child's slumber, you know by experience how a mother soothes and comforts her weeping child. Is the Lord our God less skilled in the sweet way of comforting his troubled child? Has He not even said to us in his word (Isaiah lxvi. 13), "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted."' Was it the consoling assurance of these gracious words that caused Lucy to bend down immediately and press her lips softly to the fair cheek of her infant, and then look up to me with so lovely an expression of confiding love and peace in her dove-like eyes? She said not a word."

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Original.

A TRUE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Almost all children have not only heard of the large city of New York, but need not be told that it is the largest city in this country. It is growing larger every day, and, as a little boy of our acquaintance once said, it will be a very pretty place *when it is finished;* but when that will be nobody can tell. It has 400,000 inhabitants, and is full of churches, and schools, and colleges, and places for good; and theatres, and circuses, and gambling-rooms, and places for evil. Every little boy who reads this, and lives in a quiet country town, may thank God to-night for having placed him there. There was a little boy, not many days since, living in New York, whose name was George. His mother was a widow, and supported him and herself by her needle. George had no earthly father to look to for advice and counsel, and was for the most part deprived of the watchful tenderness of a mother. He was about eleven years of age; and as his mother was obliged every day to go out to sew in different families, she placed him in the house of one of her pious friends to board, and under whose kind care he was as well situated as in his circumstances he could be. He was equally cared for with the son of these pious friends, and attended the same school with him. One would think that George had every inducement to do right—a good home, good friends, good clothes, good food, and a good school. But the *Devil*, who sends temptation in different ways, sent it to him in the shape of bad companions. There are some awfully wicked boys in New York. Some of these frequented the neighborhood in which George lived. As he was going to Sunday school he would often meet them, and they would sneer and say, "So, George, you are such a fool as to go to Sunday school!" George was very sensitive to ridicule, and was not able to say to himself, as some boys of my acquaintance would have done, "I am doing *right*, and that is all that I care for." No, he would listen to these boys on a week-day when he met them, and be induced by them very frequently to play truant. They took special pains to meet him, and to make

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him think theirs was a very happy mode of living. When George had played truant, his kind teacher would think it necessary, on the following day, to be very severe with him for committing so gross a fault as wasting his time and his mother's hard-earned money. George would then, in his passion, resolve never to enter the school-room again, and this sad resolution was, of course, fostered by his evil companions. They would urge him to roam the streets, and make a living with them, and George grew very disrespectful to the kind lady who had the care of him. At last, one evening, she was obliged to request his mother's presence, as little George had informed her in a passion, that he was resolved to leave her roof and support himself. Think what an overwhelming announcement to a mother, who had lived only *for him*, and who had hoped, through her unwearied exertions, and the blessing of God, to see him a good and, perhaps, a great man. She attended the summons, and went to her friend's house. She explained to George the consequences of his folly. She warned him that his newly chosen friends were *thieves*, and that their only purpose was to make him like themselves. But no, they had been kind to him, he said, they were not thieves, and he would not believe it. His mother informed him of the House of Refuge, where abandoned boys are taken by the city authorities and confined, and that he could not roam at large without being known by the police. She inquired of him where he would procure the food which was now furnished him so nice and warm, and the clothes which she labored to provide for him. He answered, that he would find plenty of work to do, and if he did not, these boys would give him food. So his mother, being a woman of great energy of character, resolved to let her boy go forth and *try for himself*. She left the house to pursue her necessary avocations, and George, long before breakfast the next morning, was with his *friends*. The gentleman, however, under whose roof he had been living, told the whole story to a kind-hearted police officer, stationed in that district, and obtained from him a promise (as he knew those boys well), to keep a friendly watch upon George, and await the issue. As George left so early he was very hungry all the morning, but there was no pleasant breakfast-table spread out for him. The boys gave him a few crackers, and set out upon their rounds. They took

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him to quite the outskirts of the city, where was deposited a large quantity of iron. They ordered George to assist them in carrying off some of this, adding that it would furnish them the means of going to the theatre. "My mother said you were *thieves*," said George, in astonishment. "*So we are*," was the reply. He could not be made to join them in stealing, so, for the present, they gave up the attempt. By and by they offered to give George a sixpence, that he might go with them to the theatre. "My mother would not like it, if I should go to the theatre," said he. Then followed a storm of gibes and jeers, such as might be expected from these boys, who were not ashamed to confess themselves to be thieves. Happy was it for George that he could not forget his mother, even in such company as this! The day began to hang wearily upon George's hands, for his companions, used to roaming, had led him full four miles upon that morning. He sat down to rest, tired and dispirited, and they, as might have been anticipated, left him almost famished, to go to their usual resort for dinner. They returned not, and George wandered toward that home which he had left. As he neared the spot, a kind neighbor, who knew his countenance, called him in, as the shades of evening approached, and drew from him his pitiful story. She brushed his hair and his clothes, washed his face, and took him to his home. "Here," said she, "is a little boy who has come home repenting." Yes, it was true, George was convinced of his folly—he was sorry for it—he was ready to ask forgiveness—ready and anxious to do better in time to come; and, like the prodigal son, he was received with open arms, and welcomed back again. His mother's anxious, broken heart, was cheered and soothed by the glad tidings; and may God in his mercy, grant that this may be the last of George's wanderings. As for the other boys, it is confidently asserted, from good authority, that they will soon be in a place appropriated to juvenile offenders.

MIRTH is never so lawful as in travel, where it shortens long miles, and makes rough roads smooth. It sweetens bad usage, by making bad dinners go down and bad horses go on.

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Original

THE EARLY CALLED.

[From the Unpublished Autobiography of a deceased and aged Clerygyman.]

As yet I had formed no idea of obtaining a public education, or being a preacher of the Gospel. I had formed a habit of study for my own improvement and delight, as I pursued my secular business. I delighted too in promoting private as well as public religious meetings, and to converse with people for their instruction, as I found opportunity. But, as a calling, I designed to superintend a leather boot and shoe factory, for which I had made my preparations.

On a day, as I was on a short journey, I met a minister of the Gospel, who lived some ten miles from me, whom I had often seen, but with whom I know not that I had ever spoken.

He commenced a conversation with me on the road as we met, and said he had been wishing to propose a thing to me—that I should turn my attention to an education for preaching. I replied that my father was dead, and I felt myself unable to obtain such an education. He said he would afford me assistance, that I could get along, and wished me to take it under devout consideration. I did thus, and felt a strong desire to comply with the advice. I consulted my pious mother (whose prayers and instructions had very early deeply affected me), and of course had her full consent and warmest wishes. I consulted my pastor, who said, "Go, go!" I thought I would next consult my father's pastor, who had baptized me, but with whom I had not spoken for many years, as I had early removed from that town, my native place. I came to his house just at evening, and was introduced to him as a stranger. Telling him who I was, I was at once recognized by him, who seemed glad to see me, as my father had been his first deacon and his right-hand man, but had now been dead ten or twelve years. I stated to him my object, and told him I came to get his advice. He immediately *wept*, and said, "Yes, go, and I will fit you for a college, gratis." He had fitted many, and was a man of wealth. I felt

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a want of full confidence in his advice, as it seemed to me premature, and without examination. Yet I was determined to go, and I was soon with him to commence my study of the languages. He then made his explanation and apology for his treatment of my question at first proposed to him. He said he thought I must judge him to be weak and hasty in his weeping as he did, and so soon giving his advice. He would now tell me the reason, which was, that upon my stating my question, a thing occurred to his mind which he had not thought of for many years before—that when I was about four years of age I was under much trouble of mind (I well remember it); that he conversed with me accordingly; and soon after, being on a journey, he stated my case to an aged doctor of divinity, who replied, "Mark my words, that child will be called to preach the Gospel." He said this at that moment occurred to his mind, and overcame him. F. L. S.

Newark, N. J., March, 1850.

Original.

THE SOURCES OF PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

That the parental relation involves important responsibilities is a proposition so self-evident as to command the assent of every intelligent man. Indeed, it is so self-evident that it fails to secure the attention and exert the influence that it would command were it not regarded as a truism. Like an axiom in mathematics, it commends itself to our belief without inspiring in us a due sense of the magnitude of the truth embodied in it. But like the axiom, it must be adequately appreciated before we can confidently go forward to the solution of the problems which lie beyond, and grow out of it. A general recognition of its truth will not keep the mind and heart sufficiently alive to the great duties assumed by those who enter into this relation. The parent is inexcusable whose ideas of his duties to his child are so vague that he does not, at all times, have a consciousness how much is committed to his charge, and how much will consequent-

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ly be required of him; who does not know *why* his child is entitled to his respect, his attention, his constant fostering; who cannot show good cause why he hopes that child will be a useful member of society, happy, and the cause of happiness to others.

Let us point out the source of these responsibilities with a view to aid parents in forming definite ideas respecting the duties they owe their children.

The child is susceptible to the slightest impressions. The whole constitution, mental, physical, and moral, of the young human being, is liable to be modified, in its condition and character, by the most trivial occurrences. Circumstances which, to the mature man, are unimportant, and which pass away leaving hardly a shadow behind, impress themselves upon the child with a depth and power that influence his whole existence. The very toys with which he amuses his infantile hours may give shape and color to his future life. The miniature cannon with which young Napoleon diverted himself was, possibly, the cause of that warlike disposition which, combining with his inordinate ambition, made him the terror of Europe, and the author of an incalculable amount of human misery. The little chisel which the nurse of Michael Angelo gave him as a plaything, perhaps gave direction to that genius which "made the senseless stone to breathe and speak." Had the chisel been given to Napoleon, and the cannon to Angelo, the latter might have been the warrior, and Napoleon have attained a more enviable immortality as a peaceful sculptor. Or, if this is an over-estimate of the power of circumstances, this, at least, will be admitted, that the exchange of toys might have greatly modified the character of the two, and led the one to adopt a less sanguinary mode of gratifying his ambition, and the other to make the creations of his genius embodiments of the spirit of war and violence. So true it is, that little causes acting on the young mind produce great and permanent results.

"Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come;
Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil."

How important, then, that at this decisive period of existence the mind and heart should be moulded aright, that no crooked or

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unsightly growth may mar their beauty, or distort their fair proportions! The habits then acquired will always be powerful, if not unconquerable. The principles of action then adopted will control the future life. The ideas then impressed upon the memory will remain engraven there in indelible characters. How important, then, that those ideas should be pure and ennobling, that those principles should be of the loftiest morality, that all those habits should be made subservient to virtue, and conducive to the health both of body and soul!

The object upon which the attention of the parent is bestowed is of priceless value. It is a mind endowed with high faculties, which may be so developed as to advance the glory of God, or to bring a curse upon the world—a soul formed in the image of its Creator, and capable of reflecting that image, yet subject to sin and liable to contamination from a thousand sources. This soul and this mind are intrusted to the care of the parent, and who can estimate their worth, or adequately conceive the responsibility incurred in assuming the care of them? The potter, as he fashions his vessels of clay, bestows but a moderate degree of attention to the work in which he is engaged; for his material is of small value, easily procured at first, and as easily replaced if rendered useless by want of skill. The worker in precious metals and stones approaches his work with greater caution, and bestows a more assiduous attention upon the costly materials with which he designs to make an ornament for the halls of nobility, or a diadem to encircle the brow of royalty. But the sculptor, as he stands before his block of purest Parian marble, in which his kindling eye already sees the noble statue which shall stand for ages, a monument at once of the character of its subject and the skill of the artist—with what intense anxiety does he regard each stage of his progress, with what scrupulous exactness does he direct each stroke of the chisel, with what patient attention does he seek to transfer to the marble the idea which with the most profound thought he has elaborated in his mind, for the results of his labor are to be seen and admired by coming generations. But how worthless are the richest materials on which human labor is bestowed, compared with the soul even of the lowliest child that ever claimed a parent's care! Destined to live forever—purchased at the infinite price of a Saviour's blood—capa-

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ble of enjoying inconceivable and immortal happiness—what, compared with this, are the costliest gems that ever Eastern monarch wore, the purest marble that ever felt the magic touch of Canova's chisel? When the marble shall have crumbled into dust, when the lustre of the diamond shall have faded, the soul of that child will be enjoying the happiness, or enduring the misery of eternity. Parent, it may depend upon your conduct toward your child, whether it will join in the song of the redeemed, or unite in the wailings which ascend from the world of woe. Awful, yet unavoidable responsibility! Help from above alone can enable you rightly to estimate it, and rightly to acquit yourself of the duties which arise from it.

"*The child is father of the man.*" If the parent will contemplate his children as they are soon to be, he will appreciate more truly the responsibilities of his position. Now their minds are feeble, their knowledge limited, their judgments weak, their capacity to receive, very narrow; their power to execute, almost nothing. But a very few years will work a great change. Soon these children will take their places as active members of society, the leaders of thought, the directors of action, as the divines, the lawyers, the physicians, the statesmen, and the judges of the land. They will be the fathers and mothers of coming generations, on whom will depend the welfare and the right training of all the families in the nation. What a privilege, what an honor, what a responsibility to have the training of these future men and women! But the progress of the rightly educated child does not end with this life. Those affections, now beginning to develop themselves, may glow with seraphic fervor before the throne of God. Those minds, now so feeble, may be enlarged so as to understand the mysteries of eternity, and to comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ.

Surely the training of minds and souls of such qualities, and with such destinies as these, is an honor to which kings might aspire, and a responsibility from which angels might shrink. Happy the parent who rightly conceives and faithfully discharges the duties of the parental relation; bitter the retribution which awaits those who will not know, or knowing, will not perform them.

P. H. W.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT; or, Egypt a Witness for the Bible. By Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. Pp. 162.

THIS volume opens to us a subject of great interest, and while the author styles himself a *compiler*, we cannot but admire in him the thoroughness of the scholar, the eloquence of the master of language, the benevolence and faith of the Christian. He has given to us the results of varied research, and laborious processes of thought in clear and concise statements; and while we are occupied with time-worn monuments, old and confused records, and sculptured riddles, we feel all the interest we could take in the high-wrought scenes of fiction.

To the general reader will be disclosed, in this work, some of the most valuable revelations which science has brought to view, through the personal sacrifices and intense study of her devoted disciples; and the Christian will have his faith in the "living oracle" confirmed, when he hears the voice of monuments, tombs, and palaces of a people long since perished, now at last adding testimony to their truth, to whose silent but authoritative tones learned infidelity must yield. We are glad that the interpretation of this mysterious language has been given to us—the unlettered, and yet the believing—who have not the power to travel through the vast accumulations of history and science, nor the genius and patience to discover the hidden meaning of symbol and pictured representation, yet who have the heart to love truth, and who welcome with intense delight all which throws light on the sacred page, whether it come from the researches of the traveler to the Holy Land, or from the gloom and silence of the Dead Sea and the vale of Siddim—from the buried wonders of ancient Nineveh, or from enduring chronicles of tomb, and obelisk, and pyramid of renowned old Egypt.

The plan of the work—after giving a short account of late discoveries, and of those to whose genius and martyr-spirit we owe such an increase of knowledge—is simply to follow the narratives of Moses, in those parts which are connected with the country of Egypt, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, and to bring witnesses to their truth, from monuments, and sculptures, and paintings, preserved in undecaying freshness, left as undesigned testimonies by a heathen people, to a record of a nation whom they oppressed and enslaved, and of the Deity, to whom their armed hosts and multitude of chariots were but as the dust of the balance.

We hope that this work, so admirable in design and execution, will not be neglected among the many books which issue from a teeming press, and that it may not only enlarge the understanding, but strengthen the faith of many readers.

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Original.

CHRISTIAN TEMPER AND CONDUCT.

We often hear the remark, "I can bear with patience those trials which are providential, but I can not well submit to those which are caused by the selfishness and malice of my fellow-men, and which I feel are undeserved." But can it be said, with truth, that any of our trials are undeserved? That they are inflicted without the agency of Him "who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will?" No; these very trials, which are the most difficult to bear, are doubtless among the most important instrumentalities which God employs to frustrate the malice of Satan; to purify, strengthen, and multiply the graces of His dear people; by means of which He designs eventually to increase the temporal and eternal happiness of those "who through faith and patience inherit the promises." The poet said, with truth—

"They are the sword, the hand is thine."

Who of us is so wise, so good, so without alloy, as not to need to be purified so as by fire? We do not live in an age of persecution, and yet we need continually the spirit and grace of God, to bear with patience even the petty trials of every-day life. Many who claim the name of Christians exhibit a temper and conduct under slight provocations, totally at variance with the precepts and example of the blessed Savior, who, when reviled, reviled not again. When accused by the Jews, before His crucifixion, though He could have summoned to His rescue twelve legions of angels, yet He answered nothing. When forsaken and even denied by His own disciples, He employs no invectives against them, but commiserates their infirmities.

When Peter smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear, not only did Jesus, with a divine touch, heal the wound, but mark His conduct even in the presence of His betrayer and bitter persecutors. He rebukes His disciple, saying, "Put up thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." But behold Him in His last conflict with His cruel persecutors. How beautiful His temper and conduct,

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when suffering the agonies of the cross—persecuted, reviled, spit upon, blasphemed; He utters no complaints; He even prays for His murderers—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

No finite mind can comprehend His sufferings, His mental agony, when bearing our sins, in His own body, on the accursed tree, that by His stripes we might be healed. When contemplating His example, it is natural, perhaps, that we should be tempted to view Him as more than human, and therefore yield to discouragement in our endeavors to walk in His footsteps. But we ought not to forget, in all our conflicts from without and within, that His strength, His spirit and grace are freely pledged for our support and triumph in every emergency. Having such a helper, we are exhorted to be like-minded with Christ; to put on Christ.

It is a great privilege to be permitted to labor in His vineyard, but it is a far greater blessing when we are counted worthy to suffer persecution for His name's sake, and in defense of the faith once delivered to the saints. If we suffer with Him on earth, we shall reign with Him in glory. This thought it was which animated the saints of old to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," as seeing Him who is invisible.

How beautiful the Christian spirit shone forth in the character and conduct of Abraham, "the friend of God," and "the father of the faithful," in his treatment of Lot, his brother's son, when there was a strife between the herdmen of their respective flocks. Lot was greatly inferior to Abraham in age, wisdom, and experience, and owed his greatness and wealth to Abraham. Yet, observe the example of meekness and docility, the characteristic of true greatness, exhibited by Abraham, under circumstances of peculiar excitement and irritation. How impartial his language! "And Abraham said unto Lot, Let there be no strife between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." How different was the conduct of Lot! Instead of acknowledging the generosity of his noble kinsman, and referring back to him the

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right of making a choice, Lot looked toward the well-watered plains of Jordan, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. We learn, in the sequel, the danger of worldly prosperity, and of a determination to be rich at all hazards.

Observe the temper and conduct of Nehemiah, when, at God's bidding, he attempted, in the midst of bitter opposition and persecution, to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, which had for so many years lain in ruins. In meeting the scorn and opposition of bitter enemies, Nehemiah had recourse to prayer. He confesses his sins, and makes continual supplication to God for divine direction and assistance. He humbly acknowledges the justice of God in all his trials. He says, "Howbeit, thou art just in all that is brought upon us, for thou hast done right, but we have done very wickedly."

Exemption from trials is no certain proof of the Savior's love. On the contrary, trials and persecutions are not unfrequently a badge of discipleship. Timothy asserts, that "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Not unfrequently is it the case that, in proportion to the weakness and unsoundness of the cause espoused by selfish and worldly men, in opposition to the truth, they appear zealous for the truth; they bluster; they form alliances; use one stratagem after another to malign those whom they would defeat, or if they can not defeat, to annoy and distract them. So it was with Sanballat and Tobiah. They first sought to stop Nehemiah from building the walls of Jerusalem, by heaping ridicule and scorn upon him. They said, artfully, "Even that which they build, if a fox go up he shall even break down their stone wall." But when these crafty and designing men found that the prophet was not to be arrested or disheartened in this way, they artfully proposed a union: "They said, Come, let us meet together on the plains of Ono. But they thought to do us mischief." Finding this overture did not succeed, they sent letters to Nehemiah, to put him in fear. To successive efforts of this kind, Nehemiah returned the same steadfast reply: "I am doing a great work, so that I can not come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Even this did not stop them in their wicked plot; but they craftily proposed to meet him on Christian ground. They say, "Let us meet together in

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the house of God, within the temple, and let us shut the doors of the temple; for they will come to slay thee." But Nehemiah returned answer, "Should such a man as I flee? And who is there that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." In the midst of these trials, Nehemiah prays, "Hear, O our God! for we are dispersed. Turn their reproach upon their own head." And again, "Think upon me, my God, for good, according to all that I have done for this people."

How beautifully the meekness and forbearance of these saints of old, and of our blessed Savior, exemplify the precepts of the Bible! It is to be feared that we do not duly prize the Bible; so wonderfully adapted to our condition in our fallen estate, so replete with instruction, so plain in its heavenly teachings, so full of illustrations of its precepts. Christian mothers! these examples are worthy of your most careful study. You are responsible not only for your own conduct, and for the regulation of your own temper, but for the effect your example may produce upon the feelings and conduct of your children. See to it that your own hearts are right; that you suffer long and are kind; and that you do not, by your example, lead your children astray.

"The beautiful old word, kindness, means something like family feeling, and brings back to our memory the mother's heart and the infant's trustfulness. Let all the angels of heaven go out to reclaim a degraded man; they will avail nothing unless they can approach him in the human form of kindness, visibly embodied in like nature to his own. They must draw him from solitude by manifest sympathy; not that of sorrow only, but of fellow-feeling, even to the evidence of having also been tempted like himself. He can respond only to one who knows experimentally the urgent demands of the body, and in it has felt the struggle and the strife with Satan, sin, and death, and in it conquered them; must learn, from an example, that it is God, and not man, that triumphs over evil; must know how the Father pities the prodigal weary of his lusts; and God himself must meet man as man, before He reveals His divinity, by bidding men believe in love, and sin no more. Therefore, be kind."—Dr. Moore.

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Original.

THE METHOD IN WHICH MAN, AS A SINFUL, FALLEN BEING, BECOMES AN ADOPTED CHILD OF GOD.

THE great, central truth of Christianity is now before us: *How* man comes back to God, and is accepted by Him so as to become, from an alien and an outcast, the child of His love, the heir to His paternal favor and kingdom. Sweetest truth in all the Bible; the mystery of divine love into which angels desire to look. No wonder that, at the Redeemer's advent, there should be, as there was, suddenly, with the herald-messenger of His coming, a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

We are now to spend a passing moment with our readers in looking at the *mode*, or way, in which the alienated and lost sinner, that was, passes into the new relation of a child of God and an heir of His spiritual and everlasting kingdom.

This relation, it should be carefully remembered, is not that which is constituted by the act of *creation*, with which it has sometimes been confounded; nor that which is supposed to be founded in man's *intelligent* and *rational* nature, and in the intellectual *resemblance* which there is in this part of man's being to his great Creator, however important and interesting that resemblance may be. In mere intellect, man may and does, in some humble measure, bear the image and likeness of God. He may, he does, in this respect, resemble the Great Model Archetype, so to speak, after whom and by whom he was created. This is true of all men. All are, in this sense, as well as by the fact that God created them, the offspring of God; all of them, in one degree or another, bear the *intellectual* impress of their Divine Original. But it is not in either of these ways that sinful, fallen beings, as such, become "the children of God," in the true evangelical import of that phrase. The good man's relation to God, of which we are here speaking, is a new, additional, far higher relation. He is a child of God in a

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sense peculiar to himself and to those who are like him in moral character, and in a mode, or way of becoming such, totally unlike that in which any other person, except the good man, can be supposed to be entitled, according to the Scriptures, to this designation. He is a child of God by *redemption*, and by the new-creating energies of God's spirit in his soul. He is a reclaimed, transformed, penitent, believing person. A new, spiritual, hidden life has been commenced within him. He lives now for a higher end. He walks now in the ways of God. He is now "a follower of God" as one of "His dear children." He "walks by faith, not by sight." He "endures as seeing Him who is invisible." His new spiritual life is derived from, and fed by, his looking to his Savior, and his relying upon Him for forgiveness, strength, holiness, victory over the world, and complete and final salvation. And this reliance upon his Savior it is, this union to Christ by faith, this continual, never-ceasing looking to the Redeemer for all needed grace from God; *this* it is which constitutes him a child of God; *this* it is which brings him, from being an alien and an outcast, as he was before, nigh again to his forsaken Father in Heaven, breaks down the middle wall of partition between his own soul and the Fountain of all good, and introduces him to the entire fullness of the blessings of the new covenant which have been already spoken of. This faith in his Redeemer it is, and nothing *else*, which brings him into his new spiritual relations to God and His kingdom. This is the sole ground and reason of his new and heavenly heirship and sonship spoken of in the Scriptures. On this, as its foundation-stone, rests his whole title to the heavenly inheritance. His title is in Christ. His only hope is in Christ. His strength, victory, life, salvation, all are in Christ. And it is by looking away from himself and going out of himself, to this only all-sufficient Redeemer, that he becomes readmitted to the favor of God and to the communion and fellowship of God's dear children. And is not this a rational ground upon which to rest all our hopes of the divine favor, even unto eternal life? If not, wherein is it defective? In what respects is it an inadequate or improper ground of trust? To us, it seems stable, suitable, all-sufficient; adapted to man's wants; safe to be trusted in; honorable to the Divine Lawgiver; adequate to

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bear up a sinking world from despair, if all would intrust themselves to it; and if rejected by men, to be rejected to their utter and eternal undoing. But here two or three things are necessary to be specifically stated and kept steadily in view, lest this free and gracious method of being readmitted to the forfeited privileges of God's dear children, *by faith in the Redeemer*, should be perverted, through carelessness or presumption, to some wrong and bad uses. The things referred to are these:

1. The faith in Christ, which alone constitutes us the children of God, must be a *cordial* faith. It must be a *humble*, *grateful*, *confiding*, *loving* faith in Him. It must unite the *heart* to Him. It must *take off* the affections from all *other* ultimate objects and fix them upon Christ alone, in the matter of our salvation. It must involve, also, a calm, settled, considerate *approval* of Christ and His cause on earth, as paramount in interest and importance, to all other objects which this present world has to set before us. It must not be a *mere feeling* of the mind, but *such* a feeling as carries along with it the full consent of the judgment and the conscience, so as to form a reasonable, abiding, steadfast *principle* in the soul. It must be such a faith, therefore, as controls, regulates, and guides the life and practice, carrying the whole man, heart, intellect, conscience, and the every-day deportment of the man, into conformity to the will and requirements of Christ.

2. The Redeemer whom our faith respects and to whom we look for salvation, must be the *true* Redeemer whom the Bible sets before us. He must be received as He is, and not as He is not; in all His offices; under all the revealed characteristics and properties that belong to Him: a Divine Redeemer: a Divine Redeemer in our nature: a suffering, dying, atoning Redeemer: the infinitely Beloved of the Father: appointed: given of God to the work of our redemption: and consenting Himself, freely and of His own will and choice, to undertake the work: and thus setting forth, *as* the infinitely Beloved of the Father, and by means of His sufferings and death, the great evil of sin, and the greatness of God's displeasure against sin, and thus the perfect righteousness and holiness of God, and His inflexible purpose to stand by His law as the unalterable stand-

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ard of rectitude and moral excellence in the universe and to all eternity.

3. The Redeemer must be received by us for those *ends* or *objects* for which He is presented to our acceptance. One of these ends, the *great* end probably, was to make *atonement* for our sins, and thus to lay a foundation for our being forgiven, and received back into the divine favor, *consistently with the justice and holiness of God, and the honor of His violated law.* This end our faith in Christ must, therefore, never lose sight of. To this end the faith of the true Christian *will* ever look, in reposing his trust in Christ for salvation. Perceiving his own guilt, and the barrier which that guilt has raised up in the way of his acceptance before God, and being humbled under a sense of his great unworthiness and ill-desert, in consequence of his sinfulness and guilt, he will be led to betake himself for refuge to his only Redeemer, that *by faith in His blood* (when all without it was lost), he may be recovered back to God, and to His forfeited favor and friendship, for ever.

And now, *having* such a faith in Christ as is set forth in the foregoing remarks, how easy is it to see that the good man may, *with the fullest propriety*, be received back into favor, and become a partaker of all the privileges of his new adoption into the household of faith. What should hinder? The infinite righteousness of God no longer stands in the way. The rectitude and moral excellence of the broken law no longer oppose. The very purity and spotlessness of Jehovah's throne consent. The whole holy universe acquiesce. They all yield that it is safe. They all see that, under the atonement, God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Christ. Now, therefore, *mercy* can rejoice against *judgment.* And it does thus rejoice. Salvation, as a free gift, is procured for us. Salvation, as mercy's gracious boon, is offered to us. Whosoever *will*, may come to Christ and live. Sin and guilt, of *any* dye, need not hinder. The atonement of Christ can countervail it all. What a "precious" thing is faith in the Redeemer! And who would not sing—

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin."

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Original.

THE CHILD'S NOTION OF GOD.

We have elsewhere spoken of the difficulties which the Christian parent encounters in attempting to convey correct ideas of God to the mind of his child, and at the same time endeavored to show how many of these difficulties may be overcome. Permit us to add a word or two to what was then suggested on this very important subject.

It is possible for a child, just learning to lisp the name of Jehovah, to form so correct an idea of His character as to render its love for Him (should that love be produced by the operations of the Holy Spirit) *holy* love, akin in character to the love of angels. In the image of excellence which is contemplated by that infant heart, there may, indeed, and must be wanting some of the lineaments of majesty and of loveliness, which exist in the likeness of God which is contemplated by Gabriel. It may be and must be but a miniature likeness of the smallest size. Still it may be correct as far as it goes, and sufficiently ample, too, to enlist the affections, and sway the conduct, and mold the character of so small a soul. This small idea may form the nucleus around which the increasing knowledge of after years shall crystallize. First, but an infant's idea of God, it becomes in process of time, without any essential change of character, the idea of the mature saint, and then of the angel, and expands for ever.

If this early idea of God *may* be, it is of the highest importance that it *should* be, correct; for if it is not it may do incalculable mischief through the whole lifetime of the soul. It is well known with what tenacity the mind clings to its first impressions. A false idea may be corrected; but it is not so easy to efface the *impression* that it has made on the heart. That remains imprinted on the most delicate and enduring fibers of the soul. Now, erroneous impressions of God are perhaps more lasting and more injurious than any other. Let Him, for instance, be presented to the child only in aspects of terror; let His omniscience be represented only as the attribute by which He is enabled to watch the sinner, and chronicle the crimes of

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His creatures, and His omnipotence only as the power by which He can punish; and that child will always be likely to regard God as a suspicious spy upon his actions, as the King of Terrors. The impression of despair and of horror is burned into the brain; and when, in after life, he reads the sublime annunciation that God is love, or the passages which disclose the paternal heart of God, and declare His mercy, they will seem to him to be but Oriental hyperboles; and the impressions of childhood frustrate the design of God to bring him to repentance, by the manifestation of unparalleled goodness. We would not be misunderstood. God's holiness, that attribute of His by which He abhors sin, and is disposed to punish the sinner, is an essential and a beautiful part of His moral character; and most defective would be that instruction in which this quality should never be presented. But let it be presented in connection with His love. Show the little one God's paternal heart. Let him see the image of God as He appears in the parable of the prodigal son, waiting and longing to welcome to His forgiveness and His favor, each wayward and wandering child. Let him see God as an object of confidence and of affection, and not as a terror to haunt and to scare the soul.

Among many facilities which early childhood gives for imparting right notions of God, one may be especially mentioned. The aversion to religious truth is not then so strong and so active as it becomes in after life. Children do not so intensely hate the light, so resolutely refuse to come to the light, as those who, during years of impenitence, have done many evil deeds which that light would disclose and reprove. That peculiar unfitness, therefore, to discover the beauties of God's character and truth, which we sometimes call spiritual blindness, and which the Scripture styles the blindness of the heart, is not so entire in the child as it becomes in the unrenewed of riper years. The film becomes thicker before the mental eye the longer sin is committed, until sometimes it seems as if the unhappy man had no vision for aught but supposed or alleged difficulties and contradictions in the truths that are unto salvation. He has no eye for the glorious light which encircles the throne of God; none for the justice and the judgment which are its eternal pillars; none for the rainbow, in which are blended the divine perfec-

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tions, which are round about it; nor for any thing but the clouds and the thick darkness which hide from him the face of God, but through which faith sees a Father in the great moral and providential Ruler of the universe. Not so, however, certainly not to so great a degree, with the child. He sees not the difficulties over which older persons stumble into perdition, and stumble thus just *because* they *are* older in impenitent sin.

Let, then, the parent endeavor to give to his child, at the very dawn of intelligence, a correct notion of God. But let him not attempt too much. Let him remember that a small idea may be a correct one, just as the image of the sun is sometimes seen in beauty on the smallest dew-drop. The soul of the little one is too small to receive the larger idea of the parent, and would be fatigued and discouraged by the attempt. Yet the germ of the sublime conception may be implanted, and properly cherished. It may, through the efficacious operations of the Holy Spirit, grow with the growth; and the heart's warmest affections may cluster around it, and, through eternal ages, the soul be changed more and more into the same divine image, from glory to glory.

Original.

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

Every age has its peculiar tendencies, which, although called by no distinctive name, have a real existence, and are ever exercising a powerful, though perhaps unnoticed, influence. They give a direction to thought, education, religious experience, and action, mold character, and give birth to enterprises, some of which are the bane and others the antidote of humanity. None will deny that the present is a remarkable period in the history of man. Its intellectual developments excite the wonder of every reflecting mind. Nothing seems to lie beyond the reach of human power. Nature and matter become, as it were, the passive instruments of intelligence, while in former ages they were often the terror and the master of mankind. Science is

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pushing her inquiries onward and still onward with unexampled success. She is untying the knots and unraveling the intricacies which have puzzled all former times. Her keen eye is scanning the very atoms of material existence, and piercing into the profoundest depths of illimitable space. From her chamber of silent meditation and abstraction, she is directing the gaze of her votaries to new planets and systems, at an inconceivable remove from our world. The same activity is infusing itself into the moral and religious life of our race. The chains which, for centuries, have shackled the spirit, and which were loosened in the days of Luther, are now burst quite off by the struggles of their aspiring prisoner. The barriers, that have so long lain across the path of improvements, are leveled by the arm of God himself. The nations are awaking from their slumbers, and inquiring the way to perfectability and happiness. The spirit of progress is about to move forward with still more rapid strides, either carrying desolation and ruin, or scattering peace and blessings at every step of its advancement. What hands are to guide it into the right path, and what influences are to keep it there? Will progress prove a curse or a blessing to man? The solution of this latter question depends, to a great extent, on mothers. The children will, in each succeeding generation, be the pioneers of progress. Progress can never precede them, but only follow where they lead. How fearful the responsibility, then, which rests on the mothers now living! The destiny of millions is in their keeping, and the mingled voice of generations to come calls upon them to be faithful to their trust. That this responsibility may be more clearly seen, and more readily felt, let us briefly consider the relation of mothers to the cause of missions and the cause of truth.

It is only since the commencement of the present century that the church has awaked to the duty of evangelizing the world. Her success, during this brief period, has been extraordinary. Still, however, the world lieth in wickedness, and while other causes are pushed on to greater triumphs continually, this, the most noble of them all, is almost, if not quite, stationary. The tide of death is rolling on to eternity almost undiminished, and those who are laboring to stay its progress are fainting with toil and demanding relief. Our missionary societies are encumbered

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with debts, and well-nigh disheartened at the prospect. It will no longer do to trust that *crises* will rouse interest and bring assistance, since they are always to be deprecated. The *mothers of the church* can do away the whole difficulty. They have the training of those who will be able, should they possess the disposition, to carry forward the work most gloriously and most triumphantly.

For the complete success of the missionary enterprise, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, three things are requisite, men, money, and prayer; and these must always be found in company. Men must stand in the market-place all the day idle, if the means are not furnished for sending them into the vineyard. Money must rust in the treasury of the Lord, if none can be found who are willing to bear the gospel to the perishing. Prayer will be but presumption, without both men and money. Where shall we look for these except to those now in the morning of life? They are themselves to be the men, to possess the money, and to offer the prayer. And who are to infuse into them the self-consecrating, the liberal, the believing spirit? None can do it as well as mothers. The children must be taught early that the missionary spirit and the Christian spirit are identical; that they can not claim the latter without first possessing the former; that obedience to the last command of the ascending Savior is alike the duty and the privilege of all His followers. They must be taught to hold themselves and all that belongs to them at the disposal of their Divine Master; to count it blessed to deny themselves in order to save others; to consider the salvation of souls the great object of life and labor. They must be taught in infancy to lisp the prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" and in manhood to work out the answer, so far as it may depend on their efforts. Mothers being first willing to let their children go to the heathen, should cherish in them the spirit of personal devotion to the service, and should train them for the sublime work. Thus they would grow up to manhood, the champions of the cross, zealous for their Master, and willing to be or to do any thing that they might glorify Him. This is no idle speculation. Such mothers have lived, and such children have been reared for God and the church. Such should all mothers be, and such many more of

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their children would then become, through the blessing of Him who is a covenant-keeping God.

It is not implied in these remarks, that all children should be trained for missionaries; for, doubtless, the great majority ought to remain at home, and engage in other pursuits. But in the breasts of all, the missionary spirit should be sedulously cultivated, so that each, in his respective sphere, may do all in his power to advance the cause which belongs alike to all. Then would the Brainerds and the Martyns, the Newells and the Judsons, be multiplied in the church, and the predictions of the prophets would hasten to their glorious fulfillment. The church would no longer be disturbed by those alarming and oft-recurring crises, the treasury would overflow with the cheerful offerings of her sons and daughters, the heralds of salvation would plant the cross on every shore, and hosannas of praise would soon go up from a redeemed world.

By the influence of mothers on the cause of truth, is meant, the influence they exert in forming correct religious opinions in the minds of their children. Its importance can be duly appreciated only by those who are familiar with the errors which are beginning to prevail to a truly alarming extent. The foundations, on which we have rested for centuries, are tottering under the repeated assaults of the enemies of righteousness. The truths which have been inwoven with the religious experience of the saints for ages, are regarded as mere delusions, and treated with contempt. The doctrines which have been demonstrated, and uniformly believed by the wise of past days, are demolished, as their opponents imagine, by a word of rationalistic logic, or a breath of infidel scorn.

But we have comparatively nothing to fear from the open attacks of wicked men. Traitors are concealed in the camp. Those who wear the guise of truth, carry a dagger with which to assassinate her. From such men danger is to be apprehended. Their Jesuitical art must be carefully guarded against, or the youth will fall a prey to their intrigues. With the specious and well-sounding words, liberality, reform, philanthropy, and such like on their lips, they ingratiate themselves with the enthusiastic, warm-hearted, and generous, for the purpose of seducing them from the old but good paths.

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In these circumstances, ministers raise their notes of warning to little or no purpose, since many of those who listen intelligently to them, have already settled their opinions, and may be poisoned irrecoverably. Their labor is like that of those who attempt to turn aside the broad and rapid river as it nears the ocean. But the mothers are they who stand at the source, with the power to direct the tiny will whithersoever they please. The marble is hardly more dependent on the sculptor for its shape, than the child is on the mother for its character. The soul, as well as the body, receives its aliment from the mother. If this be so, how carefully should the expanding spirit be nourished with truth, which will be its stay in the day of trial, and restrain it in the hour of temptation. Mothers have the power, under God, of rolling back the tide of error which threatens to lay utterly waste the fair domains of truth. True orthodoxy looks to them for support in the time when so many are forsaking her standard. The family should be the school of theological instruction, and the Bible the principal text-book. Doctrines and duties should be taught the young in the simple language and style of inspiration. Then, as they grow up, they would be proof against the insidious and destructive opinions of crafty errorists, and would contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Will not the mothers, whose eyes rest upon these pages, then, enter with new diligence upon the delightful, but fearfully responsible task of training, to the full expansion of usefulness, the immortals committed to their care? Will they not pray more earnestly, and with greater faith, that all the children of the covenant may be early brought to God, that thus the cause of Christ may be prosperous at home and abroad? W. A.

"LEIGHTON considered a mixed life, or, to employ his own phrase, an "angelical life," to be the most excellent; a life spent in *ascending*, to obtain blessings from heaven; and in *descending*, to scatter them upon earth."

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Original.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER WITH HER CHILD, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

Oh, sweet and radiant! reft away,
As fleets the blossom from the spray
When sudden tempests blow;
We dream'd not of thine early blight,
Who bore the promise warm and bright,
A longer span to know.

We well remember what thou wert,
The fair of brow, the pure in heart,
The lily of our love;
And it becomes us now, to clear
The eye of faith from darkening tear,
And point its glance above.

For there, methinks, we see thee stand
Amid the white-robed seraph band,
A cherub by thy side,
Who breathed not here the wint'ry air,
But swiftly fled to show thee where
Thou shouldst in bliss abide.

Young wife, young mother, daughter dear,
We name thee not without a tear,
Such as the soul may know,
That mourns thine image lost to earth,
Yet musing on thy heavenly birth
Doth mingle praise with woe.

No pain is thine, nor weary care,
Nor burden such as we must bear
Who lingering, year by year,
Find frost around the forehead cling,
And fall like a forgotten thing
With scarce one sorrowing tear.

Angels, who watch us lest we stray,
The unseen guardians of our way,
Who do their maker's will;
Love they not those whom thus they shield?
So, though thy form be unreveal'd,
Thy ministry by clouds conceal'd,
Our heart shall love thee still.

L. H. S.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POWER OF MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

It is our purpose, in this article, to cite some examples illustrative of the power of maternal influence. Perhaps, at some future time, we may resume the subject, and endeavor to develop some of the sources of that power.

We have not space to dwell upon the well-known examples recorded in sacred history. We can only refer to Moses, to Samuel, to John the Baptist, to Timothy, and to the interesting fact that half, at least, of the twelve apostles of Jesus were children of holy women, who, though of humble station, belonged to the true nobility of the race, and who doubtless had, like Simeon, waited for the consolation of Israel, and taught their children to wait for it too.

Coming down to later times, we find the history of the church and the world crowded with illustrations of our subject. We regard the following passage as one of the most instructive in the great work of Neander. He is speaking of the early progress of Christianity: "Pious Christian females, presenting patterns of genuine wives and mothers, often furnished a beautiful contrast to the prevailing depravation of manners, and reckless pursuit of earthly things, to be found in the families of pagans, or of mere nominal Christians. By them the first seeds of Christianity were planted in the souls of those who afterward produced great effects as teachers of the church. The pious Nonna, by her prayers, and the silent influence of the religion which shone through her life, gradually won over to the gospel her husband, Gregory, who had belonged to an unchristian sect; and he became a devoted bishop. Their first-born son was carried, soon after his birth, to the altar of the church, when they placed a volume of the gospels in his hands, and dedicated him to the service of the Lord. The example of a pious education, and this early consecration first received from his mother, of which he was often reminded, made a deep impression on the son; and he compares his mother with Hannah, who consecrated

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Samuel to God. This impression abode with him, while exposed, during the years of his youth, which he spent at Athens, to the contagion of the paganism which there prevailed. This son, the distinguished church-teacher, Gregory of Nazianzen, says of his mother, that her emotions, when dwelling on the historical fact connected with her faith, overcome all sense of pain from her own sufferings, and death surprised her while praying before the altar. The pious Arethusa of Antioch retired from the bustle of the great world to which she belonged, by her condition, into the still retreat of domestic life. Having lost her husband at the age of twenty, she chose, from regard to his memory, and a desire to devote herself wholly to the education of her son, to remain a widow; and it was owing in part to this early, pious, and careful education, that the boy became afterward so well known as the great church-teacher, John Chrysostom. In like manner, Monica, by her submissive, amiable, and gentle spirit, softened the temper of a violently passionate husband; and, while she had much to suffer from him, scattered the seeds of Christianity in the young soul of her son Augustin, which, after many stormy passages of life, brought forth their fruit in him abundantly."

This last case is of so striking and instructive a character, that it deserves a more special notice. We will go, then, to one of the cities of Numidia, in Northern Africa, and there we shall see a Christian mother united to a pagan and violent husband. Yet she sows thickly in the mind of her little boy the seeds of truth, sets before him daily the example of a living and most beautiful piety, and prays, with the strength of mingled faith and maternal love, for his conversion to Christ. The germs of the spiritual life seem to unfold, in that boy's mind, into a lovely, early piety. But he has mighty energies within him; passions and appetites, strong and ungovernable, save by the power of God's grace. At the age of nineteen, while living amid the temptations of Carthage, he turns aside from the course of piety, and yields himself to licentiousness. Soon after, he begins to wander in the mazes of error, and at length seeks repose for his restless spirit in skepticism; yet so deep had been the impressions of his early education, that even then nothing could satisfy him that had not some savor of the name of Christ. For thir-

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teen long years of sin and error, that mother, like a protecting genius, followed him with prayers, and counsels, and tears. He leaves Africa and proceeds to Rome; she follows him there. He departs to Milan; and there she is with him, interceding with God for his conversion. At Milan he hears the celebrated teacher, Ambrose; and the prayers of the mother are at length answered. The peace and the purity of the Christian faith enter his soul; and in his thirty-third year he, with his illegitimate son, is admitted to the church of Christ. The mother's heart is filled with joy. She has lived long enough. They start together to return to Africa; and, as they arrive near the mouth of the Tiber, she yields her happy spirit to her Savior. But the son lives; lives to show the energy of divine grace; lives to stamp his spiritual character on the life of the church; lives to resist the encroachments of error; lives to fix the impress of his gigantic mind on the theology of his own and of all future ages; and, by all this, to illustrate, for coming time, the power and the worth of a mother's influence.

We cite but one more illustration. We will go to one of the humble houses of old England, and there we shall see a little boy, the last of twenty children, all of whom, but one sister, died before his birth. That boy had himself shown at birth none of the usual signs of life, and had actually been laid aside as dead; by the care of an attendant his life was preserved, but his constitution was feeble, and his physical tendencies ever toward consumption. Yet within that delicate frame, there is the germ of great powers and of a lovely and commanding spirit. It shall be the mother's care to develop that germ, and to secure, if possible, the sanctification of that spirit; and wisely and prayerfully does she perform her task. The chimney-place of the room in which they usually sit, is ornamented with some blue, Dutch tiles, on which are represented some of the scenes of scripture history. Before little Philip can read, his mother points him to these, and gives him the history of the Old and New Testament; and, as he tells us, "the wise and pious reflections which she made upon these stories, were the means of enforcing such good impressions on his heart as never afterward wore out." Philip, with his feeble frame and his consumptive tendencies, is reserved for forty-nine years of suffering life.

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That life he crowds with acts of pious usefulness; through all that life, his mother's instructions form the basis of a beautiful Christian character—the nucleus around which lovely thoughts and lovlier dispositions shall gather. He dies on a foreign shore, but he leaves "something so written to after times, as they shall not willingly let it die." To say nothing of his other works, one book he will write, which will be one of the richest legacies ever left to the church, and which, while the church remains militant on earth, will help to increase the numbers and the piety of the good. It will be in the Christian's closet, worthily holding its place by the side of the Bible. It will be translated into all languages; it will bear its part in the work of the world's renovation, and the farthest tribes, and the latest generations of men will read it with joy and with profit. But while acknowledging our obligations to Doddridge for his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," let us not forget the mother who deposited in his infant heart the seeds from which has grown so rich a harvest.

These instances are but specimens of thousands that might be adduced. If it were necessary, we might illustrate the general topic by cases in which mothers have led their sons astray. In the circle of our personal observation, if we see a family of sons grow up with noble characters, we shall find they had a noble mother; or if we see a family of sons grow up destitute of moral principle, to be the pests of society, we are almost sure to find that their mother was deficient in the qualities which fit mothers for their station.

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.—The Rev. Samuel Whitney labored twenty-five years as a missionary at the Sandwich Islands. When the physician who attended him in his last illness went to bid him farewell, he grasped his hand and said, "Doctor, Jesus Christ is THE STAR OF THE UNIVERSE—He is my hope, my life, my ALL. Thirty-six years ago I set my affections on Him, and nothing has ever made me swerve. Nothing can separate me from Him. The devil has tried to baffle me, but Jesus Christ is near to help me. Jesus Christ is here." His last words were, "Christ is precious."

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Original.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

As yet we have spoken of education in its bearings only upon the present life. We add, parents should give their children an *intellectual* education. This life is important, but chiefly because of its connection with the unending life, the life that stretches beyond the earthly and the perishable. This earth-life of ours is but a preparatory scene—a school—a place of education; and it is the mind, the *inner self*, which merits our chief attention. The body is *relatively* important, and should be educated as the mind's instrument, as the organ of communication with the visible and earthly. Yet it is infinitely more important that the spiritual dweller within should be noble, majestic, polished, and refined, than that the building should be of the most graceful and beautiful proportions. Now, the education proposed has reference to the mind, its culture and improvement. It commences its existence without knowledge. The infantile mind is man in miniature, having all the faculties of our nature, but with no positive acquirement; there is the *basis* laid by the Great Architect of our being, but the superstructure, in its beauty and majestic proportions, is to be raised by man. This process of mental expansion begins with existence, and continues indefinitely and for ever. And to whom is this duty of education, in its early stages, assigned? Unquestionably to parents; and it is one of the most important duties which they can perform. Upon it depend, in a great measure, the future prospects of their children for time and eternity. What is termed an *elementary* education, is to man indispensable, even as a creature of earth. He must understand the principles of arithmetical calculation, the proper use of language, the art of writing, in order to do the common business of life. This, however, is but the commencement of an intellectual education. It aims at a loftier object, the education of man, by the expansion of his rational nature. It proposes to

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make him more or less familiar with the whole range of truth, human and divine. The advantages which he will derive from it are almost innumerable. It will contribute largely to his happiness—make the world richer and brighter, giving to its many sounds and objects a meaning and a voice. It will unfold to his view a volume of wonderful and surprising interest. It will carry him over a field of intellectual enchantment, investing the flower and the forest, the ocean and the earth, with the wonders of Deity. It will give him communion "with nature and with nature's God." It will augment his influence on the principle that "knowledge is power." It will enable him to discharge the various duties of life, and to fill a respectable sphere among men, giving him strength and soundness of judgment as a man of business, and a decided advantage over those inferior to him in knowledge. The great achievements of earth have, for the most part, been effected by men of refined and cultivated intellects. Even the first revolution from Paganism to Christianity, wrought through the instrumentality of the apostles, can scarcely be said to be an exception to this remark, for they were divinely and miraculously furnished for their work. The posts of honor and usefulness have always been occupied by men of educated minds; educated, perhaps, in the nursery, in the counting-room, on the bench of industry, or in the field; yet *educated*. If any one suppose that education can be obtained *only* within classic halls, let him read the history of Franklin, who, while pursuing his daily avocation,

> "Soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
> Where angels bashful looked."

Let him read the history of Sir Charles Linnæus, one of the greatest naturalists of the world; of Boerhaave, the physician and scholar, whose memory can never die; of Sir William Jones, who, with the fortune of a peasant, gave himself the education of a prince; of Pascal, the wonder of his age and the admiration of all; of Washington, the model statesman of the world; and of thousands of others, who have been an ornament to their race, and he will be convinced that an education can be obtained any where, and an enviable distinction reached under the most formidable and forbidding circumstances. The

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extent to which this education should be carried, may be graduated by two circumstances, *the ability of the parent*, and *the future occupation of the child.* Should the parent not be able to carry forward the education of his child to the most desirable extent, let him, by all means, *do what he can*, encouraging his child, through his own patience and perseverance, to make still greater advances. The duty and efforts of a parent in giving his child an education, will be modified somewhat by the sphere in which he is ultimately to move. Some branches of human enterprise demand more knowledge than others. While knowledge is every where, and under all circumstances, desirable, yet there are some professions and stations, where *varied* and *extensive* learning is indispensable to success. The plan of education should therefore take into account the future avocation of the child.

Parents should cultivate in their children, a *love* of *knowledge;* furnish them with every facility in their power for acquiring it; direct them, in their intellectual pursuits, to that which is *solid*, *substantial*, and *useful;* they will thus give them a legacy more valuable than fertile lands or freighted vessels. The female members of the family should be embraced in this plan of education. It has been the sin of past ages to dwarf and neglect the culture of the female mind; and, perhaps now, the system of education, in regard to them, is not as practical and thorough as it should be. A sensible author remarks that, "females are taught less to *think* than to *shine.* If they glitter, it matters little whether it be the glitter of gilding or of gold." An effort has been made in schools to correct this evil, and it is to be hoped that parents will awake to its importance.

THERE are three requisites to our proper enjoyment of every earthly blessing which God bestows upon us; namely, a thoughtful reflection on the goodness of the Giver, a deep sense of the unworthiness of the receiver, and a sober recollection of the precarious tenure by which we hold it.

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Original.

MOTHERS, ARE YOUR PRAYERS SINCERE?

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

MANY years since, the writer of this article was a member of a small circle of wives and mothers, who met to unite their supplications for spiritual blessings upon their husbands and families. Of this number there was one whose husband was impenitent, and whose children were unconverted; and the band who knelt with her, before the throne of grace, could attest to her humble and fervent petitions for their salvation.

There came an hour in which these prayers seemed about to be answered. The Spirit of God descended. His people were quickened, the impenitent were awakened, and many were asking: "What shall we do to be saved?"

The breath of spring was abroad, and the early prayer-meeting was crowded with the prayerful and the inquiring; and an only daughter of this praying mother was among the most constant in their attendance upon these means of grace. Day after day, as the dew lay heavy upon the grass, she pressed her way to the house of prayer, and while she felt the burden of sin she knew her need of a Savior, and she besought the prayers of the people of God, and announced her willingness to relinquish all for the hope of the Christian.

And how did the mother feel while her Christian friends rejoiced in the belief that prayer was about to be answered, and hailed these tokens as the assurance that salvation was about to visit that house? In conversing with a Christian friend, this mother said: "When I found *Ellie* so deeply impressed, so anxious for her soul, I was shocked and alarmed at my own state of feeling. I feared that *I* was not ready to have my child converted. To have *Ellie* become a Christian now, at this early age, would be a disappointment, and destroy all my purposes and expectations, all my designs in her education. I had certainly prayed for her salvation. I did hope for her conversion. But I had always *expected* that, through her youth,

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she would enjoy the admiration of the world, and the pleasures and gayeties of life."

The mother was sincere; we trust she was contrite; but the daughter was not converted. God opened the eyes of the mother, revealed her heart to her, but He left the child in the dew of her youth to worldliness and sin. The season passed, the deep convictions were stifled, Ellie returned to the world, and was soon the gayest of the gay, no more found in the prayer-meeting, in the inquiring circle.

Years have since passed. The voice of that mother is hushed in death. She can offer no more supplications for those so dear to her; and no dew from heaven has yet descended upon her family. Whether the spirit of her prayer may prevail, and the career of worldliness may be at last closed by a late repentance, can be known only to Him who knoweth the end from the beginning.

If this was a marked instance, we fear it was far from being a solitary one. Our very prayers are all alloyed by selfishness, and we may cry for mercy for ourselves, and plead for the salvation of those who are dear to us, from motives inadequate and unholy.

There are too many of us who, having tested the vanity of all this world can offer, are willing to renounce its pleasures, perhaps its honors, and even its riches, who yet make a half secret reservation for our children. Like the false prophet, we desire that they may *die* the *death* of the righteous, that they may enjoy the blessedness of the redeemed, but we still are willing that they should live in the pursuit and fruition of worldly gain or worldly pleasure.

We may pray for the salvation of our children, and their redemption from the pains and penalties of an eternal retribution, while we are regardless of the glory of God, or the claims of the Redeemer. So it should not be; when the heart is right, and the motive pure, there will be found as strong a desire for the sanctification of the heart as for the salvation of the soul, and we should as anxiously desire that our children may so live as to *glorify* God on earth, as that they may be permitted to *enjoy* Him in heaven. We should as truly desire that they may escape the pollution of sin, as the punishment due to the of-

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fender. And if we truly desire the early conversion of our children, if we have taken the Lord for their portion, and cast their lot among His people for their inheritance, in all that concerns them we shall have a constant reference to its bearing upon the interests of their eternal welfare. If we have truly given them to the Lord, we shall assuredly train them for His service, and if we earnestly desire their early holiness, we shall be watching for the fruits of righteousness. While we pray we shall hope and wait for the answer to our prayers, and when the Holy One knocks at our doors we shall be ready to rise and welcome His coming.

Original.

HABIT.

The power of habit is universally acknowledged. It is, however, much easier to acknowledge a principle than to act upon it, or, as the old saying is, "easier to *preach* than to *practice*." In regard to brute animals, we allow the importance of habit; we commence early to teach the bird to sing, the dog to hunt, and the monkey to perform its antics. The farmer, in his selection of a horse, seeks one who has, *while a colt*, been under kind and gentle management; he must be accustomed to handling, well broken to saddle and harness, his muscles developed by labor, and his limbs flexible through use, and all these qualities, he well knows, are only acquired by *habit*. Why, then, do we not act more rationally in our children's education, showing our belief in the old proverb, that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Is it not from thoughtlessness, from indolence, from negligence, that we thus allow years to pass on, in which our loved ones are binding chains around them, too strong for us or them to sever? Is it not from forgetfulness of the worth of their immortal souls, and of their bodies, as servants to the soul, that we thus permit their first few years to pass as unimportant, when in fact, they are the *forming* years of life? Our fault is, that we leave too much for the soul, the *spirituelle*,

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to perform; we do not deal with our children sufficiently as *animals*. We allow them, while young, to go on in foolish, it may be negligent, or even sinful habits, looking by prayer and faith to God, in His grace, to convert them, and when, in His infinite goodness, He does so, we expect our children to throw off all these improper habits, these fetters which bind them, and become Christian patterns at once. Is it in the power of religion to do all this?

Parents may very greatly, by early training, facilitate the sanctifying work of the Spirit; very materially lessen the hindrances to the growth of their children in grace. Difficult is it at best, to crucify the *flesh*, to walk *humbly* before God, to *pray* without ceasing, to take up the *cross* daily, to love our neighbor as ourselves; but how much more so when accompanied by that *dragging down* to earth, that enchaining to *fleshy indulgence* with which early habit binds us! What can we then do, as mothers, to *smooth the way* for our children to become better citizens of earth and heaven? Ye mothers, who are surrounded by wealth and luxury, at whose beck servants bow, gold waits your bidding, what can you do for these children of your love? Give them early, *good habits*. And ye mothers, whose hands are devoted, early and late, to toil, you to whom penury, and sickness, and want are no strangers, what can you do? You can do more for your children, than in many a more costly way, by giving them *good habits*. These will grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, and will cause them, in your latter days, to "rise up and call you blessed." Among the habits which we are to cultivate, we are told to think on "*whatsoever things are lovely and of good report*." Too many Christians despise external graces; they fancy them of no importance, and it happens, unfortunately, that although they may arrive at Heaven themselves, they certainly do not, by their pleasing exterior, attract many others with them. Let us mention some of the *habits* which may prove serviceable to our children.

We may give them habits of *devotion*. It has been a stumbling block to many a Christian, that he was never taught habitually to read the Bible and pray. When he was a little child, *this* was not placed *first* in his round of duties. He was carefully washed in the morning, his hair and teeth well brushed, his

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school lesson carefully committed; marbles, ball, and other amusements had their appropriate hours; but where were his duties to God and his soul? And, now, when he is a man, he hurries through his meals and, it may be, his family prayer, and rushes to his counting-house or his office, as if God was not in all his thoughts. The closet, where he enters and shuts to the door, to commune with his Father in Heaven, is but little known to him. I know a good and faithful Christian father who was early left with several motherless sons. He has never yet allowed them to leave their room in the morning until they have read their Bible and prayed. They do it now of themselves, and their consciences chide them if they have not done it; and these boys will, I doubt not, make prayerful, devotional men. Another family cause their children to read their chapter in God's word immediately as they draw around the well lighted center-table for the evening, previous to seeking that knowledge which is for this world. One good man of my acquaintance who had early made his sons, who are youths, familiar with the duty of prayer, being about to leave home on a short journey, said to them: "My sons, shall this be a prayerless house while I am absent, or will you sustain the family altar?" After a moment's hesitation, they replied, "we will do it, father;" and from the testimony of a young female in the family, it was found that they fulfilled the promise. One of the most distinguished prelates of the United States mentioned to a friend, that before he was nineteen years of age, he was in the habit of imploring a blessing at his father's table. A father of my acquaintance, whose sons lost a most estimable mother when very young, always redeemed an hour from pressing engagements to see these children put to bed, and to hear their nightly devotions. Such faithfulness can not pass unrewarded. Devotion is a natural element of the heart. If it be smothered by inattention, or lost by want of early cultivation, who, who but the mother must weep, in after years, tears of unavailing regret? We shall pursue this subject hereafter.

PARENTS should not show unequal love for their children, as they make one proud and the other envious, and both fools.

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Original.

THE DYING HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Lay thine hand upon mine eyes;
Shrink not—It will be over then,
And that glimpse of Paradise
Can not be shut out again.

I would bid thee not to weep,
But well I know 'twould be in vain,
For tears and sighs will ever keep
Companionship with grief and pain.

But come not to my peaceful grave,
In the dark and gloomy night,
When the fierce winds wildly rave
And spectral shadows haunt the sight.

But when cheerful daylight breaks,
And the haunting phantoms flee,
And nature all around thee wakes,
Then, dearest, come and sit by me.

Thine is not a pagan creed;
Fierce, relentless, bloody, stern,
Born of cowering guilt whose need
Some expiation still would learn.

Thine is not the skeptic's doom,
Whose sinful doubts will turn and roll
'Mid sorrow's sad and deep'ning gloom,
In cold, dark surges o'er his soul.

But thou hast faith, and hope, and love
To cheer thee in thine onward way,
And these faint dawnings from above
Will kindle into perfect day.

Then lay thine hand upon mine eyes
And close these weary lids for me,
And in the light of other skies,
How blessed will our meeting be.

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THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

BY A MOTHER.

Upon the meditations of early life, the secret musings and fancies, but, *above all*, upon the daily and hourly associations of a young girl, depends the whole color and character of her life, in its darkest or brightest shades, for time and for eternity. If a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age is of an enthusiastic, imaginative, and lively temperament, with ardent feelings and delicate sensibilities—which is often the case with children of genius—the prospects of happiness for her are *very precarious*, unless she receives the most judicious training of heart and mind. If, instead of possessing a lively temper, she be retiring and gentle, tender-hearted and pensive, these peculiarities require still *greater* care and judgment to prepare her for the high degree of excellence that belongs to *such* characters, when time and circumstances shall have developed this beauty and strength. Great vigilance is necessary in order to shield the *first* fair opening bud from too suddenly expanding, and from the blighting frost of disappointment, that always follows the precocious unfolding of the loveliest character. On the other hand, the experienced observer, who has long and carefully studied the young mind, will find that the gentle, thoughtful, *retiring* girl, who buries her feelings and tender fancies deep in her own heart, shrinking even from the eye of affection, requires the tenderest solicitude, the most watchful care, and the truest devotion of a *mother*, to bring to perfection the charms and beauties of a character, that a harsh word or cutting reproach, may crush, in its opening bloom, for ever; and that which might have been, with judicious nurture, a jeweled tiara on the brow of a proud mother, or a wreath of freshest roses on the brow of a fond one, dies in its own sweetness, emitting neither light nor fragrance for want of gentle smiles and tender showers to expand its loveliness. All depends upon a *mother's* good sense and *Christian principle*, whether these fairest gifts of Heaven, our precious daughters, grow up into womanhood as "polished

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corners" of the "temple of the Lord," and a *blessing* to the society of their fellow-creatures, or as a source of inexpressible sorrow and contempt to all with whom they are associated and connected. The liveliest dispositions are often united with the most affectionate hearts and susceptible feelings; but they are apt, in cases where genius and brilliancy of intellect predominate, to be deficient in solid and important qualities. When this is the case, the *best* mode of correcting the redundancies of mind, and of creating a *balance-wheel* to the character, is to place under the immediate care of such a young girl, as *early* as *possible*, a child much younger than herself, requiring her to perform for that child all the duties of a *teacher*, exciting her to improve herself in *practical* acquirements, useful and solid attainments, and to become a model in every respect for her little pupil, in manners, habits, conversation, temper, etc.; at the same time encouraging and assisting her in her task, until by degrees she will be deeply interested in her little charge, and finally succeed in accomplishing herself in some of the most important attainments, and in performing with delight some of the most arduous duties that fall to the lot of humanity, and especially of *woman*, *without* the responsibility incurred by a similar position in after life. The young teacher will thus cull the roses without their thorns, and habitually have a *mirror* before her to reflect her thoughts and feelings, that will place her faults always before her, until she is able to correct them; for children are creatures of *imitation*, and naturally fall into certain modes of thought, feeling, and conduct, that receive their hue from those with whom they are associated. If the young teacher makes a companion of her pupil, and encourages her to an unreserved expression of her sentiments, the teacher will soon find out her *own* defects of character, which even to a *child* become apparent, when the powers of observation begin to ripen into judgment. At the same time, her own character and habits will be gradually formed and established upon principles of forbearance, self-denial, and self-government, and be *well disciplined* and ready for the most important duties of life, while her affections are exercised, and habits of patience and industry engrafted, *clear* perceptions and strong judgment acquired, and all the most valuable results of education. This course, pursued for two or three

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years, will preserve her from selfishness, and her powers of mind and character will be nicely balanced, while she acquires a degree of experience and knowledge of the human heart, that will fit her to become the best of wives and mothers.

There are two periods of a girl's life when impressions of every kind are indelible and lasting, when the character is marked with good or evil—the age of infancy, from four to ten years, when life is but an April day, and smiles and tears prevail alternately—then the butterfly age, from thirteen to eighteen, when life is full of roseate hues and glittering prospects, if not gorgeous ones—when the imagination is too strong, the heart too warm and tender, too full of joy and innocent aspirations, to realize or acknowledge the sway of sober reason—when judgment is slow to act, because the wheels of her chariot are clogged with roses, and she yields herself a willing captive to the Graces, and to gently-whispered thoughts of blue-eyed "*Hope*," who waves her golden hair, and looks joyously abroad on nature's gala-day, and pants with pure delight. This is the most dangerous season for the fruits of education and training the most careful. *This* age decides the happiness or misery of the most gifted girl for life, as habits and principles established at this period are permanent, and *decide* the class to which she will belong, for life. The *earlier*, therefore, that a young girl is taught to govern herself, exercise her own judgment, and subject her thoughts, feelings, and character to the discipline of Christian principle, the better for her happiness.

FAITH IN GOD'S TESTIMONY.—The Rev. Dr. Wisner was once traveling alone; and having lodged at a public house, and longing for Christian communion at the family altar, inquired of the landlord if there was any one in the house who would be willing to unite with him in prayer. "My old mother is a praying woman," he replied; "I will call her." The aged pilgrim soon made her appearance, tottering on her staff. The doctor, rising to meet her, accosted her thus: "Mother, I see you are almost in the grave." "Yes," she answered; "but I believe in THE RESURRECTION."

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Original.

THE COVENANT.

BEAUTIFUL, beyond expression beautiful, is the *mode* in which God sets forth His love to His children. Not, alone, in His visible works: these are alike for all eyes; not alone in His plan of redemption: this, too, is for all who will embrace it; but in that peculiar covenant of mercy into which He is pleased to enter with *them*, and with them only. There is such a covenant. It is often brought into view in the Scriptures. It contains express stipulations of good, positive engagements under the hand and seal of God, making over, to all who believe in Christ, many, many blessings of the richest kind, and never to be revoked. And believers in every age have had their faith not a little strengthened, and their trust in God rendered more firm, and their courage to endure the trials of life increased, by often recurring to this gracious covenant of their heavenly Father, and distinctly calling up to their remembrance its precious promises. We propose to ask the attention of our Christian readers, for a few moments, to this most welcome theme. The *nature* of this covenant; with *whom* it is made; *when* first entered into; the sure and certain *grounds* upon which it is established; and what are some of its specific *engagements;* these will pass briefly in review before us, and the Bible will be our only guide on this subject.

Of the *nature* of this most welcome covenant, the Bible teaches us the following things: It is *God's* covenant. It is made by *Him*. All the specific promises contained in it are His promises. Whatever it engages to those with whom it is made, is engaged by Him. Whatever of encouragement, of hope, of consolation, of strength, of fortitude, of faith, of love, of weanedness from the world, of victories over enemies, of good on earth and good in heaven, it holds out to the followers of Christ, is held out by Him. Nothing unknown to Him, nothing contrary to His providential will and purpose that can occur, nothing capable of countervailing His power, can possibly defeat it, so that it should not go into effect. It is God's covenant, built upon His

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power and love: its promises, therefore, are all faithfulness and truth, yea and amen forever.

This priceless covenant is, moreover, a covenant of *grace*. This, indeed, is its peculiar and most distinguishing characteristic. It is directly opposed to a covenant of works. It is not made with holy, sinless beings. It is made with the lapsed and fallen; with those who had departed from God, incurred much guilt, and brought upon themselves His righteous displeasure. The first covenant made with man as a sinless being, and before he fell, was a covenant of works. Its tenor was, "Obey and live;" "Do this, and be happy in your Maker's love." But not so after his apostacy. Now all is changed. Mankind are now poor, lost, guilty beings. Propense to evil by nature, and universally yielding freely and voluntarily to this corrupt bias of their hearts. All sinners, all lost, all ruined. God's covenant with them must, therefore, be a covenant of grace, if there be any hope, any relief for them; it can not be a covenant of works. By mere deeds of law they can not be saved. On that score all hope is gone. It is a covenant made *in and through a Redeemer*. All its infinite and everlasting blessings are promised on the ground of His merits, are made over to faith in Him. They are the purchase of His death, the reward of His sufferings, the fruits and effects of His atonement. And they become ours only by faith in Him, as we are broken off from the original covenant of works in Adam, and engrafted into Christ, and thus made partakers of His fullness. It is a covenant that will *never be forgotten or suffered to fail*. Being established upon the sure ground of the Redeemer's righteousness, and made only with those who are in Him by a true and living faith, how can it fail? Why should it be forgotten of God, and suffered to come to nought? No, it can not; it never will. Heaven and earth shall pass away; this covenant of God with His people shall not pass away till all be fulfilled.

But, *with whom is this sure covenant made?* It is made only with God's dear children; with the penitent, the believing, those that renounce their sinful ways and turn to God in ways of new obedience, and thus enter into a covenant of life and salvation with Him—"they the dear children of His love, and He their gracious God." They had been estranged; they are

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now brought nigh. They had been of the world; they are now not of the world. They had sought their chief good here on earth; they now aspire to a higher and more satisfying portion. They have been born again—begotten anew to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. They have become new creatures in Christ. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new; new hopes, new joys, new aims, a new life. God is now their Father in Heaven; and they, by adoption, are His children—a new, peculiar race, born in the image of His Son; and, therefore, His Spirit is sent forth into their hearts, whereby they cry Abba, Father.

And now it is, at this precise point of time, that God enters into covenant with them; now, that the stony heart has been taken away out of their flesh, and a heart of flesh given them; now, that they are sick and tired of the world as their portion, and heartily penitent for their sins, and have turned to God to walk in His ways and do His will and seek His glory. Now it is that, being thus changed in character, and looking to Christ alone for acceptance through His blood, and standing on the broad platform of His atonement and mediation, and discarding all other grounds of hope; now it is that God is pleased, of His own goodness, to bind Himself in everlasting engagements to them, to pass by all their sins, and their iniquities to remember against them no more. The irrevocable bond is now made and sealed; the covenant is entered into, never to be broken. Thus, having fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them, they may look up to God with confidence, and feel that they repose upon a compact of mercy, a covenant of promise, that can not fail.

And the *grounds* of their safety, what are these? Nothing less than the *perfections of Jehovah*. *Men* may promise and may fail to make good their promises; they may give their most solemn guarantees, and still come short in the fulfillment; because their power may be inadequate, or their minds may change, or they may not possess the requisite amount of principle and integrity to do as they say. But so it can never be with God. Look at His adorable perfections, and you will see the reason of this—why it is so and must be so.

But what are the *specific* engagements of this glorious covo

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nant? Let us turn now to some of these. They are such as the following:

God covenants with His people, *that He will be a God to them and to their seed after them.* Acts ii. 39. "For the promise is to you and your children." See, also, the covenant made with Abraham in the seventeenth chapter of Genesis, and what is said on this subject in the thirty-first and thirty-second chapters of Jeremiah; and in the third chapter of Galatians, and the eighth chapter of Hebrews. Here the express promise of Jehovah is, that He will be, to His believing people, *their* God, and the God of their *children* that should come after them. Now for *such* a being to be *their* God and the God of their *children*, what more could He promise? what more could He be to them? By having Him for their God and portion, what more could they *need* to have, to comfort their hearts when in trouble for themselves, or to encourage them in faithful efforts, and prayers, and hopes, and expectations for their young and dependant offspring? But this is the tenor of God's gracious covenant with all His true children.

God, also, promises to His children, that, confiding in Him, and going forward in the path of obedience to His will, they shall not want any thing that is really good for them *in respect to the comforts of this present world*, with God's everlasting favor superadded as their future inheritance: "The promise of the life that now is, and of that also which is to come," is, each of them, distinctly made to all God's dear children. So that no real good, even of a worldly kind—nothing that ultimately, and all things considered would be for their benefit—shall be withheld from them. And above all, their condition as *sinful*; *guilty*, *lost* beings is provided for in that covenant of which we are speaking. Listen for one moment. "This is the covenant that I will make with them, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be my people. For I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more, and I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear me forever, for the good of them and their children after them: and I will make an everlasting covenant with them that I will not turn away from them to do them good, but I will put my fear in their hearts

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that they shall not depart from me." Now, we ask, what condition of trial and temptation, of sin and guilt, of weakness and liability to fall and perish, is there here on earth, in which any child of God can be placed, that is not fully met and provided for in such assurances as these. Yet these are all in the covenant, and the Bible is full of them. We only add one thing more. With *death* before them, and the solemnities of a *future existence* beyond, God's covenant of grace with His children contains stipulations and promises of just the kind which such a case calls for. It insures to their faith victory over the last enemy, a glorious resurrection, a happy immortality. This, too, is in the covenant, expressly promised and made sure, its guarantee the oath of Jehovah. What more could the poor, sinking, distrustful, tempted, tried, troubled heart of man desire? Can God's covenant with day and night be broken? Can God's covenant with the constantly recurring seasons of the year, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, fail and come to an end? Yes, this covenant may, and one day will, come to an end, and cease to be any longer in force. But God's covenant of love and mercy with His children shall not fail; never. Do not fear it; it can not be. Only advert to the *perfections* of Him who is the author of it and every difficulty is solved, every doubt or fear is dispelled. Only think of Him who is the *Mediator* of this new covenant, and all is plain. If God is a being of truth and goodness, and if He did not, in seeking our benefit, spare even His own son, but did freely deliver Him up for us all, how shall He not also, with Him, freely give us all things. What can surprise us now, after this gift of His munificence?

But *why*, does any one ask? *why* this covenant of grace? Wherefore does the Most High condescend to stipulate and enter into express covenant engagements with His children? Is it not beneath Him to do this? Does it not derogate from His greatness and dignity, and infinite exaltation above His creatures? No, by no means. It is, rather, just what *such* love, *such* grace, *such* compassion as provided a Saviour for us, would lead us to look for. It is entirely in character, harmonizing most fully with all that we know of this glorious being. But, what *end*, is it asked further, was to be answered by it? Here again behold, thou tempted, doubting, disconsolate believer, the

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love of thy heavenly Father. It was to sustain thy faltering faith and hope; it was to help thee to trust; to encourage thy trembling soul, too apt to forget what has been done for thee, or doubt and fear and grow weak and faint in running the race set before thee. It was to draw thee nearer thy true rest and refuge, and make thee see and feel that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the form of real good to thee, which is too much for God to give or for thee to expect at His hands. To *this* end His covenant is set before thee, is entered into with thee, is made to seal and certify to thy too often trembling soul its everlasting promises of love and mercy. To this new and gracious covenant thy Father in Heaven has been pleased to affix a *seal*, in visible token of His truth and love, that thou mightst not and couldst not any longer doubt the sincerity of His heart toward thee. Here we pause for the present, intending to bring that *seal* more fully into view at a future time, and to set forth its meaning and design, and its happy adaptation to answer the benevolent ends for which it was instituted. Here we pause and ask the Christian reader, has thou evidence that thy God has entered into such a covenant with thy soul? Are such promises made to thee? In and through a Redeemer is God thy God, and thou, through faith, His adopted, humble, happy child? Hast thou seen and felt thy need and thy wretchedness as a sinner, and returned to God in penitence, submission and love, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, and been thus accepted by Him? If these things are so, are there not some obligations on thy part? Hast thou nothing to do? no engagements to enter into with thy God and Saviour? no duties to perform? no fidelity to exhibit? no vows to make and redeem with thy fellow Christians? no self-consecration not yet made? no allegiance to be assumed and faithfully discharged? no living and no dying to thy Redeemer incumbent on thee? Yes, surely. Listen to His voice of compassion:

> "The promise of my Father's love
> Shall stand forever good,"
> He said, and gave His soul to death.
> And seal'd the grace with bl

And wilt thou not be ready to respond to this astonishing grace,

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To this dear covenant of thy Word
I set *my* worthless name,
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

The light and strength and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

Original.

OBEDIENCE BY THE CHILD IS THE DUTY OF THE PARENT.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

VERY likely some one that reads this title will say: A strange and back-handed position is this. The writer has taken the thing by the wrong handle. Why didn't he say, Obedience to the parent is the duty of the child? Because that is just what he does not now mean. He agrees with you in a truism that every body admits; but you, perhaps, do not agree with him at first sight, in a position equally true, and of far more practical importance to be admitted, namely, that obedience from your child is not only your right, but your duty as a parent. Stripped of its strangeness and paradox, it is just this: You, as a parent, especially a mother, are under obligation to God to make your child obedient. That is, God has made you a mother, and intrusted you with the parental authority, in order that you may habituate that child, as its first great law, to filial obedience. And the will of your child having been once fairly broken and habituated to the absolute parental authority, if you have entered into covenant with God on its behalf by infant baptism, and do henceforth faithfully perform your duty, your child will be ready, and that, as a general thing, right ready, for implicit obedience to the Divine authority. And the well-disciplined, dutiful subject of family government shall, in due time, become the willing, loyal, and obedient subject of Almighty God.

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The child is by no means to be reasoned into obedience, nor is the propriety and reasonableness of it to be the grounds of your enforcing it. Great mischief is liable to be wrought by this doctrine, that a child should be reasoned into obedience. Yet by some writers on education, the principle mainly enforced, amounts to this, that a child should be taught to obey, not because obedience is always and at once a duty, but because the particular thing ordered can be proved reasonable; as if the infant casuists and controversialists of the nursery were expected to see things as readily in real life, as they are talked out in the Rollo dialogues of its A, B, C's.

But the common sense of mankind, if it has not already, will ere long, we believe, eschew this doctrine; and experience will teach that prompt, implicit, unreasoning, almost unconscious obedience, is the first thing to be taught to a child, and that there can be no peace to the soul without it. Showing reasons to a child for its obedience before it has learned to obey, is far from being useful, that we are induced to think that a parent of a strong will, though a perverse one, will, almost invariably, train a child better than a parent of the reasoning turn and habit with her children. As "obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams," so an authority which is absolute by virtue of its own inherent strength, is better than one which is inevitably shaken by a constant reference to ends and purposes, and by the reasonable doubts which will arise as to whether they are the best and most useful.

The parent's perversity or positiveness, unless it be unkind or ill-tempered, will not occasion the child half so much uneasiness in the one case, as the child will suffer from those perversities of its own, which will spring up in the other. For habits of instant and mechanical obedience are those that give rest to the child, and spare its health and temper; while a wavering or half doubtful obedience will keep it distracted between propensity and duty, and so will keep up a perpetual irritation on its nerves, and be a drain upon its mental and bodily strength.

It is clear, then, that children must be early taught to obey absolutely and independently of reasons; and a mother is both saving herself and her child, who calmly but steadily enforces this obedience. The opposite policy is always disastrous both

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with good children and bad, making the former bad and the latter worse, while to habituate them to unquestioning obedience at once, is as much better for the child as it will be easier for the parent in the end, although the desire of avoiding present trouble with a perverse boy may lead a mother to yield her prerogative of command upon occasions, and try the force of reasoning and temporizing.

When a reason for a command can be given by a parent, simply in a word or two, at once intelligible by the smallest capacity, then it may be ventured, nay, perhaps it is demanded in the case supposed; but beware of diffuseness with a child. Dr. Channing, somewhere in his diary, warns himself, as a parent, against it after this wise:

"A little boy slams the door violently. 'Don't, my boy, do so,' his mother says, 'it disturbs your little sister.' The boy feels that he has done wrong and determines to obey his mother. But she goes on to say, with increased warmth, 'it is now the third time that you have waked her up this evening.' This neutralizes the effect of what was said before. 'I should think that a boy of your age might know better than to make such a noise.' Here the boy begins to grow impatient. 'It costs me, and you know it does, a great deal of trouble.' He is now a little irritated, and as soon as the torrent of words comes more vehemently, his irritation entirely stifles his good resolutions, and drives him almost immediately into some other disagreeable act."

Let mothers learn a lesson from this, and beware alike in their family disipline, of diffuse reasoning and angry fault-finding.

THINGS that only help us to exist, are in a secondary and mean sense useful, or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence. MODERN PAINTERS.

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Original.

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Nature is hushed, and all around is still.
The spirit calm, subdued; the thoughts above—
Above, where nought of sorrow ever comes.
Above, where no rude passion moves the breast,
Where no discordant jar is ever felt,
To mar the harmony of pleasant sounds.

A peaceful, quiet hour; when one by one
The stars come forth, and in the deep blue sky
Gleam in the distance; twinkling as they peep,
Like angel watchers o'er a fallen world.

Beautiful stars! I gaze on thy mild light,
And wonder as I gaze, upon the power
That from His hand, sprinkled the azure vault
With lamps innumerable of living flame.

Twilight! the poets' hour—calm and serene.
The soul's own hour, when best it knows itself.
When evening throws her somber hue around,
Lets down her mantle fringed with emerald tints,
Richly embossed with gems of golden beams,
Leading the mind in dreamy solitude
To scenes divine, beyond the ken of sight.

When memory, the soul's true register,
Unfolds the leaves, and brings again the past,
Holds sweet communion with the pious dead,
Recalls each look, the soul illumined eye,
The form beloved, the fair white hands, the words
Of honied tenderness until it melts
And tears of vain regret choke up the soul.

Beautiful twilight! Lead my thoughts to God.
Help me to contemplate the glorious hour
When I shall soar beyond those dazzling orbs,
A soul unfettered—disinthralled and free

Sag Harbor, March 5, 1850.

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Original.

WHAT CAN I DO?

THERE is, in every mind, a consciousness of something yet unattained, something greater to come, of unrevealed mysteries which we shall one day know, and the most commonplace and prosaic persons acknowledge the influence and act under the promptings of this feeling. Thousands fail to do any thing in the world, because they can not do great things at once. They are not willing to take the trouble to measure their capacities, in relation to their social position, their mental endowments, and the whole possibility of their being. And the slow steps by which, only, excellence is attained, are too discouraging to be commenced. It is well, necessary, to aim high in order to accomplish any undertaking, but the desire of the ignorant child who cries for the moon, is no more palpably absurd than that of the uninformed man, who would fain decide, as a competent judge, upon subjects he has never studied, and situations in which he has never been placed. It is in vain to contend that all men are equal, when every community shows to the contrary. You may distribute property impartially, and reduce society to one rank or cast, and from out the level mass will arise a commanding and intriguing or a winning intellect, that will, at once, control and lead its fellows, and the great army of mind will be marshaled in orders of genius as long as the world endures. What relation we bear to this great army we must first decide, before we can know how much *we* can do, or how much we may even attempt. How many, for want of this knowledge, pass a long life, useless to others and unsatisfactory to themselves. Those, particularly, whose condition is obscure; of whom public opinion takes no cognizance, but whose talents might serve some useful purpose, if rightly applied.

Many such there are, who carry with them, when they think at all, an imbittered feeling, because Providence has not given them dazzling talents, or placed them in a conspicuous station, and they say, "I am not gifted like this one, or rich as another, or happy as that one, therefore I can do nothing. It is no mat-

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ter what I do or leave undone. Who will know it?" There are others, also, who allow the garden of the soul to lie altogether uncultivated; who *never think*, and who plod on, day after day, like mere automata, and die, at last, to awake in a future state with the guilt of an uncared for immortality pressing them down through eternity.

Ill-directed efforts after excellence, failures in the wrongly-attempted track, disappointment, and discouragement, are of every-day occurrence, and a voice that should speak forcibly enough of the right way to begin, where there is any inclination to make the attempt, would do more to satisfy the thinking portion of the community, than vast societies for reforming abuses in social communities, seeking for happiness in a body. One general rule can be given which is far too often overlooked or forgotten: The living everyday, with the endeavor to do our appointed labor for that day to the best and utmost of our ability, in the fear of God, and with a constant sense of the Divine willingness to aid, and the Divine cognizance of our endeavors, let the labor be ever so humble, the duty ever so menial. "For there is no action so slight or mean but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled therefore."

"A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine.
Who *sweeps a room*, as to *Thy laws*,
Makes that and the action fine."

When we wake in the morning, with bodies and minds refreshed by sleep, our first thought is due to the Power that is higher than us, our thanks for His care, and our prayer for His assistance. Our next, to our constantly recurring and monotonous duties and trials. How we shall secure strength, inward and outward, for the daily fretting and rasping of life. How, as men, we shall go forth in an integrity and sincerity of purpose, which shall stand its ground against the open assaults and secret undermining of the world of business and toil. How we shall bring to bear all our powers to do, in the best possible manner, the duties of this one day. How, as a woman, we shall order our household like her "whose husband rose up and called her blessed, and whose daughters praised her." Who lives by that

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homely but excellent adage, "a place for every thing and every thing in its place." Who shall look upon her children as given her to train for heaven. Whose *soul* shall have its share of *food* as well as the body. Who shall not regard herself as a mere fixture appertaining to the establishment, on the one hand, responsible for nothing but a clean house and a good dinner, nor on the other, a fashionable compound of nerves and delicate sensibility, too tender for the wind to visit her roughly. But

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, to command.
> With household motions light and free,
> And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of an angel light."

Every thing a woman can silently do, within the sacred walls of her own house, to beautify and bless her home, to soften the harsh outlines of life to the world-weary and jaundiced eye of her husband, to impart to her children lessons never forgotten from the lips of a mother, to improve and strengthen her own intellectual powers, is so much worthily done. And if her influence and duties extend no further, she has *lived!* not merely *vegetated*, or floated like a leaf at the mercy of the strong current of circumstances. Life is too full of stirring incident, of deep sadness, of hopes unaccomplished, to allow any to trifle or sport it away, and, oh, all too full of eternal consequences attaching to unimportant actions! When we regard our present existence as the threshold, the mere entrance, to one of eternal duration, how important do we become in our own eyes! Then we can realize how God regards us! With what interest we are watched by those angel ministrants, who desire to look into the purposes and ends of our being. And we can, also, comprehend and feel the beauty of mental culture of every kind, because we can take that with us, when we "go hence to be here no more." You who say, of what use is it to me, in the midst of my cares, with my children around me, to attempt to read or improve my mind? Why should I acquire this language, or master that science? How am I to be benefitted by that knowledge or for the time spent in that pursuit? Here is your answer! All that strengthens, refines, elevates, ennobles, in every walk

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of life, is so much laid by in store for eternity. Study till gray hairs are upon your head, and failing eyes forbid you to make other's thoughts your own, and then study the great book of nature spread out before you, written on every page by the finger of the Creator, so that he who runs may read. And while you study do not dream, but *do!* For yourself, for your family, for your country, for mankind, for God! Here is labor for which the longest life is too short. Here is motive enough for men and angels! And all that is worthy, and lovely, and noble in this world and for the next, may be accomplished by patiently living day by day to the very best of our ability. An accretion of such days will form a life, of which no man need fear the acceptance when he shall stand before God in judgment.

M.

Original.

A WARNING DREAM.

One bright, genial summer day, I threw myself down upon the brink of a gently-flowing stream, whose clear waters reflected nothing but the flowers growing upon its edge, or the tall, majestic trees that overshadowed it. Beneath the water might be seen a few minute fish, darting restlessly here and there above the smooth stones that formed the river's bed.

All around was still. 'Twas high noon, and even the birds were dumb; no sound stirred the air, save the light rustling of the leaves, as they replied to the whispered conversation of the breeze. A feeling of repose came over me; my mind seemed in a state of dreamy pleasure; gradually my senses became less and less acute; my eyes no longer heeded the rippling waters, and soon the heavy lids falling over them—I slept.

With sleep came dreams of all kinds, from sad to joyous, from grave to gay. At one moment I was at a brilliant ball, where beauty reigned supreme; at the next, I was bending over a death-bed, catching the dying words of some loved friend. After a time the workings of my imagination seemed to cease, and suddenly a clear, ringing voice spoke in my ear, as follows:

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"Mortal, upon the brink of the stream of life, listen to the caution of one who wishes thee well; from one whose pleasant duty has been to watch over thee since thou wert endowed with a soul. Listen in kindness to the remonstrances of thy guardian angel; take heed of my words; and may'st thou profit by them.

"Look upon thy past life, and see what thou hast accomplished. Nay, start not, though there be but a *blank*, even that were better than a *stain* upon life's fair page. What good hast thou done for thy fellow-man; how far hast thou traveled on the road to heaven? how many souls hast thou aided in their search after truth? how many of God's suffering creatures have you relieved? how many breaking hearts have you soothed with words of kindness? No answer! And yet thou hast thought hitherto, that thine every duty was fulfilled; thou hast never doubted that every thing thou wast called upon to do was done!

"Turn we now to the present. What benevolent plans art thou now carrying into execution? what are the newly recurring duties of each ensuing day? to whom art thou lending a helping hand in the thorny road of life? who looks upon thee as a 'friend in need?' what dying being, with his parting breath, blesses thee for the light thou hast shed upon his death-bed?

"Again art thou silent, and from shame! Nay, I came not to chide thee, but to encourage. Thou hast the future ever before thee; thank God for that! Man need never despair, even at the eleventh hour, if he comes to his Maker with his heart bowed from the sense of his negligence, prepared to enter into the field of exertion with renewed hope and repentance. From this moment set out upon thy journey, as a being responsible to thy God and to thyself. Thou wert placed here to glorify thy Maker. So far what hast thou done? Henceforth let the motto engraved upon thy heart be, 'Let me be up, and be doing.'"

Here the figure seemed to stoop forward, and regard me with beaming but tearful eyes, and a countenance expressive of hope and pity. Another moment, and my guardian angel had departed, leaving me to profit by the advice so kindly given.

Though I had been but dreaming, there were real tears rolling slowly down my cheek as I awoke. Bitterly did I reproach myself for the precious hours I had wasted; humbling myself at

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the thought of the useless life I had led. But cheered by the encouragement given me to do better, I wiped away my desponding tears, and looked around me.

The river was as calm as when I laid me down upon its flowery bank; the little fish skimmed the water as swiftly as before. A bird of brilliant plumage flew upward with a cheerful note, and a green frog sat gazing at me, from a bank of wet moss, as if he momentarily expected a stone to warn him of my presence.

With one last look at the scene of my reproof, I turned away with a full determination to be up and be doing. God grant I may succeed in my endeavors!

MINNIE.

Original.

LIGHT FROM THE MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

Jerome says, that "in the little village of Bethlehem, the plowman might be heard in the fields praising God, the mower cheering his labor with a hymn, and the vine-dresser learning a psalm of David."

Christian mother, do you, in imitation of the early disciples, carry with you a heart whose language is praise and joy, finding hourly utterance in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs?" As you move around in the narrow bounds of your home-circle, its center and its sun, are you guided by that word which is a light to the path, is it hid in your heart as a pure fountain, sending forth streams of love and peace, to bless the little ones who look upon your face to read there your heart's language, and sympathize with you, though they know it not? Does your soul, in meekness and faith, meditate "all the day," upon the truth, not only at the hour of prayer, when the door is shut, but when surrounded by the prattlers of the nursery; when your "hands take hold of the distaff," and when, "much serving," requires your busy fingers, your unwearied effort? Are you as a sacred temple, in whose inner sanctuary the worship of the Holy One is a constant service, where pure thoughts minister, where prophets

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and apostles teach, where the sweet psalmist sings, and the beloved Redeemer abides? Are you as a garden planted by the Lord, where bloom the violet of humility, the lily of purity, and the fragrant rose, daily watered by the dews of heaven, and is the "house filled with the odor?" You are often weary and heavy-laden; do you refresh your spirit at the well-spring, where the Saviour sits, to give the water of life, to speak the word of comfort and hope? You have around you the little children, whom the Saviour would have come to Him; do their infant voices unite with yours in saying Hosanna? is it your daily care to bring them to Him for His blessing, so that they shall see Him and offer to Him gratitude and affection, expressed in their own simple language, or in the sweet cadences of the cradle-hymn?

We believe that the Church shall one day shine in her beautiful garments, but as a preparation for that glory, that the truths of the Divine Book must first become as "household words," which the mother shall teach her children by hymn and Scripture story, and by her own holy life. She must sing the Lord's song, and praise the name of Jesus, not only in the great congregation, but by the cradle, at the fireside, in the garden where the flower speaks of Deity, at the hour of twilight, when the heart of childhood sympathizes with the tender gloom and solemn hush of coming night, and when morning awakes to gladness the caroling bird and the happy child, and the song of praise ascends from all nature. There must be deep in the mother's soul, a love of things spiritual, an inner life that shall reveal itself in the cheerful countenance, and the voice of love and tenderness and trusting confidence. While she labors busily and actively, she must remember that the "life is more than meat," that it is her mission to guide the young heart, from the earliest dawn of its existence to its Father, God, as well as to care tenderly for the wants of its earthly nature. And this can be done only as nature accomplishes her great works, by constant, gentle influence, as the tender germ is nurtured by dews and zephyrs and the genial warmth of the daily sun. Her own heart must be taught by Heaven, she must love beauty, seen in the works of nature and in the thoughts and harmonies of the poet, then will she have a molding influence, unseen but powerful, and her olive plants shall bloom in immortal beauty.

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We remember one, whose lovely form now lies in the grave, around whom some of the sweetest associations of our childhood cluster. She was loving and gentle, pure-hearted, aspiring after conformity to the Divine One, and though she attended to the wants of a numerous family with diligence, she seemed to move among earthly things as a spirit, with an eye ever toward heaven. We remember her, as she would stand in the summer twilight, at the open window, looking out upon the stars, expressing her pensive feelings in the sad strains of the minor key. It was evident she believed in heaven, and that, amid the sorrows of earth, her soul was strengthened by faith. She communed with God. She recognized His hand in the leaf and the flower; her mind was stored with the gems of the poet, and she gave up her treasures to her children. We have watched them in their progress through life, and we still see in them the traces of that mother's guiding hand. Some of them have battled with poverty and disease, and some have finished their course on earth, but through all circumstances, they have carried a noble ambition, a lofty purpose of soul, and a sincere trust in God. The kindling eye, the tones of sympathy and benevolence, have revealed in them the existence of a soul of a fine mold, which dwells within.

Christian mother, awake, we pray you, to your privileges and your exalted mission. Open your heart to all holy influences, let faith sustain your spirit, and let peace and joy be with you as constant guests. Let the eye of your soul look beyond the forms of things, be to your children the teacher of spiritual truth, and let them copy from you that truth drawn out in living characters of loveliness.

LEIGHTON diffused around him the bloom of a sweet and fruitful piety; his virtues might be, in his own words, violets of a dark hue, but they perfumed the path of life with their fragrance.

IT was remarked by Paley, that he who is in earnest in his labors for immortality, can never want an occupation.

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REPORTS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

DANBURY, CONN.

EVERY page of the book of nature and of revelation tells us that men are placed upon God's footstool to do a work, to fulfill a mission. Every one of us, whatever station we may occupy, will be held accountable to God for the manner in which we discharge our duties and obligations relative to this work. This is emphatically true of mothers; their responsibility being proportioned to the magnitude of their work.

Oh mothers! what a mission is ours. 'Tis not simply to exert a general influence for good, nor to nurse and educate our children for this world; it is, God's spirit assisting us, to lead them gently along in the path of true wisdom; to stamp their young minds with holy impressions, and thus not only decide the moral and religious character of future generations, but prepare the souls given to our charge for eternity. When this truth is thoroughly realized, then, and not till then, will mothers understand the true end of life.

And now, in what manner is this duty to be performed, with reference to the sure accomplishment of the great object in view? It must be done, under God's blessing, chiefly through the exercise of *influence;* quiet, all-pervading, all-potent, never-ceasing *influence.* Through this influence "the mother can open the heart to all the generous, tender emotions and exalted sympathies that adorn our race, or she can sear it until love might fruitlessly knock at its portals forever." This influence tinges the young fountains of the mind with sweetness or bitterness ere they have chosen the channels where to flow. An adequate realization of these truths would prevent many sad mistakes and fatal errors—much suffering and remorse. What wonder that the mother's commands should be disobeyed, and her authority and power prove weakness, when the child has for an example thoughtless words and deeds and a careless life. A little, gentle, kind, affectionate expostulation, followed by such a walk as the Bible teaches, will do more toward bringing a wayward child to repentance than all the angry words and injudicious ma-

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neuverings that were ever invented. The evil propensities of a child can not be eradicated by parental authority merely; but the influence of a holy life may be the means, under God, of the salvation of our children; and our prayers and exertions in their behalf should be as untiring and constant as if we could renew their hearts by our own power.

Duty to her children requires the mother to be purified from the grossness of earthly passions; to be deaf to the siren voice of pleasure, but thirsting for the rich melodies of Heaven. Let religion appear in her life lovely and engaging, then may she hope to see the dews of the spirit gently distilling their holy influence upon the hearts of her beloved offspring. Let mothers fulfill their mission and this sterile moral desert will soon bud and blossom as the rose. Let us devote ourselves to our work with that earnest zeal and untiring energy which bespeaks pleasure in doing our duty, for truly 'tis a delightful service, a noble employment, to assist in training spirits for the skies. May we prefer duty, although it be a cross, to indolent ease; and cultivate that strength of spirit that delights in constant labor—not becoming weary in well-doing—for, as the husbandman scattereth his seed, cheering himself that it will soon spring up in beauty, and reward him abundantly for his toil, even so may we cherish the blessed hope that the precious seeds of piety planted in the youthful heart, although they may have been sown in tears, will, in God's own time, bear a golden harvest of rich fruit, that shall redound to His glory, and in blessings eternal to the immortal souls of our dear children.

May we also be admonished, by the brevity of life, to do with our might what we find to do, for in the grave, whither we are fast hastening, there is neither wisdom, knowledge, nor device; and, when called to bid adieu to the scenes of earth, may we, like Paul, before he ascended to take possession of his waiting crown, be able to give our own testimony to the energy of mind and fidelity of heart with which our work has been accomplished.

We are to-day reminded that another year of our existence as a Maternal Association has rolled rapidly by, and we are again permitted to assemble to commemorate its birth, under circumstances that call for a grateful recognition of that Divine goodness, whose protecting arm has shielded us *all* from the arrows

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of death. Truly, His tender mercies have failed not; they have been new every morning, fresh every evening. We record the addition of one mother, which raises our number to fifty; from twelve to eighteen of whom attend our monthly meetings, which have been sustained with much interest the past year. Five precious little ones have been added to our band of children, now numbering one hundred and thirty-four. Not one of the lambs of our flock have been snatched from the arms of maternal love by the destroying angel; but with sympathizing hearts we remember the sudden manner in which one of our beloved youth was called from time to eternity. We trust the consolations of God are not small with our bereaved sister, and that from the depths of her affliction she is enabled to say, "Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him." Our hearts are cheered with the remembrance that two of our youthful members have the past year chosen their Heavenly Father to be their guide, and publicly taken His covenant vows upon them. To our beloved directreses we renewedly present our grateful acknowledgments for their continued efforts to sustain the interest of our meetings. Our thanks are also due our pastor for the interest he has manifested in our prosperity; for his attendance upon our quarterly meetings, and for his affectionate addresses to the children.

In conclusion, I would say, being about to remove beyond the bounds of this beloved association, I meet you to-day, dear sisters, with feelings of sadness which I want words to express. Sweet have been our interviews, refreshing the seasons when we have bowed together before the mercy-seat, and commended our dear children to the care of the good Shepherd. I shall ever cherish an affectionate and grateful remembrance of you, and your kindness and sympathy to me while I was passing through the deep waters of affliction. How oft does painful experience teach us that we have here no continuing city, that "passing away" is inscribed upon every thing earthly; yet how slow we are to learn to place our hopes in Heaven,

"And bid earth roll, nor feel its idle whirl."

Although my immediate connection with you is dissolved, yet I will not believe you will forget to ask the Great Master to have me and my precious child under His gracious care. Pray-

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ing that God's blessing may rest upon you, and your efforts to lead your dear children in the ways of piety and salvation, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

M. P. C., Sec'y.

Danbury, April, 1850.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE regular monthly meeting of this association was held at the house of Mrs. D——, on Tuesday afternoon, March 5th. Thirteen ladies present. The exercises were commenced by the reading of a portion of Scripture, prayer by Mrs. W——, and singing a hymn. The president then introduced the topic for discussion: "How may we best gain and secure the confidence of our children."

The first method mentioned was, that undue severity should be guarded against, lest our children be repelled from us, and from too great a fear of the parent, the natural frankness of childhood be chilled. Parents should, also, cultivate in themselves, and exhibit to their children, a character of truth and sincerity, that is calculated to win the confidence of children. We should never, under any circumstances, try to deceive a child. Our children should, also, see, in all our management and government of them, that their *best good* is our great and sole object. Such an idea, firmly established in their minds, would be a sure means of winning their confidence. We should, also, as mothers, exercise great patience toward our young children, in listening to their childish troubles, and sympathizing in their feelings; giving them the advice and direction they need with kindness and gentleness, teaching them, from their earliest years, that we are ever ready to listen to and aid them in all that interests their young hearts. Children should be encouraged to communicate the events of the day to their parents, and be taught that the old maxim, "Tell no tales out of school," is as pernicious as it is foolish. Let secrets be deposited with the mother for safe keeping. Let the mother aim to be a companion to her children, not by a familiarity undignified, which would

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weaken their respect, but by ever exhibiting a maternal interest in their books, their work, their play, their associates. On this last point, much was said. Children should be taught to feel that *mother* is their best, dearest, and most intimate friend, and that too much association with other children should be avoided most carefully. At the same time we should guard against engrossing the affections of our children too exclusively, lest, in after years, it give an unsocial cast to their characters, which would materially diminish their happiness. The prompt obedience of children, well secured in early life, was much enlarged upon as a happy means of retaining their confidence in later years. Children trained to this habit of obedience would seldom wish to take any important step without consulting a mother.

Very respectfully, yours,

C. G. G.

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALBANY, N. Y.

It is now seventeen years since the first organization of our association. Many who united with us then have gone to their reward. Some of our early members still live, through the sparing mercy of our God, to meet and mingle prayer and praise. The return of this, our annual meeting, reminds us more particularly of the events of the last revolving year, when, far, far away from kindred, from sympathy, from all the endearments of that sweet and sacred place, *home*, a dear brother perished; his dying cry, *Save me! save me!* mingled with the moan of the dark and fearful billows that closed above him as he sank into the sea, and the winds which swept wildly over its wastes pealed his song of triumph. In a few moments his ransomed soul was with the blessed Redeemer, forever beyond the violence of earth and hell; and what matters it though his dear remains sleep in the dark and dismal caverns of the ocean. We know the day will come when the sea shall give up its dead, and the precious gems (Christ's loved ones) shall all be recovered and joined to their Head, and made forever like unto His glorious body. His piety, talents, and usefulness made him known to the whole

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Christian world; the dear Chinese converts loved him tenderly. He was their spiritual father; he fell with his armor on, clad in sacred harness, his lamp trimmed and burning. As Christians we may not lament on his account for the church, for ourselves, for his dear orphan children, for the bereaved heathen; we ought to weep and pray that his example may be a stimulant, and encourage others to go and preach the Gospel to the benighted heathen, and that his ocean grave may be the point round which will rally the faith, the energies, and the triumphs of the missionary spirit. The memory of the just is precious.

We would most gratefully acknowledge the kindness of God in returning to his native land our dear missionary, Rev. William H. Steele, for whom our prayers have so often ascended. We fondly hope that his health may be permanently restored, and that he may be enabled again to go forth with many to aid in spreading the Gospel in those benighted regions where he has been laboring. Within the past year, two of our members have had the dear companions of their youth removed; one by a sad casualty, as in a moment, hurried into eternity. We mingled in the funeral service at the house of mourning, sympathizing with the bereaved. God comfort the stricken hearts, and send consolation. From another member, a dear brother and sister have been removed; but they died in hope of a glorious resurrection. Some have also been bereaved of dear children. Oh that it may quicken our diligence in training those who are spared. As Christians, mothers, are we hoping, praying, laboring for the conversion of our dear children? are we aware of the deep responsibility of training and disciplining the soldiers of the cross, and thus deciding whether victory or defeat awaits the church? Do our hearts thrill with the crowding signs of great events to come? Do we look round upon the moral wastes in our own beloved land? Do we stretch our thoughts over the fields white for the harvest? Do we feel that the destiny of the world hangs on the children of the church; that the generation that is now crowding upon the scene of action are under our influence; that our children belong to God; that we have no right to train them for aught but His service? Do we love the God who created us, the Saviour who redeemed us, the church to which we have consecrated our all? How then can we fail to train solely for that

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God, that Saviour, that church, the children God has given us? Oh that God may enable us to be faithful to our trust, and bless us in training our children to glorify His name and save the world.

The number of mothers on our register is 90; number of children, 105. Most of our time at our meetings is spent in reading books on education, on parental duties and obligations, conversation, and prayers.

Respectfully submitted,

E. P. M'C., *Cor. Sec'y.*

January 15, 1850.

Original.

AN ALLEGORY.

Methought I slept beside a stream
Whose banks with flowers were crown'd,
Where thousand children play'd, and pluck'd,
And strew'd those flowers around.
The slender osier lav'd its boughs
Within the placid stream,
Whose crystal waters shone and glow'd
In morning's golden beam.

Soft sounds, as of some murmuring rill,
Stole gently on my ear,
Methought I turned and, shuddering, saw
A mighty torrent near.
A jutting bank, with willows fringed,
Conceal'd the awful deep,
Down which the angry waters rush'd
In many a fearful leap.

Methought, just on this cavern's brink,
A bridge those waters spann'd,
By which the nether shore was link'd
To some high, distant land;
And o'er this pathway thousands cross'd
To reach the unseen shore,
And 'neath in those dark waters lay
Thousands on thousands more.

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Methought that bridge was weak and frail,
With many a gaping seam,
Where those who lay beneath had sunk,
And perished in that stream.
But who may paint the anguish'd look,
The horror and despair,
Of those who rode that fearful surge,
Or lay in ruin there.

Fear struck, I turn'd my aching sight
And sought, in vain, for aid
Among the fields of rosy light
Where those young beings stray'd;
But keener anguish seiz'd me then,
As in a magic glass,
I saw each tiny footstep press
Upon that dangerous pass.

I sought to seize a hand, an arm—
But on, with mirth and glee,
Went smiling, all in joyousness,
That youthful company.
Ah, when life's current seem'd to ebb
Within my heaving breast,
O'erwhelmed with grief, I, fainting, sank,
To find in death my rest.

An arm unseen upheld my fall,
A guide unseen was near,
A heavenly guide whose accents seem'd
Like music to my ear.
"That stream," he said, "is life's broad stream,
That bridge, where thousands go,
Is the dread path that lies between
The worlds of bliss and woe.

"And ever o'er that torrent's brink
Stands One with power to save,
Nor need those hapless mortals sink
Within that watery grave."
Thus spake my guide, and in my hand
He placed a curious glass,
And bade me raise my aching sight
Above the fearful pass.

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I look'd, and one in human form,
Seem'd bending o'er that throng;
Methought he call'd with earnest voice
To all who pass'd along,
Methought he cried, "Look unto me,
I'll bear you safely o'er
This dangerous path, and plant your feet
On yon bright, blissful shore."

In breathless ecstasy I woke
To find it but a dream;
Yet the sweet words my slumbers broke,
Are not an idle theme:
"Look unto me," is written fair
Upon the Sacred page,
'Tis God's own message graven there,
To stand from age to age.

And daily o'er that treacherous ford
Do all earth's millions move,
And constant is that proffer'd aid
From Christ, who stands above.
"Look unto me"—This message comes
To you, to me, to all;
Look, e'er within that fatal gulf,
Your trembling feet shall fall.

One look, one steadfast look to Christ,
If but in faith 'tis given,
Will place you safe beyond the bound
Which severs earth from heaven;
While those who turn from Him shall sink
In endless ruin down,
With Christ shall be your blissful rest,
With His, your deathless crown.

THE slightest circumstance, a little leaf, throws a shadow upon the path of life. But the sun of mercy, if it be hidden, is always behind the cloud.

DUTY and blessing go hand in hand.

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Original.

EARLY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

PAUL says of Timothy: "and that *from a child* thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." It is worthy of notice (2 Tim. i. 5.) that both the mother and grandmother of Timothy were Christians; and that they had carefully instructed him in the Christian faith. It is also to be remembered that the "faith unfeigned," which dwelt in the grandmother Lois, and in the mother Eunice reappeard in him in his childhood; and his correct knowledge of religious truth, his talents, his amiable manners, and his piety, gave early promise of his future eminence and usefulness as a minister of Christ.

When the earnest and discerning eye of Paul was fixed on Timothy, he saw, at a glance, that he had rare qualifications as a companion and fellow laborer in the Gospel. As such he chose him out from among the Christian converts, and afterward, when they had labored together and shared each other's burdens and sympathies, he often addressed him in tones of undoubting confidence, and of warm affection, calling him "my son Timothy," "my own son in the faith," "my beloved son." So strong was their attachment, that when they separated, as occasionally they did, for different fields of labor, they seem to have parted with tears. Paul's frequent and tender allusions to him show, that among all his fellow-laborers, Timothy was first in his confidence and affection; and amid their perils of land and sea, and among false brethren, they afford a touching instance of true, enduring friendship.

That Timothy should, in his youth, have been commissioned by Paul to indoctrinate the churches, to correct errors in faith as well as practice, to refute false teachers, and to be "an *example* of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity," shows conclusively that the early training of a Christian mother, had an important bearing upon his future qualifications for usefulness. There is reason to believe that the soundness of his faith, the firmness of his purpose, the breadth of his views, the strength, elevation, and warmth of his Christian

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character, may be referred to the early discipline and thorough instruction of a Christian mother.

This case should deepen, in the parent, the sense of responsibility and at the same time inspire courage. But our especial object now, is to notice certain errors which exist in some minds on the subject of early religious instruction.

One is, that the child should remain uninstructed in religious truth till he can intelligently form his own belief, and adopt his own principles of action.

It is strange that the absurdity of such a notion should not be apparent to all. It is contrary to the manifest design of Providence. That *natural curiosity* which seeks to examine the properties of objects, natural or artificial, which first meet the eye, does not stop at the limit of the *nursery* or of the world of sense. With every object the little philosopher associates a a cause and a reason or end. As he looks out upon the world, what more natural or common than the inquiry, "who made it?" "what is it made for?" This principle is the earliest developed; as if the Creator would in the first efforts of rational intelligence, raise the soul to some knowledge of himself. And who would say, that, at such a time, when the mind of the child naturally ascends from the seen to the unseen, making a thousand inquiries, directed toward the infinite cause, the parent should leave it in ignorance till it may by its unassisted efforts, form some idea of a God? Shall it be assisted in the simplest lessons of the nursery? shall its thousand questions, upon all other topics be patiently answered, but its curiosity be repelled whenever it goes out toward the Creator? It is *unnatural*.

But if the child may be taught that there is a God, the Creator and Preserver of men, shall it not be taught the duty of *obedience* to Him, and hence the law to be obeyed; and, therefore, the consequences of obeying or disobeying Him? And, as it grows up, shall it not know the need of a Saviour and the love of God in sending His son to die; that its earliest impressions of sin and death may be associated with the need of a Redeemer?

Every one knows the power and the abiding influence of *early impressions*. Should not *religious* truth, also, make its impressions?

But it is said the parent is liable to err, and the child is not

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capable of judging for itself and must, in this way, receive a system of faith, the mere copy of the parent's, and that without comprehending it. It is not expected that the child will fully comprehend what it first learns. That is the work of a life. But there is a natural necessity that the parent himself, or by another, should be the *instructor* of his child. He teaches it the rudiments of art and science. He expresses opinions on every practical subject. He directs the conduct of the child, and by his example and conversation, and in a thousand ways, is and *must* be its teacher. And he is liable to inculcate error; he is not infallible in any department of knowledge, and if this is a reason why the child should be left to its unassisted powers in one department of knowledge, why not in another? This only increases the parent's responsibility, and his obligation to search for truth with a candid, prayerful spirit.

But on which plan is the child likely to gain the most full and correct knowledge of religion; by his own powers alone, or *assisted* by the mature judgment, the experience, and observation of the parent? The question does not admit of a doubt. The evident designs of Providence, and the suggestions of common sense, accord fully with the command of Jehovah to Israel: "These words which I command thee this day, shall be in *their heart;* and thou shalt *teach* them diligently to thy children." Yes, let the "words" of God be in the *heart* of the parent, and he can then teach them most truthfully and effectually. The child needs the light of those words *most* when it is forming its tastes and fixing its habits of thought and feeling, and receiving the bias which is to shape the growth of future years. But, parent, you may teach error; yes, beware. Your words, your example, your actions *may* teach error. You may leave a fatal impress upon the character of an immortal! But teach it you will, you *must.* The only safe course is in that holy candor which loves and seeks the truth, and conscious of lacking wisdom, asks it of God. Governed by such a spirit, the parent will not teach any fatal error. He may, cheerfully, trustingly, leave the result with Him who instituted the family, and in His wisdom made the parent the teacher of his dependent household.

But other errors on this subject we must leave for future consideration.

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Original.

GOOD MODELS.

It is well to hold up to the susceptible mind of childhood, the great and good, that they may become to them as familiar friends. Such examples not only inspire admiration, but they incite to emulation of their noble deeds, and truth is thus clothed in a living form, which compels love and imitation. It has been said that "good men are the stars of the world;" differing in glory, but each contributing a light which not only adorns the moral firmament, but sheds radiance upon the path to Heaven. We must remember that they are but stars; that we must look to the Sun of Righteousness alone as a perfect light.

We give here simply an illustration of the magnanimity, not to say the *sublimity*, of true moral excellence. An artist of whom our country is proud, who was as transcendent in goodness as in genius, was, while yet a youth, struggling for bread in the solitude of a secluded room in London. He had completed one of his most beautiful paintings, and had sold it at a high price; but, in the evening on which he sent it to the purchaser, it occurred to him, while sitting alone in his room, that it might easily be perverted to immoral associations. Immediately he expressed his scruples to the owner, and begged its return. Most reluctantly his request was granted. He sent back the gold, together with his thanks, and finding his fears well-grounded, he burned up the picture. At no sacrifice would he use his endowments or his calling inconsistently with the great end of life. That was superior; and his unhesitating sacrifice to it of that favorite painting, and of the gold it had brought him in his extremity, was a noble test of the sincerity of his heart and the magnanimity of his soul. Such an act foreshadowed the greatness of one whose recent exit is mourned here, and in Europe, by the lovers of art, of literature, and of moral greatness. And we can not more admire the splendor of genius, than reverence the moral grandeur which characterized our beloved and lamented fellow-countryman, Washington Allston. Q.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

POEMS FOR THE SEA. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Hartford: H. S. Parsons & Co.

We love the sailor, and we greet with warm welcome a volume dedicated to him. Among the innumerable books, the Annuals and Gifts, and Gems that load the shelves of our bookstores, we find offerings for every class; for the general and professional student, the artisan, and the agriculturist. But, alas for the poor sailor! his path is out of our sight, and we forget him. We forget that, with an ardent love of knowledge, the rich treasures of our libraries are inaccessible to him. With a heart as warm as the landsman's, he is absent from those he loves; with natural tastes as delicate, he enjoys none of the refining cultivation of society, but exchanges all these to voyage upon a treacherous element, where his portion is hardship, his excitement peril, and his reward scanty pay and short respite. It will touch the heart of the sailor to find himself remembered, and his ever chivalrous nature will feel double gratitude that it is the taste, and talent, and affection of a woman, that has dedicated to him this memento. Has any of our mothers a sailor boy dwelling upon the surging sea? How gladly will she place this in his little library, as containing the "Mother's Blessing." Many a sister will accompany her good-by with the "Sister's Farewell," as expressing the hopes and yearnings of her own heart, and the sailor himself will find his nature soothed and his spirit comforted with the tender sentiments that form the charm of these Poems.

WHISPER TO A BRIDE. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Hartford, Conn.: H. S. Parsons & Co.

Delicate thoughts, delicately worded. Would that the good genius of every young bride would whisper in her ear such gentle counsels and plant in the "heart's garden" seeds of such pleasant odor. The balm of cheerfulness, and the ever-green vine of industry, and the germ of charity to the extermination of the weeds of vanity, self-indulgence, and sloth. They would save many disappointments, heart-burnings, and tears.

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Original.

THE SEAL OF THE COVENANT.

God has been pleased to affix to His Covenant of Grace an external *Seal*, to be a visible token of His faithfulness and love toward His children, and thus to impress more deeply on their minds a sense of their obligations to live to Him and for His glory. This only was wanting to complete that merciful covenant. Now all, on His part, is sure—all is perfect. The believer in Christ need not be afraid. God will stand by His engagements, and recognize (so to speak) His own appointed seal of the "Righteousness of Faith" in all those to whom this token of His Covenant has been truly and faithfully applied. Happy children of God! Happy all they whose hearts have been "sprinkled from an evil conscience and their bodies washed with pure water," and whose souls are "renewed after God in righteousness and true holinesss," according to the spiritual meaning of this precious symbol.

Of this Seal of the Covenant we now propose to speak at somewhat greater length; and first, *as an ordinance appointed by God Himself.* The Seal or Token of the Covenant here referred to is, under the Christian dispensation, that of *Baptism.* The Covenant of Grace, as made with Abraham and with the people of God generally before the coming of Christ, was sealed by another and different "token in their flesh," in every male person throughout all their generations. But, though the *form* of the rite of initiation into the service of God was then different from what it now is since the coming of Christ, yet the spiritual *import* and real *design* of the rite under both dispensations, the old and the new, are substantially the same—each of these rites being intended to symbolize an *internal* sanctification and separation to the pure and holy service of a pure and holy God. Simply the *external* form of the Seal is, manifestly, of little consequence. This may be varied at any time, whenever God may see fit. And it has, accordingly, been varied, from circumcision to baptism. The only thing of any real importance in this matter, is, that the Seal, whatever it be, should be one *appointed by God*, and thus having

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the sanction of His unquestionable authority. And such is Baptism. This is now, under the Christian dispensation, the great initiatory ordinance of the Christian Church—the outward and visible badge of Christian discipleship, which every follower of Christ is required to assume. This is now God's own Token in our flesh, sealing the blessings of the Covenant to all His people. No matter from what national stock His people may be descended, Jewish or Gentile, it is all one and the same thing; if Christians, if in Christ by a true and living faith, all the blessings of the new and everlasting Covenant are theirs, and the appointed Seal, Token, Pledge of that fact is the baptismal ordinance. And the great essential thing in this ordinance is, that it is a *Divine* appointment, and therefore of Divine authority. This it is which gives to it all its validity, all its efficacy, all its binding force upon the conscience. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth, *and is baptized*, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned; and lo, I am with you alway even to the end of the world. Go and preach the Gospel to all nations, *baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.*" Here is our warrant for the use of this Christian rite. It is from Heaven. It is an ordinance of God; and, therefore, unquestionably right, proper, useful, important, obligatory upon men's consciences, and not to be neglected but at the peril of such as, needlessly and willfully, do thus neglect it. And not less is it an expression of the *benevolent* regard of God for us—meeting, in the most kind and condescending manner, our spiritual necessities, and adapting the methods of His grace to our weakness, to our natural susceptibilities, our wants, and our dangers.

Nor is this precious Seal of the Covenant simply an appointment of God. It is, also, in and of itself, *highly significant and expressive.* It is spoken of in the Scriptures as denoting the washing away of our *sins;* as being symbolical of an internal, spiritual cleansing; as showing the need of a *change of heart* from sin to holiness—from estrangement from God to submission, faith, hope, love and joy in Him. How appropriate, therefore, is this symbol! how expressive! how full of instruction! To the very eye, and thus to the heart, it teaches

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the great truth that all men are by nature depraved and ruined; that, naturally, all persons, old or young, and in all conditions of life, do alike stand in need of a purification in the inner man, even the "washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." And what more important truth for mankind, all mankind, to learn, than this great, vital, fundamental truth of Christianity, and to have it indelibly impressed upon them by means of an open, visible, unmistakable symbol of it. And is not this done every time this expressive Seal of God's Covenant is applied to men, young or old, rich or poor, high or low, bond or free, of one nation or another, all over the earth wherever the Gospel comes? Indeed, how much of the Gospel itself is there preached to men in this single ordinance? Yes, in this one simple symbol, how much of the very *essence* of Gospel truth is impressively set before us? Can you, can *any* Christian parent take that dear *child*, for example, and bring it to the minister of Christ, and hear him pronounce over it the solemn formula of baptism which Christ has appointed, and see the purifying water applied to the child, and listen to the accompanying invocation of the Divine blessing which is then offered, that what is signified by the washing of water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, may be realized in the soul of the child by a cleansing and Divine influence upon it—can all this take place, and be heard, and seen, and felt by the Christian parent, according to the true import of the transaction, and, at the same time, no useful lesson, no salutary impression be derived from it, to improve the heart and regulate the life? We think not. We think this, at least, is not the proper tendency of such a transaction. Like every other good thing, it may doubtless be abused, and its legitimate happy consequences be prevented. But this, certainly, is not the proper tendency of the transaction. *That* is, only and altogether, salutary and desirable. We proceed a step further now, and remark again, that *some such seal of such a covenant was, not unnaturally, to have been looked for in such a case.* God has been wont, in all ages of the world, and under the different dispensations of His grace to men, to employ external symbols, and other positive institutions, by means of which to impress important truths more deeply on their minds.

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It was so in the Patriarchal age: witness the rite of circumcision, and the institution of sacrifices. It was so under the Mosaic economy. Almost the entire system of religion among the Jews, was set forth in types, shadows, and external symbols of one kind or another. It is so even under the Christian dispensation, as is seen in the continuance of the law of the Sabbath; in the Christian ministry; in the visible Church; in baptism; and the Lord's Supper. Now, in respect to the outward seal of *baptism*, in particular, there is one aspect of it in which it seems to be just *such* an institution, or appointment as might naturally have been expected. *Something*, at least, of this kind, was to have been looked for. We refer to that aspect of it in which it stands related to young children, the offspring of believing parents, as well as to adult Christians. We say what follows under this head, for the benefit of those who believe in household baptism. God thus ever regarded the relation between the parent and the child as a very important and interesting relation. On this one relation, more probably than on any other which subsists among men, what vast consequences has God suspended, as we learn both from the history of His providence, and from the teachings of His Word. The *child*, how dear to the parent's heart, and by a feeling almost as spontaneous and instinctive as that of self-love, or the desire of self-preservation. The *parent*, how natural a protector, guide, teacher, and friend to his child. Now, suppose that parent to become a *Christian*. Would it be strange if, in view of the near and endearing relation between that parent and child, God should appoint *some* special and positive rite, of a religious nature, to be used by the parent, and applied to the child, as expressive of the Divine favor toward that Christian parent, under the new and interesting relation which he is thus called to sustain to the fruit of his own body, the darling object of his heart's best and strongest affections? Having adopted the *parent* himself into His family of dearly beloved children, and having entered into a covenant of grace with *him*, and promised him all the rich and everlasting blessings of that covenant, is it now to be looked upon as a strange and incredible thing, that this Christian parent should be permitted, and required even, to consecrate to God, in *some* appropriate and public manner, the young ob-

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ject of so much love, so many prayers, so many hopes and expectations on the one hand, and so many, *many* fears and anxieties on the other? Oh, if we *may* not dedicate our children to God; if there is *no* covenant of grace in which *their* names are included, and from which we may derive hope for them; if the Seal of the Covenant, and all its significant intimations of good, are not for *them*, any more than for the children of any and all *other* men, however alien from God, and strangers to the promises of His covenant, then what shall we do? Truly we are in a distressing case. And is this the God of love who is a Father to all His believing people? And is this the voice of His love to them, when He says, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee?" It was, then, to have been *expected*, we think, that *some* such rite as the symbol of baptism would have been instituted, whereby the blessings of God's covenant would be encouragingly held out to the *children* of God's faithful people, as well as to the parents themselves, so as that *they* (all Christian parents dedicating their children to God) would have *special* inducement, from this very seal, to labor and pray more abundantly, and more hopefully and cheerfully, for their children's conversion, when they had thus dedicated them to God in the way of His own appointment. Thus a priori argument, arising from the known character of God, and the nature of the parental and filial relations, is not a little strengthened by the fact, that under the Patriarchal and Jewish dispensations, the children of God's believing people were permitted and required to be thus set apart to God, and to have the appointed token of His covenant applied to them. Is the Christian less favored than was the Jew? Was it a greater privilege (so far as children are concerned) to have lived in the darker times of the Old Testament, when Abraham lived, and Moses lived, than to live in these brighter and better days of gospel light and gospel privileges? If our children *now* may *not* be dedicated to God, may *not* now have the seal of His covenant placed upon them, what have they gained by this change of dispensations? Nay, in many respects, they are worse off than were the children of Jewish parents, who lived thousands of years ago, before Christ came, and before the Apostles published His gospel among the nations. We wish to impugn no man's faith on this subject. We only state our own.

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We wish, in all kindness and love, to leave to other men's consciences the full and perfect right of doing just as they please, whether (as instructed by the word of God) they shall see cause to embrace or decline what we can not but consider one of the distinguishing privileges of the Covenant of Grace, that of dedicating our offspring, as well as ourselves, in the ordinance of baptism, to the service of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

And now, in conclusion, two things will need specially to be noticed. 1st. We should guard against making too *much*, on the one hand, and too *little*, on the other, of the rite of baptism. For there *are* two extremes on this subject, both, perhaps, equally dangerous, and both to be carefully avoided. The one makes this rite almost every thing in religion. The other makes it almost or quite nothing. The one exalts it into a *regenerating* and *saving* ordinance. The other makes it a mere *ceremony*, of no utility or significance, and to be observed or not observed at the simple option of mankind, and according as each one may happen to regard it. Now the truth in respect to it is, that while it is, as we have shown, a highly significant, expressive, and important symbol, still it is but a symbol. It, of itself, works no change of character in men, either in the case of adults or children. The *heart* is not changed by it, nor does a change of heart necessarily *accompany* it. And yet it is a duty, commanded of God, and in many ways highly useful. Peculiarly so, as a visible seal and pledge (when rightly received) of all the infinite blessings of God's everlasting favor to His children.

2d. The other thing to be specially noticed on this subject is, that Christians should see to it, that the *legitimate* (and only the legitimate) *encouragement*, *support*, and *comfort* be derived from it. To have had this seal of God's covenant applied to ourselves, or to our near and dear friends (our children, for example), may justly afford us encouragement, hope, and comfort only as we labor, and pray, and watch, and strive to have the spiritual *meaning* of it realized in our souls, and in the souls of others whom we love. Then, indeed, in the case thus supposed, it becomes a most precious ordinance, full of hope and encouragement, and legitimately affording, in many cases of affliction and sorrow, much consolation to the bereaved and afflicted soul. If

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you have been called to part with children by sudden death, and can look back and see that you not only had given them up to God, but had also honestly and faithfully sought for them, as first of all, and chief of all, those blessings of which baptism is the appointed seal (and there is no decisive evidence against them to preclude your entertaining a hope of their salvation, and especially, if there is some evidence in their favor), then may you take a more encouraging and hopeful view of their probable condition in the future world, than (other things being equal) you could reasonably take were this ground of encouragement (through your culpable negligence) wanting in their case. Though the best way, after all, is, in such a case, to go directly to God with your sorrows, and refer the whole matter to His ever-wise, ever-holy, ever-good and perfect will. At all events, the sweet consciousness of having habitually, at all times, and under all circumstances, aimed to do your duty, both in relation to yourself and your children or other friends, will afford the amplest and safest ground of consolation in the case supposed, and under all the sorrows and bereavements which God may send upon you.

Original.

HISTORY OF RUTH—RELIGIOUS DECISION

BY ERSKINE MASON, D.D.

No one can study the character of Ruth, as it is drawn upon the Sacred Page, without feeling constrained to yield her the tribute of admiration. At no moment does she seem so beautiful and attractive as when she says to her mother-in-law, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God." This language exhibits to us a mind marked by all that is lovely and winning in the purest affections of our nature, and withal a mind decided under the influence of religious principle. The entire history, of which this scene forms a part, is one which has delighted the man of taste and the heart of virtuous

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sensibility no less than the Christian spirit. There is something captivating in the very artlessness of its structure, in the elegance of its diction, in the perfect simplicity of its arrangement. It stirs the emotions of every bosom, where there is a mind susceptible of impression from the exhibition of the domestic virtues and the strong social affections—while the Christian sees in it the overruling, and directing, and controlling providence of God, and an important link in the chain of events which go to make up the history of redemption.

The heroine of the tale has generally been supposed to have been a descendant of Lot, by the royal line of the princes of Moab. By a chain of providential circumstances, she had been brought under the influences of the truth and into an alliance with the people of God. The prevalence of famine in the land of Judea had driven Elimelech, a man of Bethlehem, to the land of Moab, there with his wife, Naomi, and their two sons, to procure sustenance. Reverses of fortune here attend them—banishment from home—degradation and dependence upon strangers for bread are too much for the spirit of Elimelech, and crushed by the weight of his calamities he dies, leaving his widow and her two sons to struggle alone with poverty and neglect.

Whether Naomi, under the influence of the scenes amid which she mingled, which derived their character from the idolatries and superstitions of the land of her sojourning, had lost her sense of the importance of the knowledge and worship of the true God, we do not undertake to say; but if, at the expense of principle, she sought to retrieve and rebuild the sinking fortunes of her family by forming or consenting to an alliance of her sons with the daughters of Moab, she was taught her mistake by one of those severe lessons of Providence which, interfering with the plans of a crooked policy and blasting the hopes which it seemed to warrant, shows us the folly of those who aim at wrong ends, or even at right ends by wrong and equivocal means. The plans of this Jewish mother had scarcely been carried into effect—the end they contemplated had not yet been reached, when her two sons, around whom all her hopes were clustered, sink into the grave, and leave her in a worse condition than before, a widow, indeed, with two young widows dependent

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upon her for counsel, instruction, and support. Lamentable, indeed, was her condition; what picture of domestic desolation can be more perfect—imagination, in its pictures of woe, can not surpass the reality which is here presented.

But for these seemingly untoward, yet, as the issue proved, most wise dispensations of that mysterious Providence which covers up its gracious designs under the severest dealings, the widow of Elimelech would, in all probability, have become naturalized among idolaters, and have forgotten her home and the religion of her fathers.

As the prodigal son who had wandered from his father's house, under the pressure of want, degradation, and neglect, came to himself and formed the resolution to return, so Naomi, crushed by the disasters which had befallen her, seems to have been awakened to a sense of her condition and to have turned her thoughts to her absent, forgotten home. Thither would she bend her steps, and taking with her her daughters-in-law, her companions in tribulation, she would seek her peace in the land of her fathers and before the altars of her God. Blessed afflictions which sanctify the heart, which bring us to our duty and wean us from our folly! Welcome the rod which strikes only in kindness to further the purposes of a Father's love.

It is when the purpose is formed, and while proceeding to execute it, of returning to Bethlehem Judah, that the occurrences take place which set the heroine of our story before us in the light in which we wish to study her.

Of the previous condition and state of these two daughters of Moab we know nothing definite. In all probability, when they contracted an alliance with a Jewish family, they had, professedly at least, renounced their kindred and the false religion of their ancestors. They had already, in their journeyings, reached the boundaries of the land of Judea, when the character of these two sisters are developed in their contrast to each other. It was no small sacrifice which they were about to make. They were to take a step which should separate them forever from the scenes and associations of early life, and commit themselves, irrevocably, to the worship of the God of Israel. Had they pondered the path of their feet? Had they determined upon their course in view of all its relations, and weighing well the conse-

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quences, come to their fixed and resolute purpose? Or was it the mere romance of their project, or the promptings of these impulses, always so strong in the youthful mind, or the influence of sympathy with their afflicted mother-in-law, which now controlled them and led them forward, blind to the events before them?

There was a heroism in the devotion of Orpah and Ruth. There were strong ties which bound them to their mother-in-law —ties of affection and ties of kindness, and, above all, the ties which bind together the partakers in a common affliction, who relieve each other's sorrows by sharing them, and find comfort in mingling their tears of mutual sympathy. Were these the influences which controlled the minds of these daughters of affliction, and constrained the purpose of devoting themselves to the service of the God of Israel? That question is now to be determined.

They had not yet unalterably committed themselves—the opportunity still remained for their return to the land of their fathers, and the worship of their fathers' God; and before this opportunity should pass, Naomi brought them to the test which should show the nature of their resolution, as it should entirely change it or lead to confirm it.

It may seem strange at first sight, that a worshiper of the true God should urge upon her children a return to the worship of idols, and yet we can not but praise her for the wisdom of her course, while we admire her for the magnanimity of her conduct. She did not wish that any personal consideration should influence them in their present movement. They had already furnished sufficient evidences of their affection and strong sympathy, and so far as she was concerned she did not ask any more sacrifices to attest their sincere attachment. She saw, whether they did or not, that sacrifices, many and painful, awaited them. She could hold out to them no bright prospect of coming earthly good. Every hope of worldly advancement which they could possibly cherish, was connected with a return to their former alliance, and their former religion, and she would have them understand the matter perfectly before they advanced one step farther; and if they could not meet the evils which were before them, if they had not religious principle enough to make them equal to any sacrifice, better for them that they should return.

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We do not wonder that Orpah and Ruth shed tears of bitterness, when their disinterested and affectionate mother-in-law addressed them as she did. She was applying a touchstone to their affections, which should disclose to each her true character. Up to this moment, no human eye could discover, between these two daughters, the slightest difference. But now the contrast becomes apparent. Orpah could not endure the test, and as she yields to the persuasions of Naomi, and leaves her to return to the land of her fathers, we see, as though written with a sunbeam, the workings of her mind. In reality she had never counted the cost—she felt that she could not meet the sacrifices involved in the step she was about to take, while there are indications by no means doubtful, of a secret love for that idolatrous worship she had professed herself ready to renounce. The influence of circumstances had, together with her affection for Naomi, hitherto constrained her, but now, when the decisive moment arrived, her fear of the future, her love for her former associations triumphed; she paused, she faltered in her purpose, and returned, and over her remaining history there has been thrown an impenetrable vail.

To another, a brighter and more beautiful picture, we now turn our attention. There is something exceedingly attractive about the character of Ruth—and this every man, Christian or not, feels to be the crowning excellence of all her loveliness—her religious decision. To her the test to which she was subjected was as severe as it had been to her sister, but she was able to endure it. Wherever there is religious principle, trial does not destroy but develop it, precisely as a sound and healthy frame is strengthened by the efforts which tax its powers. Thus, while Naomi entreats her to return, and urges her entreaty by arguments calculated to affect her mind, setting before her the difficulties she must be called to encounter, and the hopes she should be obliged to renounce, Ruth becomes more decided, and gives expression to her unalterable purpose in the language—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God." It was a noble sacrifice laid upon the altar of principle—not the effect of momentary excitement, but the result of calm, deliberate reflection, reached through many a struggle, and at the expense of many a tear.

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As if the arguments and entreaties of her mother-in-law were not sufficient to test her resolution, she sees her sister, by whose sympathy she had hitherto been sustained, drawing back and renouncing her purpose, and yet she rises superior to this her severest trial; and though now standing alone she falters not, for she has put her hand to the plow and can not look back, and whatever others may do, she "will serve the Lord."

Who can hesitate to decide the question of the mental and moral superiority between these two sisters. Orpah has gone back after her people and her gods—we watch her retreating footsteps and exclaim, Alas! alas!—and as Ruth remainsfirm in her purpose of devotion, we turn to her and find our spirits refreshed. The world may wonder at such determination, and many may think it strange that one in the glow of youth should forego so much, and renounce so much, and endure so much, but we all feel our admiration kindled, and our hearts drawn irresistibly toward her.

So far as the ordinary graces of character, so far as the social affections, so far as disinterested friendship and filial love are concerned, we see no difference between these sisters. If Ruth exhibited those attributes which in ordinary apprehension give a charm to female character, so did Orpah. We do not find that the latter felt less deeply the painfulness of those ruptures which death had made—that she entered less deeply into the sympathies of her doubly-widowed mother-in-law, or that her heart beat with a less true affection. In these respects they seem to have borne a very strong resemblance to each other, but herein it is they differ. Ruth was controlled, as Orpah was not, by the influence of religious principle; had she, with her sister, "gone back after her people and her gods," she had gone with her to the same oblivion, but she remains, and her memory is preserved in all its fragrance; and as we come with delight to study her movements, we pay our tribute of admiration, not to natural charms, or the social affections, but to the worth of religious principle. We feel that religion was Ruth's crowning glory, in view of which all her other excellences are forgotten.

ANGER, like rain, breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

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Original.

GREAT MEN WANTED.

We are taught, both by Scripture and the indications of Providence, to look for a higher development of Christianity than has ever yet been realized on earth. The predictions of the Bible, and the expectations of evangelic faith, point to a period rapidly approaching, in which the loftiest, grandest manifestations of Christian character shall be as common as they have hitherto been rare—a period in which, figuratively speaking, the moon of religion shall shine with the splendor of the sun, and the sun shall exhibit, in its daily shining, the light of seven days.

Nothing less seems to be contemplated by the burning figures of prophecy, than that the period commonly known as the millennium, shall exhibit a race of moral monarchs, a generation or succession of generations of Christians, whose light shall far outshine the luster of past times, and whose spirit and manner of life shall justify the expression, that the new Jerusalem has indeed descended from heaven, arrayed in bridal beauty and brilliancy, to do honor to her glorious husband, the head of the Church.

But whence, and by what means, are these developments of superior Christian excellence to be derived? Not by might, nor by power—not by miraculous intervention disturbing the regular operation of cause and effect, but by the use of old-fashioned and accredited means of grace and Christian nurture. The lofty character of millennial times is to be imparted mainly through the medium of parental instruction and discipline, and by the constraining influence of holy example. The master mind, the spiritually mighty, the evangelic nobles of the coming times we speak of, are to be reared and trained by a race of mothers of great faith and devotedness, who, understanding the signs of the times, and waiting for the coming of the Lord, shall labor to prepare their children for the great things that await them, and for the glorious manifestations expected and predicted of them.

Have we any such mothers now, who in all earnestness and faith are training their sons and daughters for the millennium and

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its exalted services and enjoyments? This is a solemn and momentous inquiry, and one which is eminently practical. For if we desire the advent of the millennial state, and believe that its coming is to be effected by human instrumentality, we must see and feel that the training of our children with express reference to such a high destiny is indispensable to the result.

The time has come when every Christian parent should feel that it is not enough to bring up children as if we were training them for the past, but for the future, and that future one of new and most wonderful developments. It is not enough that we should teach and train our offspring to imitate the lives of good men. It is to be impressed upon them that a greater and purer piety is yet to adorn the Church and bless the world; that not even the Newtons, or Bunyans, or Baxters, or Whitfields of the past are to be the standards and patterns, but that Christ alone can be fitly proposed as the example which strenuous effort must be made to resemble.

There has been too much of this looking back to the imperfect examples of our religious biographies, and too little looking forward to the high responsibilities and achievements of the Church's day of glory. Instead of feeling satisfied with conformity to the lives of good men, who have gone before us, we should labor to bring our minds and hearts up to the exalted aspirations and attainments of millennial religion, and endeavor to impress the same feeling upon the minds of the youthful inquirers after true godliness.

Take this thought, then, Christian fathers and mothers, to your hearts and closets, and ponder it with reference to its bearings upon your children and the mighty future. Pious mothers, consider that as it is your duty, so it may be your privilege, to present the millennial Church with a Timothy or a Paul, imbued with the richest infusion of evangelic grace. Do not feel satisfied with the idea of merely securing the conversion of your child, but aim to obtain, in his behalf, such mighty baptisms of the Holy Spirit as shall qualify him to stand in the forefront of the sacramental host, and to plant the standard of the Cross on the strongest works of the enemy. You have often dreamed of worldly eminence for a beloved son. You have thought of him as a brilliant star amid feeble lights, delighting admiring multi-

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tudes with superior eloquence and learning. But see, here is a noble ambition and a loftier hope. Your child, trained and fashioned under the constraining power of heavenly love, may shine a bright particular star in a firmament which is all ablaze with glory. He may be one of the honored pathfinders of new spiritual empires for Christ to reign over, and be distinguished for his knowledge where all know, and for his devotion where all serve and love the Lord.

Selected.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A GOOD daughter! There are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of her happy fireside. She is the morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are all unpretending, but all expressive proofs of love. And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's care! and what an

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ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh, how little do these daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them to enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring raptures to a parent's heart. A true love always greets their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

Original.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF GOD.

We should accustom ourselves often to behold and contemplate the beautiful works of God. The whole creation is the work of His gracious hands. The majestic rivers that roll their waters to the sea—the wide ocean, "wherein are living things innumerable, both small and great"—the cedars of Lebanon, and the humblest flower that blooms in the vale, or blossoms unseen in the solitudes of the forest, show alike the work of His goodness and His power. Yet,

"Though we trace each herb and flower
That sips the morning dew;
Did we not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all below!"

While we have so many sweet tokens of our heavenly Father's goodness and love, let us ever view His kind hand in them all, and bless His worthy name. God's beautiful creations are not strewn more thickly around our pathway than are the tokens of His grace and providence through all the varied scenes of life. These evidences of His love should, dear reader, dispose us continually to trust in Him, and commit our ways into His hands. For God is a God of graciousness and love, and "He doeth all things well."

I. N. K.

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Original.

SOURCES OF MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

In a former number, we gave some illustrations of the power of maternal influence. We propose now to inquire what are some of the sources of that peculiar power which the mother exerts upon the character, and thus upon the destinies of her children?

1. The mother is *much with her children in the forming period of their character*. In this respect she has greatly the advantage of the father. During the first few years of life they are seldom absent from her, and these few years—the first five or six of the human being—are those in which more is done, than in any other equal number during the whole of life, toward the formation of character. Then is the seed-time, and every word, every look, every act of the mother is a seed cast into the virgin and prolific soil of the infant heart. There can be no doubt that impressions made upon a child's mind, even earlier than, in after years, he can recollect, constitute a part of the character of the man. No mistake was ever greater, than to suppose that only what is distinctly recollected leaves permanent impressions. Nothing that we ever saw, or heard, or felt, or did, has been devoid of influence. The present character of every individual is a *result* of the impressions left upon him by all the influences, forgotten or remembered, noticed or unnoticed, to which he has ever been subject—a result of all the emotions which these have excited, all the affections which they have awakened, all the choices and actions to which they have prompted. But most influential of all were the voices which spoke to us, the looks which smiled or frowned upon us, the objects which surrounded us, in those early years when the memory and the heart were so impressible. And those were the years, when the mother had us under her ceaseless influence. Our mind was a whispering gallery; her voice wakened echoes which shall reverberate forever.

2. The mother *wins upon the affections of the child by her care of it in its early sicknesses and sufferings*. It is she who watches over the cradle of her suffering infant, and does all that

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she can to alleviate every pain of early childhood. This care of the mother operates on her heart to make her love her children more, and upon their hearts to make them love her more. It thus increases her power over them; and, could no other reason be given for the sufferings of infancy and early childhood, than that they strengthen the ties that bind the mother to her offspring, this alone would be sufficient. Who shall estimate the value of that tenderness and sympathy on her part, and that response of grateful affection on their part which are developed by her care of them in suffering? Who will deny that here, in the play and reciprocation of kindly affections, and in the increased power thus given to maternal influence, is a compensation for all the pain which the infant has to bear?

3. The mother wins the affections of her children by *the kindness and tenderness of her nature*. In this respect, also, she has the advantage of the father. Man's heart is made of sterner stuff; and needs to be, to enable him to act the part which Providence has assigned him on the rough theater of life. But woman's sphere is the little world of home. She blesses, she influences, she rules by *love;* and most potent is the power which that love gives her over the little world which she sways. Her affection, as it flows down to her children, is placed in her nature by a benignant Providence—partly that she may be sustained by it in the sufferings which she must endure for their sake, and partly that by it her power over them may be increased. She holds, she draws them, with bands of love.

4. The mother has *a fuller sympathy* than the father with their children. They are sure that she will take an interest in all that concerns them—that she knows how to weep when they weep, and to rejoice when they rejoice, however childish their sorrows or their joys. They do not doubt that *she* will listen to their tale of success or of disappointment, of fright or of difficulty, and that she will feel just as they feel about it. The matter may seem to them too trivial for their father's ears; they may think that he can not turn aside from his weighty employments to attend to such little concerns as theirs; but they know that their mother will sympathize with them. Perhaps they know not yet who placed that deep fountain of sympathy in her heart: they may not be aware that it is one of the blessings

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which God has provided for them, and that they are bound to thank Him for it; but they know it *is* there, and they know it daily blesses them, and they feel its power. Mighty is the power which God has thus given to the mother; and with it she can retain her hold upon them through all their coming life.

5. The mother forms the character of *home*. There is nothing that deserves the name of home for children unless there is a mother there. Wherever she goes, there is home for them. If she is gone, the old paternal mansion loses the charm of home. When, in after life, we think of the home of childhood, we may perhaps call up before us the natural beauties that surrounded it, the group of gladsome children whose voices echoed through its halls, the father who returned day by day to bless his household; but in the foreground of the picture there is always one gentle being that presided over the whole, binding all together with her silent magnetism, and illumining all with the radiance of her love. And if the mother is what she should be, she makes home a happy place, and fills it with holy influences. Perhaps one of the best preparations for the duties of life is the recollection of a home in childhood, rendered happy by the virtues, the sympathies, and the affections of a worthy mother. The memory of such a home ever lingers in the mind, ever hovers with hallowing influence along our pathway, ever whispers in our ears of a Paradise which we have lost, and ever speaks of a better Paradise to be regained, and summons us to the task of regaining it.

These are some of the sources of a mother's peculiar power. That power involves a commensurate responsibility. She has such power because God has willed it—because He has so made her, and so arranged her relations to her children, that in all ordinary cases she must have more influence over them than any other human being. The question for her to answer is, how shall she use this power? The answer is given by the actions of her daily life. The father, too, has a power of his own; and the subject would be but incompletely presented without a discussion of the nature and sources of his power—which is, and is intended by God to be, the complement of hers. This part of the subject, however, must be reserved for a future number. W.

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Original.

HABIT.

PARENTS may give their children the habit of *self-government.* This is next in importance to the habit of devotion, and is essential both to happiness and usefulness. What is that man's happiness to be valued at, whose passions, inflammable as powder, only require a spark for their ignition? or how lasting or extensive is his usefulness, who is driven by the wind or carried by the torrent, swayed to and fro, with no rudder to guide him? "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;" so said the wise man, and so it has proved to this day. Our own Washington was mostly indebted for his greatness to the habit of *self-government*, which "Mary," his mother, early taught him. It was this which enabled him, as a child, in respect to the mutilation of a valued pear-tree, to say, "I did it, father, with my little hatchet;" it was this which sustained him under the accumulated weight of a crushed and toil-worn people, until the proper hour had come for battle and for victory. It required *self-government* to know how to stand up, manfully, before the frown of an offended father's countenance, and boldly to *tell the truth;* it required *self-government* to brave the stigma of an offended people, anxious for arms, until God and his own good judgment should point the way. In teaching our children the habit of *obedience*, we are commencing the work of self-government. A child who knows truly how to obey, has learned very much of the conquest of himself; and the struggles of a little child in mastering his desires and keeping down his passions, in his efforts at obedience, is a sight of *moral beauty* to one who knows to what these efforts will lead. They are in themselves the beginnings of true greatness, and should be encouraged and commended, instead of being laughed at, as I have seen some silly parents do. The Christian is often obliged to exclaim with his Master, "Get thee behind me, Satan;" the world, the flesh, and the devil need constant putting down; and in proportion as the little child is taught to begin the combat, in his own little way, and strengthened for it, just so much are his spiritual difficulties lessened. For so far as the Christian can truly say,

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"Not my will, but thine be done," just so far has he attained true felicity, and according as the child is enabled to know this relinquishment of self-will, he knows what it is to walk with God.

Parents may do much toward promoting the habit of *self-government* by their *own example*. Children are attentive observers and listeners. They participate in our favorite projects and desires; they feel for us when opposed and maligned. How do they see us *act* under the various trials of life? Do we "trust in the Lord and do good," suffering long and being kind; or are we quick to revenge a slight, and to demand atonement for an insult? When our children behave, as children will do, carelessly and thoughtlessly, and thereby injure us in property or otherwise, do they behold us reddening with passion, and hear us reproving them with harsh severity? Then, "as face answereth to face," may we expect them to go and do likewise. Do they see us relinquish *calmly* some long-desired gratification, when we find it inconsistent with the glory of God, or the happiness of a friend? If not, how can we expect submission of spirit when their little pleasures are thwarted? It is an absurdity for a mother to look for self-government in her child, unless she herself has attained the mastery. I have known some instances, not surely to be desired, in which children have acquired this commendable virtue solely from the disgust which they felt at the want of it in their parents.

Parents sometimes imagine, that by removing all temptation from children they thereby remove them from evil. Thus they make it a rule that each child shall have his own playthings exclusively; but this is only fostering a selfish disposition. How much better would the rule be, that he who is not kind in sharing and lending, shall be for a season deprived of even his own. It is very true, that he is not prepared for battle who has never used the sword, neither is he ready for the world's dread onset, who has not, in the bosom of his *own home*, learned to *govern himself*. *Home* is the theater appointed by God for the display of the diversified talents, powers, and propensities which He has given our children. The mother is the *prompter* of the play. One may be overbearing, another indolent, one may be gluttonous, another deceitful, another passionate. All their propensities

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may be the result of circumstances rather than of birth. At the same time, highly laudable and noble traits of character may be developed. *These* we are bound to foster and cultivate, while *those* we are not merely to condemn, but to *teach to conquer*. By example, by stimulant, by reward, by punishment, we are heroically to labor with our children to make them conquerors of themselves, conquerors of the evil one. Daily and hourly are we to teach them to resist temptation; to cease to do evil and learn to do well. The *indolent*, we are to encourage in his efforts until they become to him a pleasure; the selfish, to acts of generosity till he shall be no longer selfish; the overbearing must learn by repeated and never-tiring trials the delight of yielding; the deceitful, the greatness and goodness of honesty; and the gluttonous, the disgrace and danger of the indulgence of appetite. When our dear ones have thus learned by years of affectionate tuition how to *overcome themselves*, the severest lesson of life is attained. And to encourage us and them in the attainment of it, let us remember that Jesus Christ, our great ensample, was eminently a man of *self-government*. He was never ruffled in spirit, He was not angry with his opposers. "My time has not yet come," was for Him reason sufficient even to delay a good work. His Father's will was His rule of duty. He could pray even for his murderers.

"Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb."

MODERATE desires constitute a character fitted to acquire all the good which the world can yield. He who is prepared, in whatever situation he is, therewith to be content, has learned effectually the science of being happy, and possesses the alchemic stone which will change every metal into gold; such a man will smile upon a stool, while Alexander, at his side, sits weeping on the throne of the world.—*Dwight.*

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Original.

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

THERE is a saint, there is a shrine,
More sacred yet than legends know,
Where worship rises more divine
Than all the calendar can show.

The child departed is that saint—
The mother's heart the holy shrine;
The incense is the whispered plaint,
That only angel ears divine.

O Fate! thy savage shears divide
The ties which bind us heart to heart—
But all thy power in vain is tried,
The mother from her child to part!

Though one on earth and one in heaven,
Though lip to lip they meet no more—
By winged thought the space is riven,
Their spirits mingling as before.

Fond mother, dry thy tears. Unseen
To other eyes thy child may be—
Yet every hour it comes between
Thine other thoughts to visit thee.

Mourn not; another angel now
In heaven and watching over thee,
And kissing often from thy brow
The cares of earth, to make thee free!

Mourn not that one is there to meet
And welcome thee, and give thee grace,
When thou shalt bow before the feet
Of God in His high dwelling-place.

S. G. G.

GOD only knows who is the greatest sinner; but every humbled sinner will think that he is the man.

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Original.

MY FIRST YEAR'S MINISTRY.

NEAR the close of my theological study, when the question, Where shall I settle in the ministry? first presented itself to my mind, I looked toward the populous cities, and large towns and villages, and was inclined to ask, Why may I not pitch my tent in some one of these? But remembering that the poor need the gospel as much as the rich, and the hedges as much as the highways, I resolved to labor wherever Providence should seem to call me. Learning that the town of T——, N. Y., was in a sad condition as to religion and morals, I concluded to labor among them. Upon going there I found the shell of a meeting-house large enough to seat five or six hundred people. It was inclosed, glazed, and floored, with loose boards for seats. The church numbered twenty-five members, most of whom were females. As might have been expected in such a place, there was much intemperance, profaneness, and Sabbath desecration. If ever a people needed a faithful minister and a thorough reformation, this was that people.

To perform all that needed to be done, would require the strength of a giant; but I was a mere stripling, just come from school, and, withal, prostrated so thoroughly by dyspepsia, that I usually kept my bed a part of each day. My eyes were in such a nervous state, that to look upon a book or manuscript filled me with distress, and almost horror.

I had not a scrap of a sermon suitable for this people, and if I had had fifty, I could not have read them. What could I do? I asked counsel of my Master, and spent Friday and Saturday in selecting texts, and arranging thoughts for my first Sabbath's preaching. After I had formed the plans of my sermons, I went out into a wood a quarter of a mile from my boarding-house, and preached, not to the dry bones, but to the forest trees. I felt encouraged by the silence and apparent attention of my hearers.

Sabbath came, and as I saw the people wending their way to the house of God, I breathed out the earnest prayer, once, and

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again, and again, that the Lord would *help* me, and enable me to promote His cause and glory, and make me the instrument of saving souls. I was under such nervous excitement all the morning that I could hardly keep myself in one position a minute at a time. Now, I was on my knees in prayer—now, prostrate upon my pillow—now, in one place, then in another. All my animal system was in a state of agitation. When the hour for public worship arrived, I went, as calmly as I could, to the sanctuary. Here were assembled some forty or fifty people, of all ages, to see the young preacher, and hear what the babbler had to say. My sling and stone were a small Bible and its sacred truths. My pulpit was the back of a chair.

In the forenoon the text was, "*God is love;*" and my attempt was to show what a benevolent being God is. I took, in the afternoon, this text, "*I have a message from God unto thee.*" The subject was made personal. I addressed the aged, the middle-aged, the youth, the child, the profane man, the intemperate, etc. During the sermons, I observed tears come into some eyes, and felt encouraged thereby. Some persons, who were received into the church during the year, traced back their first awakening to that day.

Three mothers in Israel, belonging to this church, who had consecrated their children to God in the ordinance of baptism, claiming the promise made to the Father of all them that believe, that God would be the God of *them and of their seed*, agreed to go alone at eleven o'clock every morning, and *unite* their prayers for their households. They did as they agreed. It was my privilege to board with one of these mothers at this time. The cause of Christ was dearer to her than any thing else. The burden of her conversation and prayers was a revival of religion and the conversion of souls. She had faith in the Abrahamic Covenant. She staggered not at the promises of God. While she endeavored to do her part, by a life of consistent, every-day piety, by storing the minds of her children with divine truth, by leading them regularly to the house of God, and by offering unceasing prayer for their salvation, she confidently expected that God would do His part—the part He has covenanted to do—and make her offspring His spiritual children. The other two mothers engaged in this concert, were,

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also, devotedly pious, and eminently praying women. Not many weeks after this concert commenced, several of the adult children of two of these families were found to be anxious about their salvation. And soon, one after another of them became the happy subject of renewing grace.

On the last day of January, 1827, I was ordained an "Evangelist," by Rutland Association, in Rutland, Vt. The first Sabbath in February of that year, the Sabbath after my ordination, is a day which I shall never forget. Then it was that, for the first time, I administered Baptism and the Lord's Supper. It was in the district school-house on Mount Hope. The house was full, and apparently as solemn as the last day. I had the unspeakable pleasure of introducing nine happy converts at that time into the church, among whom were two sons of one, and two daughters of another, of those godly mothers who established the concert.

During the next summer and autumn there was a very interesting and somewhat powerful revival affecting the aged and the young, though the majority of converts were youths from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. Within a year from the middle of October, 1826, thirty-five members were added to the church in T——, increasing it from twenty-five to sixty. Among those admitted to the church were the husband and four sons of one of those praying mothers, and four daughters of another—all their adult children.

We have, in the above narrative, a fresh witness for God, that He is a faithful, covenant-keeping God to those who sincerely consecrate their children to Him, and look to Him in faith and prayer for His blessing. The great difficulty with many parents who profess to give up their children to God and have them baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is, that they do not *look after their covenant-vows*. They do not suitably realize the duties which these vows devolve upon themselves, of training up their offspring "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," of setting a godly example before them, of restraining them from those scenes and employments which are calculated to lead them to forget God, and of praying with and for them the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous. They have no realizing faith in the substantial benefits, which they have a

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right to claim for their children, if they are faithful on their part. Well for ministers to study and understand what is implied in the Abrahamic Covenant, and what relation baptized children stand in to the Church, and then enforce duty and obligation upon parents and children, with all the energy of a true believer in the Covenant. In my apprehension this subject will have much to do with the introduction of the millennium, the ingathering of the Jews, and the conversion of the Gentiles.

CLERICUS.

Original.

HOW OUGHT CHRISTIANS TO BEAR TRIALS?

WE are told by Him who can not err, that "God doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men," and that "All things work together for good to them that love God;" also, that "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." How, then, does it become the Christian to bear the trials and afflictions with which his Heavenly Father sees fit to visit him? This question can be easily answered in words; but ah! to feel and realize its importance, how does it often call for that faith which none but God can bestow! At times, when wave after wave of sorrow seems to come over us, and we look up with tearful eyes to Heaven and say, "O Lord, how long ere thou canst remove this thine heavy hand?" if we could feel, and feel from the heart, the absolute necessity of being brought to just that point when God, and not ourselves, can say, "It is enough!" trials would answer the end for which they were sent. Is there not often sad reason to fear that our submission under afflictions is not true resignation to the will of God? and can we wonder or murmur at their repetition? If we submit because it is not in our power to extricate ourselves, and submit we must, is it not kindness in Him who doeth all things well, to repeat the chastisement until we are brought to discern the hand that smites. Attachment to the world is, without doubt, the besetting sin of most Christians; and continued worldly prosperity, an unbroken

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circle of friends, as well as the thousand comforts and blessings of this world, all have the tendency to fasten our affections here. Then how kind in our Heavenly Father to sever these ties one by one until we can look up and say, "Father, I own it just."

Oh, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For He will hear my prayer.

E. A.

Original.

INFLUENCE OF A WIFE.

"WHY do you keep me for so long a time at the door?" said Edward F., passionately, to his wife. The night had passed, but its cold wind had entered the house, as Mrs. F., with a sorsowful heart, undid the lock.

"It is late, Edward, and I could not keep from slumbering."

He said nothing in reply to this, but flung himself into a chair and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed on his knee, and putting his arms round his father's neck, whispered:

"Papa, what has mamma been crying for?"

Mr. F. started, and shook off his boy; and said with violence:

"Go to bed, sir; what business has your mother to let you be up at this hour?"

The poor child's lower lip pouted, but he was, at the time, too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up, and when he reached his cot his warm heart discharged itself of its noisy grief. His mother heard him crying and went to him, but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him:

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward, as you used to be; those heavy eyes tell of wretchedness as well as of bad hours. You

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wrong me, you wrong yourself, thus to let my hand show that I am your wife, but at the same time let your heart know singleness in matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of society in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward, for Heaven's sake, tell me! we are ruined! is it not so?"

Edward had not a word to say to his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.

"Well, be it so, Edward; our children may suffer for our fall, but it will redouble my exertions for them. And as for myself, you do not know me if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love is like a plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself, my husband. It is true your father has cast us off, and you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but he is not all the world; only consider your wife in that light."

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F. went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband:

"Mary is at the door; she says you always kissed her before she went to bed."

"My child! my child!" said the father; "God bless you! I am not well, Mary. Go to rest now. Give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning, and your father will be happy again."

Mr. F. was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire. His wife and children had once given him happy dreams, but now the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality. When the light of the morning faintly appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F. arose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.

"I have been considering," he replied, calmly; "and I am determined to try my father. He loved me when a boy—he was proud of me. It is true I have acted dishonorably by him, and should, no doubt, have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly to him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection, my dear wife, has completely altered me. I can never forget my ill-temper toward you; but I will make up for it; I will, indeed I will. Nay, do not grieve in this way—this is worse than all to me—I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast-room; Mary was

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ready with her smile, and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F. returned.

"We must sink, my love! he will not assist me. He upbraids me. I did not—I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and your little ones, but he cast us off forever."

The distressed man had scarcely said this when a person rudely came in. The purport of his visit was soon perceived. In the name of F.'s father he took possession of the property, and had the power to make F. prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.

"Mamma," whispered Mary, "must father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?"

"Here comes my authority," said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F. doggedly placed himself in a chair.

"You shall not take my papa away," cried out the little boy to his grandfather.

"Whatever may have been my conduct," said the miserable Edward, "this is unkind of you. I have not a single feeling for myself; but my wife and children—you have no right to harass them with your presence."

"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F., "think not of me. Your father can not distress me. I have not known you from your childhood, as he has done; but he shall see how I can cling to you—can be proud of you in your poverty. He has forgotten his youthful days, he has lost sight of his thoughtless years."

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room; he then slowly, but nervously, answered thus—

"Madam, I have not forgotten my own youthful days; I have not forgotten my own thoughtless years; I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and as noble-minded as yourself; and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows, but let not this world think him unfeeling, as that world taught him to do so. The distress that I have this moment caused, was premeditated on my part. It has its full effect. A mortal gets a vice by single steps, and many think the victim must return by degrees. I knew Edward's disposition, and that with him a single leap

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was sufficient. That leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother—the laughing-eyed young pet yet of a—pshaw! of an—old fool! for why am I crying?"

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself toward the old philosopher, and, without uttering a word, pressed his hand, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

The boy also left his parents, and walked up to his grandfather, and, leaning his elbow on the old man's knees, and turning up his round cheek, said, "Then you won't take papa away?"

"No, you little impudent fellow, but I'll take you away; and when your mother comes for you, I'll treat her so well that I'll make your father follow after."

Thus came happiness at the heels of ruin. If husbands oftener appreciated the exquisite and heaven-like affection of their wives, many happier firesides would be seen. "One in love, and one in mind," ought to be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many a time check improvidence if they were to make use of reflection and kindness, rather than prejudice and strictness.

Original.

ECONOMY.

The following sentiment, suggested by Mr. Colquhoun on the subject of economy, is worthy the attention of all who have the training of the young. The habit of spending money freely for trifles, at the present day, is essentially effected by the multiplicity and cheapness of books and toys every where, in the country as well as in the city. Hence the importance of guarding our children against a spirit of prodigality in the use of money. For when a child is indulged almost daily in the purchase of cakes, candies, or toys that are useless, they soon become impatient of restraint, and often show a bad spirit when they are denied any similar indulgence. As they grow older, they evince a restless desire for an increase of spending-money.

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When freely indulged, boys, especially, are often led into bad habits and bad company—they are continually wanting something to eat or to drink, till they often indulge in the use of wine and tobacco, and not unfrequently, eventually manifest a desire for ardent spirits. The plan, therefore, suggested by Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. William Hall, of inducing children and parents to lay aside small sums of money, from time to time, may prove of lasting benefit to many young persons.

Mr. Colquhoun says: "A slight knowledge of human nature will show, that when a man gets on a little in the world he is desirous of getting a little farther. Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings, his fortune is made."

Mr. William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the laboring poor, declares he never knew an instance of one who had saved money coming to the parish. And he adds, moreover, "Those individuals who save money are better workmen; if they do not the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred who spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save money their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals; and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society."

It is hardly necessary to add, that habits of thoughtfulness and frugality are, at all times, of immense importance.

It were a good strife among Christians to labor to give no offense, and to labor to take none.

So live with men as if God saw you; so pray to God as if men heard you.

Christian humility is not a flower that grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God.

Give me the eye which can see God in all; the hand which can serve God with all; and the heart which can bless Him for all.

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Original

MOST CHRISTIANS BECOME SUCH IN EARLY LIFE, AND ARE FROM AMONG THE CHILDREN OF CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

THIS is one of the express provisions of the Covenant of Grace ("I will be a God to thee and to thy *seed* after thee"), and is just what we might expect would be found actually taking place under the provisions of that most precious Covenant. The fact itself, as stated in the above proposition, will doubtless be readily admitted, however it may be explained and accounted for. It is so open to observation, is so plainly set forth to view in the gracious dealings of God with His children, and is indeed so interwoven in the whole history of true religion on earth, that it has come to be regarded as a sort of postulate in religion—a matter which is beyond all question, and as important, also, as it is true. Revivals attest it. Registers of the names of church members, and the dates of their admission to church privileges, attest it. And the reason and nature of the case are such, we think, as would warrant us in expecting, beforehand, that it would be so.

We propose to state a few things, which seem to us to explain and account for the delightful fact here brought into view. There may be other reasons for it besides these; but these are obvious, and would seem to be sufficient.

1. *If the Promise of God is to the believer and to his children after him, then the fact above referred to is certainly not a strange one, but was to have been presumed and looked for, just as the actual history of the church sets it before us.* The promise of God to the Christian parent is, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." This was the promise made to Abraham. It was God's Covenant of Mercy and Grace made with that believer. Is it any less God's Covenant with every true and faithful believer? Was it a covenant limited to that single individual? Was it not a covenant virtually entered into with all Christian parents whose faith resembles his? And is not this the very thing which the

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apostle Peter, in so many words, teaches us, when he says (Acts ii.), "The promise is to *you* and to your *children*, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." What "promise?" Doubtless, the promise just referred to—the Covenant of Grace which He made with Abraham, and into which He is pleased to enter with all his believing people. But, if there is such a Covenant, containing such a promise, made with all God's dear children throughout all their generations, then what might we expect to find as the result, but that the great body of those who become the true and faithful followers of Christ, would be converted in the earlier periods of life, and would be from among the children of believing parents. This, as a general fact, would seem to follow of course, from the very terms of the Covenant. True, indeed, there may be exceptions to this general rule, in the dispensation of God's grace to men. God may have wise and good reasons for sometimes departing from this fixed, general method of His procedure. Some of the children of God's Covenant people may (through their own abuse of their privileges, and in order that God may the more strikingly show forth the freeness and gratuitousness of His mercy in the case of any and all who are finally saved) continue to old age in their sins before they are converted; and some may refuse the proffered mercy through life, and so perish at last. Still, the general course of God's providence, on this subject, is otherwise. By far the greater part of Christians are converted in early life, and are from among the children of believing parents; or, at least, have been, in some way, intimately connected with them as members of their households. Very many of them were early and formally dedicated to God, by those who had the spiritual watch and care over them: very many of them in the prescribed way of Baptism. They had the Seal of the Covenant early placed upon them. They were watched over, and prayed over, and sought to be trained up for God, from their infancy. And, in due time, under the free, unmerited mercy of God in Christ, they were effectually called, by His word and Spirit, into His spiritual kingdom, and made the partakers of all the privileges of His dear children. Now, our position is, that this unquestionable and most delightful result is easily explained, by recurring to

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God's Covenant with His people; that it is in full accordance with a specific engagement in that Covenant, and just what we should expect from the nature and terms of the Promise itself—"I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." What but early conversion, and chiefly from among the seed of believing parents, should we expect, from a God of faithfulness and love entering into such an engagement as this?

2. *It will strengthen this conclusion, and show further why it should be so, if we look at the nature of the relation subsisting between the believing parent and the children whom God has given him.* We have already said something on this subject, in a former article. We wish to say here a word more. Who would be likely to become the subjects of God's renewing and sanctifying grace, if not the offspring of His own adopted and beloved children? Where, among *any* human beings sustaining *any* relations to each other, would you expect to find those, or at least a large proportion of them (as we, in fact, do find), who compose the subjects of the Redeemer's spiritual kingdom, if not among those who stand in so near and endearing a relation to each other, as that in which the child of a believer stands to him who (under God) is the author of his being—upon whom, for all his earlier years, the child is so dependent—by whom he is so beloved and cared for—and who possesses so many peculiar advantages for moulding the child's character and shaping his immortal destiny? Assuming that *any* among mankind are to be converted and saved, who so likely to become the chosen vessels of mercy in Christ, and through grace, as the Christian's own beloved offspring; one so near, so dear, so dependent on him, so long (even from birth and before birth) prayed for and longed after in the bowels of Jesus Christ; and then, when born, carried to the baptismal font, and there, in faith and love, given up and set apart to God; and through many subsequent years, and in frequent grateful remembrance of that solemn transaction, carefully, anxiously, trustingly trained up for Him and His service! Oh! is there not, in the very relation of a *father*, of a *mother*, to the dear object of their hearts' warmest love, something which, in the case of a Christian father and a Christian mother, speaks encouragingly for the child's spiritual welfare? If these parents are faithful

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to their child—if they are prayerful before God for its highest interests—if they consecrate it to the service of God, as they should do, in the way of His appointment—is there not something in the very nature and design of the relation which they sustain to it, and in all the affecting circumstances of such a case, that must be regarded (under a special Covenant of Grace) as auguring well for the soul of that child? True, the parent has no claim, in justice, for his child's salvation. True, also, the child has no claim, in justice, to the Divine favor, on the score of its Christian parentage: God may, righteously, leave that child to pursue its own wicked way, and to perish in its iniquities, as He may any other child of fallen Adam. But the question is not what, consistently with justice and righteousness, He may do; but what, under a system of grace and an atonement for sin, He *will* do, or be likely to do, in all ordinary cases, in the circumstances supposed? With the Bible in our hands, and the Covenant of Grace before us, have we not reason to believe, looking at the intimate and endearing relation between the confiding, hoping, praying, faithful parent, and the dear, dear object of his hopes and prayers, that that beloved child may and will, through Divine Grace, and under the means used with it, become (often while young, and ordinarily at some time before it shall die) a renewed and sanctified subject of the Redeemer's kingdom?

3. *We go a step farther, and observe, that when we look at what constitutes the very groundwork of human society, and see that groundwork laid in the Family Institution by the Creator Himself, we are brought to the same general result, and perceive no way of avoiding it.* It is undeniable, that the whole social fabric, with all the good that it involves, is built upon and arises from the *family organization.* Strike out of existence the family institution; break up those sweet and beneficent ties which now bind mankind together, as husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, and all the subordinate relations, interests, and feelings growing out of these; and you strike away the very foundations of the present social edifice. You annihilate the essential elements of order, peace, quiet, prosperity, social and individual progress, improvement, and happiness. It is on the character

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and relations of a Father that the Most High Himself founds one of His most affecting challenges of men's regard for Him, "If I be a Father, where is mine honor?" "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." "When ye pray, say, Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." On this high relation between God and his intelligent creatures, what high and solemn duties and responsibilities depend! So, among men, on the similar relation of parent and child (and the other relations growing out of this) what great and interesting results are depending! We can not stop minutely to portray them. Suffice it to say, but for these relations, and the feelings resulting from them, the whole social condition of man would go into hopeless derangement, fall to pieces, and come to an end. Once break up the family state; once take away the domestic hearth, and altar, and home, and scatter to the winds the little circle of human beings gathered there in the most holy of all earthly fellowships—in the most sweet and sacred of all the types of heavenly felicity; only scatter that circle, we say, and what a woful work of havoc and desolation have you accomplished! Let this one institution of Heaven for man's benefit, on the other hand, remain to us, and, whatever else may take place, man's lot on earth can not be completely hopeless or wretched. There is, at least, one promising, one redeeming feature in it, which is still left, and which augurs well for the hopes of mankind. Now where, from whence, on earth (we ask), would the infinitely wise and gracious Father of His people be so likely to select the subjects of His distinguishing and saving benignity and love, as from out of these favored, blessed circles, and from among the *young* of these little nurseries of the Church of Christ, these consecrated and praying households? To us it seems that here, of all other spots on earth, we should look for those peculiar "fruits of the Spirit," which are by Jesus Christ, unto the praise and glory of God, and which are foreshadowing types and earnests of a higher and more perfect state beyond.

4. *So, when we look at the nature and tendencies of the youthful mind itself, as compared with the same mind in the later stages of life, we seem to be led, almost unavoidably, to*

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the same conclusions. It is *early* piety, if any, that we are thus led to look for. And it is piety in the children of *Christian* parents, who have been dedicated to God in their early years, that we are thus led to look for, if we look for it anywhere. For then, at that early period, their minds are more tender. Then the Spirit of God is wont to strive more efficaciously with them. Then the better and more promising kinds of moral influence, in the instructions of parents and other teachers, are around them, as at no other and later period of life. Then, pre-eminently, the sweet, gentle, restraining, and rectifying influences of *home*, and of the dear names of *father*, *mother*, *brother*, *sister*, are stealing, through a thousand as yet unsealed and open avenues, into their hearts. They may, indeed, even in these circumstances, resist, and turn away from, these happy influences, and be lost. But if so—if all these favoring circumstances and happy influences *do* fail to bring them to Christ—how will it be likely to be with them in *after* life, when, instead of the comparative ingenuousness of childhood and youth, there have come upon them the comparative obtuseness of moral feeling, and the greater absorption in the world, which after years will superinduce upon their minds, and by means of which their consciences will become beclouded and benumbed. That sweet, confiding, pleasant child, now under the parental roof, now bowing in prayer, freely and unconstrainedly, before the family altar, in willing, unreluctant acquiescence in the parents' will—oh, how soon, we are pained to think, may be putting off its present gentleness and docility of temper, and be putting on, under a far different set of influences, which will, by-and-by, come upon it, a dislike of religious truth, and a callousness of spirit toward divine things, which will form a most mournful change in its condition, and a most ominous foreshadowing of its future destiny! When we think of children that have grown up and got away from all the kindly restraints of home, without religion to guide and shield them in the dark and doubtful future of their way, we confess to a deep feeling of sadness and sorrow for them. For, in such a case, what gloomy perils and pitfalls (as these *now* appear to *us* while writing) will lie before them, and will more and more as they go forward in life, thicken along their path.

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5. *So, in like manner, when we consider the nature of the change needed by all men, young or old, to fit them for true and solid happiness, and especially as the nature of that change is indicated to us by the Seal of the Covenant which God has been pleased to institute in Baptism, we see further evidence that it is from the young chiefly, and from the young in Christian families, that our principal hopes must spring.* On what minds would a *cleansing, purifying* influence seem so likely to be wrought, as on young and comparatively uncontaminated minds, in the bosom of pious families, and before the corrupting influences of a wider contact with this wicked world have come to be gathered around them. There *are* stains of pollution upon men's characters which it is extremely difficult to wash away. There is a spiritual cleansing, in the soul, sometimes called for, which, in all ordinary circumstances, is not at all to be looked for. The *young*, in the bosom of *pious* families, have not, usually, reached that dreadful peculiarity of condition. But on this point we have, at present, no time to dwell. Nor is this necessary. For, from the very nature of a change of heart, as intimated by the symbol of the application of *water* to the person, every one can see, that they who are in the morning of life, and the children of believing, praying parents, are far the most hopeful subjects of such a change.

One thing more. We must not forget to mention, in this connection, the conduct and teaching of the Saviour on this very subject. How full of meaning that conduct! How beautifully instructive that teaching! What wisdom, what goodness, what condescension are here exhibited! The evangelist Luke thus records the incident referred to (xviii. 15–17): "And they brought unto Him infants that He would touch them (lay His hands upon them and bless them); but when His disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."

And now, in conclusion, one word to Christian parents who have no evidence, as yet, that their children are converted. Are your children still living? Do not despair of their con-

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version, though the prospect may seem dark to you. Hope on. Pray on. Never give them up while life lasts. The Covenant stands firm. Do not doubt it. Let faith and patience have their perfect work in you. Happier days, we trust, are yet before you. God is only trying you for a while, and in a point, too, where, probably, you most of all need it. Soon you may hear Him say to you, as to one of old, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Or, is your child dead? and did he leave no decisive evidence, in his previous life, that he was prepared to die? Still, if you had given him up to God, and sought, with supreme desire, the blessings of the Covenant for him, then do not distress yourself needlessly about him. God may have changed his heart in his last moments, and when there was no opportunity for evidence of that fact to be given you. In such a case, hope in the general tenor of God's gracious Covenant, and do not let distrust plunge you into needless and useless trouble and sorrow.

"Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in accents of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.
While, cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A Heavenly Parent nigh."

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR IRRELIGIOUS HOUSEHOLDS?

BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

THE streets of our great cities present few more affecting sights than the groups of children who seem to be free from all parental discipline. If these forlorn creatures have any parents living, they obviously receive from them none of the care which religion enjoins on persons sustaining this relation. Many of these youth are men and women in precocious knowledge of good and evil; many of them already support themselves, and some

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of them, by an unnatural inversion, support their idle, vicious, and exacting parents. The evil has attained such a head, as already to have caught the eye of municipal authority, and the public waits to see what manner of check the wisdom of civic legislation will impose on an abuse which threatens unexampled disorder in coming years.

But Christian piety and love can not postpone action till the sluggish mass is alarmed into motion. The hand of law, however weighty and imperative, comes often too late. It seeks punishment, or redress, rather than prevention, and strikes only when the evil begins to be intolerable. Before this point is reached, a thousand households may be demoralized, and myriads of souls irretrievably betrayed. Mightier than all arrangements of police is the quiet moulding touch of fireside influence. See its power in the Christian families which we love, and imagine such families multiplied a thousand fold. You will thus gain a glimpse of what might be accomplished for the salvation of the rising race. It is this consideration which gives us our interest in the baptismal covenant, the household catechising, the daily worship and the Scripture reading, the Sunday School, the Bible Class, the sermon to children, and the manifold varieties of method by which the Gospel turns the hearts of the children to the fathers. Only let these influences be so accelerated, deepened, and widened, as to reach whole societies, and we have hope for the future. Every sight of a wanderer in the streets should lead us to the prayer, "So might it be!"

Christian parents need the stimulus of these sights, and derive profit from the most painful examples of early error and incipient profligacy. Going home from these, they clasp their little ones to their arms with new affection, and kneel among them with livelier thanks, and stretch their intercession far beyond them with warmer prayers for the numberless households who lie near to ruin. Christian mothers, especially, with the characteristic compassion and activity of their sex, will feel themselves irresistibly impelled to bestow their share of effort toward the removal of so great a curse from our land. Here is just the point where family religion, strictly so called, connects itself with beneficent action in behalf of domestic ignorance, misery, and wickedness.

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Every effort at home does good abroad—just as cleansing and ventilation in a single house remove a definite portion of unhealthful agency from the grand amount. No Christian family can live in the worst community, without contributing toward its benefit. No parent offers a prayer, reads a chapter, instructs a child, or enforces a right principle, within his own walls, without at the same time radiating some light and heat beyond those precincts. And the aggregate of this influence is increased by the action and reaction between one religious circle and another, and by the magical power of combination among good people. But all this, incalculably precious as it is, falls far short of the impression which Christian parents and Christian families, as such, are permitted to make on the ungodly world around them. We are not to eat our morsel alone, nor to seal up the fountain whose very nature it is to carry bubbling refreshment and limpid purity to many a door besides our own. If God has blessed us with privileges which we prize beyond gold, rubies, and all the heritages of the earth, and has caused the rays of His life-giving countenance to fall on the clustering domestic vine, and the olive branches around our table, we should derive from every one of these mercies an unanswerable reason for seeking to draw down like favors on the dark places which hitherto are but so many habitations of cruelty. And it is not to be doubted for a moment, that, to change the whole face of domestic life, in city and country, nothing would be more operative than a mighty putting forth of plain, humble, every-day effort, from the existing centers of household piety.

It is a delicate task to prescribe what particular acts should be performed by Christian householders, in order to reform their erring neighbors. To lay down a rule in set phrase would be impossible. Place and circumstances would modify any specific recommendation. Over-hasty and pragmatical zeal, officious rebuke, inquisitorial meddling, and pompous association do not belong to Christian beneficence, which proceeds from the meek and quiet spirit. There are limits both to human responsibility and to judicious intervention. We live in a world where it is unwise to pounce upon every mote in our neighbor's eye, and upbraid every man's servant, and where we must sometimes behold in silent grief the evils that we can not amend. But,

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nevertheless, we are not exempt from obligation, even toward the profane, unthrifty, and ignorant parent, next door, or in the next street, who leaves his children in the paths of the destroyer. No one of us liveth for himself. No one of us may say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Love will find out a way. Patient, prayerful, benignant piety will, sooner or later, alight on ways and means of dropping some gospel-favor at the door even of the ill-natured or obdurate. The great thing is to have the intention; Providence will give the instrumentality. Bereavement, poverty, any sort of affliction may open to you the door that has been long barred. Kind looks, salutations, and offices will, perhaps, thaw away the icy obstructions. Your voice may be heard in prayer among those who never prayed before, but who send for you, or allow your approach, in the time of their distress. A visit to the diseased, or an alms to the poor, may prove your passport to spiritual labors. Thus it is that, throughout the field of Christian exertion, mercy to the body enlarges into mercy to the soul. The great deficiency is not in means to benefit irreligious families, but in the mind and will to do so. Probably few of us have sufficiently held up before our minds this precise way of honoring our Master, as a duty daily impending over us. A selfish hue has sicklied over the complexion of our household piety. We have forgotten those unregenerate ones without, while enjoying our own mercies, and have wrapped ourselves up in the comforts of our own spiritual privilege. This may be carried so far as to be almost a saying to the children of vice, "Go, serve other gods!" This, if carried out with full consistency, is incompatible with the existence of piety in the soul. And, so far as this exclusion of our neighbor from our thoughts and cares prevails, we have cause for fear and room for reformation.

Human society may be contemplated in various aspects; and among these, we may regard it as a collection of many families. When we arrive at the family, we arrive at a most sacred institution of God, second only to the Church. Indeed, a family may be a church, as, in a sense, the whole church is a family (Eph. iii. 15); and there have been two occasions since the fall, when the whole church was shut up in a single household. As things now are, in Christian lands, family acts on family, and,

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from this multiplied and mutual influence, going on every moment, vast results of good and evil take place. The question is, how Christian families, or Christian parents who direct them, may convey the largest blessing to those parents and those families who are still in a lower degree of religious organization. Let us restrict the influence to one point: How may we, who call ourselves Christian parents, do the most to insure the godly rearing of children in the houses within our reach?

The great means for bettering the condition of ignorant, vicious, or undisciplined families, are instruction, example, and prayer. Instruction should have regard to this all-important point—*the right training of the children.* It may be conveyed in various ways: by the gift of the Scriptures; by reading and explaining the sacred lessons; by books, and tracts, and religious journals; by leading to teachers, to Sunday Schools, and to the house of God; by social meetings for this express purpose; by visits, and by occasional conversations. How plain and obvious are these means! How much neglected! Yet, how mighty! They should be abundant, frequent, persevering, patient, gentle, affectionate, discreet, and courteous. If possible, they should be methodical and concerted—in a given district, canton, ward, or street. How does the reader know but that her humble, loving endeavors may teach a dozen parents how to reform their households?

Example in bringing up our children is a potent religious engine. The subject is solemn, because we are all guilty before God. Yet we have ourselves felt the force of good domestic example. We have come home from a friend's house, admiring his holy art in commanding his household. (Gen. xviii. 19.) We have joined in the family worship next door, and learned lessons which never occurred to us in years. We have found a pious parent reminding the little ones of their baptismal obligations and privileges, and have been prompted to do the like with our own. We have seen, in some retired dwelling, how possible it is to keep up the ancient Protestant custom of catechising on Saturday or Sunday evening. Such examples have sunk more deeply into us than lectures and sermons. Shall not our example be such as to have similar effects on others? Shall we not, by opening our doors, make this example accessible to

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those whose opportunities have been less than ours? Shall we not direct the eyes of such to better example than our own? We are prone to begin too far from the center. Let us begin at home. "Keepers at home" exert a benignant influence which often surpasses that of the most bustling itinerancy.

Prayer, for innumerable families who have no domestic means of grace, is a silent agency, but one which scarcely knows a limit. Pious mothers understand its efficacy. Their hearts go forth to the children of ignorance and sin, whose orphanage is often worse, in respect to spirituals, than if they were fatherless and motherless. You may meet in the judgment those whom you then see for the first time, but who will, under God, owe their eternal safety and bliss to your secret intercessions. Joint supplications for houses where there is no fear of God, may bring into them a Christian reformation. This is a way of reaching hearts that are bolted and barricaded against your most affectionate importunities. Yet prayer is the accompaniment of effort, and not its substitute. True prayer and true effort spring from the very same root, even that love which wisheth no ill to its neighbor. Remembrance of these prayerless and godless houses in our daily worship, might be more common and instant than it is. May we not stir up one another to this neglected duty?

Selected.

PARENTAL FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

About eighteen hundred years ago, the angelic observers of Divine Providence might have beheld, at Lystra, in Lycaonia, a little group often gathered around the unrolled parchments of the Holy Scriptures. A lad, scarce weaned from his mother's arms, is leaning upon her knee, and, as he spells out the Holy Word, turns, from time to time, to look up into her face and hear the explanations which render it intelligible. With earnest affection she regards her child, and strives to find words and illustrations adapted to his infant mind. Nor is she alone in her happy, though anxious duty. Seated by her side is that

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faithful parent by whom her infancy had been hallowed unto God. Age has softened but not dimmed the luster of her eye, and time has but deepened upon her brow the impress of benevolence, as she beholds her maternal care renewed in her pious daughter and her gentle boy. She too watches the progress of the lesson, and shares the mother's task. The little one reads of Abel's sacrificed lamb, and the rescued Isaac, when God provided His own burnt offering, and then pauses to hear of *Him*, the promised, who comes to find the ransom for Abraham's seed. Again, he reads of Salem's former splendor, now the prey of the Gentile spoiler; but he reads also of the virgin-born, the IMMANUEL, who comes, the Shiloh from among the descendants of Judah, to rebuild her ruins and bid her dust arise, when God, who dwelt between the cherubim, shall again dwell among His people, and "the throne of David be established forever."

The lesson ended, the lispings of the child, the rich voice of woman, and the tremulous accents of age, blend together in one of the songs of Zion. For a while, they dwell in plaintive strain upon the fallen glories and the moral decay of the chosen nation; and now they swell into lofty praise, as they anticipate the coming triumph: "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion! Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, thou holy city! for henceforth there shall no more come unto thee the uncircumcised and unclean."

Nor is the pious duty ended. Together they kneel, looking toward the holy temple, and the child responds to the mother's prayer. The shadows of the night have gathered around them while they worship. The child is laid upon his pillow; and, as he sinks to peaceful slumber, the mother and the grandmother invoke the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, to bless the son of their seed.

Happy mother! Happy woman! Happy child! Let others flaunt in gorgeous apparel at the public spectacle. Let others smooth with down the couch of the infant hero, or flatter into imperial tyranny his youthful pride. The angels of God watch that lowly bed. The God of Jacob pours out His blessing upon that infant heart. Obscure and unknown among the proud ones of the earth, they are the objects of Heaven's observance, and Jehovah's care.

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Years have rolled away. There is an unusual movement among the people of Lystra. The streets resound with the cry, "The gods have come down unto us in the likeness of men." They prepare the garlanded victims for the sacrifice. They surround, with acclamations, two strangers, who regard their homage with horror. One of them—humble in stature, but of noble countenance—answers their cry: "Sirs, why do ye these things? We are men of like passions with yourselves, and preach unto you, that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God." Among the astonished crowd is that infant son, now grown to early manhood. With breathless interest he listens to the message of St. Paul. He hears the announcement that the Messiah promised to his fathers hath appeared; that the Lamb of God, the reality of Abel's sacrifice and Levi's types, hath been slain; that the IMMANUEL, the Virgin-Born, hath dwelt among his people. His heart, cultivated by his mother's piety, received the word with joy. The Holy Ghost descends upon his soul. He returns gladly to his home, and *his mother Eunice*, and *his grandmother Lois*, rejoiced in the faith of Christ with their son Timothy, whom "from a child they had taught the Holy Scriptures."

Thus prepared for the blessed work, Timothy could be no ordinary Christian. He joins himself to St. Paul. He becomes his own son in the faith, and the love of the Gospel. He kindles with a zeal imitative of his master. Thousands of souls hear the Gospel gladly from his lips; they, in their turn, tell to thousands more the glad tidings of salvation; and the circling influence of him who first stirred the waters, enlarges from generation to generation, until they break upon the shores of far eternity.

Who can estimate the number of souls that now rejoice, and that will rejoice in heaven, through the influence of that young apostle, who finished his course in martyrdom amid the mob at Ephesus. How brightly does he shine amid that starry host "who have turned many to righteousness!"

But will no reward, through grace, be found for those holy women who trained him from his infancy to the work? Have his mother Eunice and his grandmother Lois no share in the trophies of his apostleship? Oh! who will say that woman

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hath no sphere of glorious achievement in the estimation of God, though the eye of public favor reach her not, in the recesses of domestic duty? How will the blood-stained Semiramis, the wanton Cleopatra, Russia's flagitious Catharine, or England's haughty Elizabeth compare with Eunice and Lois, the mother and grandmother of Timothy the apostle? Eternity will roll on, "pouring shame and everlasting contempt" upon those who sought the favor of men rather than that of God; but eternity, as it rolls, will develop fresh glory to Christ from the souls of the redeemed brought to the cross through their faithful instrumentality. G. W. B.

Original.

CHARACTER AND CRIME.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

THERE is a fearful want of care in the formation of character. Character can be properly formed only under the influence of divine truth; and if one of its forming principles and influences be the denial and rejection, or perversion, of divine truth, who shall answer for the consequences, even in this world? Suppose a man brought up under a systematic reliance on his own strength, a systematic denial of human depravity, a systematic disbelief of the necessity of regeneration by divine grace, and a systematic rejection of the truth of eternal punishment for sin under God's government, what security is there for such a man against his own passions? what security for the community, under circumstances of temptation, promising concealment, and overmastering the ordinary safeguards in reference to human property or life?

A man whose very habits of opinion and belief, in disregard of the warnings in the Word of God, have educated him in a light and favorable estimate of human character—in an underestimate of sin, and a total denial of its eternal consequences—in an ignorance and disregard of his own danger, and an over-

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estimate of his own strength—is the very man who is likely to fall. That system of education is an education for crime, when the passions have been developed and temptation comes. There is nothing there, either from within or from above, to help or save the man. The things that, had they been provided within, might have held him, he has never laid up in store; and the things from above, he either does not dream of seeking, or absolutely denies their existence, so that they have no power over him. There is no cable to moor him, no anchor to hold him.

Character is long in forming, and its dangerous tendencies are long increasing, and long in coming out. It takes time and circumstance, first to form, and then to develop character; and according to its formation will be its development. Suppose that there be no preparation against critical conjunctures, no guards built up against foreseen dangers, no care of evil passion or opinion forming, and no provision against it, or check for it, when formed; or suppose that materials are put in, and habits indulged, which, when the crisis comes, will not only be insufficient to carry the man through it, but will precipitate him upon the rocks—will draw down the inevitable catastrophe of ruin, then the ruin must come, and the evil is his own; and whatever be the circumstances, it is not to them that he owes his fall, but to himself and to those who have sent him. Sometimes it is the parents themselves that have thus equipped their child for destruction; it is they who, perceiving the early developments of passion, have not done what they could to check them—the early influence of error, have not done what they could to correct it. It is they who have fostered, perhaps by their own example, a neglect of religious culture, a contempt of restraint, a habit of self-indulgence, a predominance and power of self-will, a habit of expensive living, and a supreme regard, not to what is right, but to what is glittering and fashionable. And if the child be the father of the man in such a case, both the child and the man are the work of the parents; and as he has been trained up in the way in which he should *not* go, so, when he is old, he will not depart from it, and they, as well as he, are responsible.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." What an awfully solemn illustration of this danger in that

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dread crime of murder, the trial for which has so recently been concluded in Massachusetts, and the result of which is so tremendous a development of character and consequences! The whole crime is to be traced to the radical want of principle in the murderer, the want of moral integrity and religious principle. There might have been every thing else of provocation, difficulty, entanglement, perplexity, debt, and temptation with which the great tempter, the god of this world, ever surrounds his victims—and all with which, in this case, the murderer had surrounded himself—and still, if there had been that one element of character and discipline, religious truth and principle, that murder would not have been committed. A conjuncture came upon the man, induced by previous habits of carelessness and self-indulgence, for which none of the elements of discipline or of character so far formed and predominant had prepared him; a conjuncture through which the least degree of religious principle would have carried him safe, but, without that, every thing else failed. The pursuits of science, a cultivated mind, a refined taste, a high position in society, the responsibilities of the happiness of an affectionate, dependent family, the guards and penalties of human law, all failed to keep him, for he had no religious principle; and every thing else, when it comes to the trial, may be worthless without that. He had never formed the habit of self-denial, or self-restraint, and he had been, through carelessness and self-indulgence, living beyond his income.

We deem it of great importance to call every man's attention, by the fearfulness of this murder, to these two great lessons: first, your entire insecurity, whatever may be the guards that seem strong around you, without religious principle; and, second, the misery, danger, and guilt of living beyond your income. You may be ready to say, with Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this?" And yet, whatever your reasons for security may seem to be, however strong and various, let but Satan desire to have you that he may sift you as wheat—let him come upon you in a coil of temptation, as he has done upon every murderer, from Cain downward—or let him throw the *lasso* of a sudden temptation around you—and, unless you are fortified by religious principle, unless you have

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the grace of God to keep you, you will fall; the tempter will have you under his feet. And even *with* religious principle, unless you watch and hold on to Christ, there is no telling what sudden advantage and mastery Apollyon may get over you. He may get you down in the struggle, you may feel his hot breath in your face, his very knee may seem to be upon your breast, and the last flaming dart about to descend for your perdition; and then, if Christ were not at hand, what would become of you? God of mercy! who dare boast in the midst of such danger? How many such passages may there have been in your life, O careless soul, unknown to you, when you have come off safe, only because an unseen Saviour shielded you, but if it had not been for him, you had gone down fatally and forever!

It was such a time with Peter, when the great adversary of God and man made that last flaming assault upon him, and he was warned of it, and yet fell. Our blessed Lord tells us why, and why only, he did not fall irrecoverably, never to rise again: simply, because Christ had prayed for him, and was with him. Do you think, when Peter heard of Judas betraying Christ and then hanging himself, that he thought only of Judas's guilt? Did he not cry out, from his inmost soul, O Lord, my gracious God and Saviour, except thou hadst been with me, I had been with Judas. My suffering Redeemer, thou didst pray for me, and now I look upon the murderer and say, But for the grace of Christ, there hangs Peter!

So in regard to every one of us, who hath made us to differ from the condemned in yonder prison? Are we any better by nature than he? There have been times in the life of every murderer, from Cain to this hour, in which, to the predictions of such a crime, there would have been the very answer of Hazael, from a bosom glowing with shame and indignation at the very supposition of such a crime. The approximation to such guilt has almost always been gradual; there has been a previous yielding to temptation—smaller departures from rectitude—smaller steps of guilt—and a hardening and preparation of conscience and the heart, sometimes quite imperceptible. A tree rots in the forest gradually, from the heart outward; still it looks strong and sound; by-and-by, some day, the woodman passes, and, at a single blow, all that sustains the tree is sev-

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ered, and it falls. Then men look on and say, What a rotten thing! Who would have thought it possible? There is no safety, but in religious principle; no security, but by the grace of Christ in the soul, and the prayer of Christ resounding for you before the throne of the Eternal. If Christ prays for you, you are safe, and not otherwise. If you go to Christ, and trust in Him, then He does pray for you, and will bring you off conqueror. And though you will have to say, when made to know your own heart—to see your own life in all its relations and influences, as God sees it—to every indictment brought against you, on the first count, and the second, and the third, Guilty, guilty, guilty! yet, in Christ's blood you shall be justified, and, by the power of Christ's grace, so renewed and sanctified, as to be presented faultless before the throne of God. But if you are out of Christ, the vilest murderer may be as good as you.

Original.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION A CONDITION OF THE SUCCESSFUL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Without strong conjugal affection on the part of parents, there can not be that cordial co-operation in the education of their offspring—one of the most important of the trusts and duties of wedded life, which is essential to success. This want of cordial co-operation may not be distinctly *seen* by the children; but, what is scarcely better, it will be *felt* by them, and will produce an unhappy effect upon their dispositions. If there is, as sometimes happens, undisguised dissonance, this will be both seen and felt; and all the charms of home, all its genial influences, will be wanting. For the children of such parents there is no true home, and there are no loving impulses pressing them toward the paths of virtue and of peace. And even when there is only a coldness and formality subsisting between the husband and the wife, this is sufficient to render the atmosphere of home too cold and frosty for the growth of childlike virtues.

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It can not be too deeply realized, that a happy home in childhood is as needful for the growth of lovely and sweet dispositions, as the genial warmth of spring to the development of the budding beauty that then adorns the earth. But conjugal affection is the first element of family happiness. Without it, children may not know where the difficulty lies, but they will feel that the little world of home does not move on harmoniously; they will be deprived of that home felicity which is their rightful inheritance, and necessary to the development and growth of some of the best dispositions of the heart. Besides, as age advances, they will learn by degrees that their parents do not love each other; and, with this knowledge, there will be likely to come the partisan feeling which, instead of honoring both their father and their mother, will love the one and hate the other, or else cleave to the one and despise the other. Another most pernicious consequence is apt to follow from this want of affection. It interweaves with the earliest associations of children that doctrine of devils and of immortal ruin, that connubial happiness is the dream of poetry, or of youthful love, never to be realized in actual life—a dream from which those who dream it will wake, if they are ever married, and find it but a dream. Beautiful and important, in every point of view—whether we regard the happiness of the domestic circle, or the virtues which should there bud, and blossom, and ripen into fruit—is the divine direction, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved His Church; and let the wife see that she reverence her husband:" yes, let her see that she *reverence* him; for, if she do this, her woman's heart can not fail to love him.

W. W.

Books, at the time of the discovery of printing, are estimated by Gibbon to have been one hundred times more valuable than at the present day. In Paris, a Bible sold for five hundred dollars, and required the wages of a common laborer for three years to pay for it—a sum at least one thousand times greater than the present price.

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Original.

THE ELDER SISTER.

THE May number of this magazine contains an article entitled "Thoughts on Education," which suggests that a girl of a peculiar temperament should be intrusted with the care of a younger child.

On reading that piece to a friend, and expressing my approbation of the plan, she objected to it, on the ground that it was hardly practical. This remark led me to reflect upon the subject; and the more I thought about it, the more I was persuaded of its practicability and importance.

It is really surprising to find how much influence one child often exerts in moulding the characters and controlling the destinies of a whole family. As proof of this, I venture to commend to the notice of mothers my own happy experience in having had an "elder sister," who was, through a long course of years, my presiding genius. I think I may say with confidence, that what I am in life, and what I may hope yet to accomplish for the good of others, will be more owing to her beautiful example, and her all-pervading influence, than to any other human instrumentality.

My mother had six children when her eldest was but eight years of age, and, not being very robust, required all the aid and tender sympathy which the husband and father of such a family could render; and for the fidelity and kindness which he ever evinced toward our mother, several of his children still live to cherish and revere his memory. Such devotion on the part of the father naturally inspired the elder daughter and sister with the same spirit, in aiding the mother in her care of the little group, whose wants were not only numerous, but never ceasing. At a very early age did this elder sister begin her labor of love, by rocking the cradle, dressing and undressing the little ones, alluring them to bed at a seasonable hour, diverting them by some ingenious play or amusing story, or cutting paper into fantastic figures and pasting them upon the wall, or by some other pleasing device, that our mother might

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have quiet, rest, and sleep. I have often heard my mother say, but for the care and kindness of her eldest daughter, it often appeared to her that she could never have struggled through the daily toils and perplexing cares of training so many little ones at once. It is indeed difficult even for a mother rightly to estimate the blessing of having such a daughter, ready to share with her the duties and responsibilities of administering to the bodily and mental wants of so many little children; and, more than this, the influence of such a beautiful example is above all price. I must think, if there is any one being upon whom God looks with favor and delight, it is upon such a useful and consistent child.

As my sister grew older, she was not only intrusted with the labor of teaching the children to read, and preparing their lessons, but she cut out and made most of their garments. She had, too, considerable care of household affairs, especially in overseeing and directing the housemaid. It was under her supervision that her younger sisters swept and dusted the house. As many hands make light work, the washing and baking in turn, and the daily preparations for dinner, were usually dispatched by them each morning by ten o'clock, and then came our allotted labors for the rest of the day, which were of a lighter kind.

It was customary in those days to "handle the distaff." She not only set each of us our respective tasks in spinning, but she would always accomplish her own self-appointed larger share, quickly and skillfully. She usually had, at such times, some book of poetry spread open before her, and she not only beguiled the hours of each day by committing large portions to memory, but in this way treasured up much useful knowledge for future use.

When night came, our father usually read to us while we were busy in knitting and sewing. These were happy, golden days to this loving, thriving family. Never have I seen a husband and wife more truly blessed and happy in each other, and never have I witnessed brothers and sisters more sincerely devoted to each other's best interests.

The seeds of so rich a harvest were manifestly sown in the nursery. I have often ascribed this prosperity to the fact that

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there never was any inglorious strife between our parents as to who should bear rule in the family. The truth was, that my parents had so much affection for each other, so much native good sense, such a perfect apprehension as to what pertained to each other's province, that they seemed as it were instinctively to understand and act upon the injunction, "In honor preferring one another."

It must, indeed, be obvious to every one who reads the Bible, that the husband is constituted by God the head and priest of the house. And hence the importance of his excelling in every thing that is noble and magnanimous. In families where this is the fact, there is little fear but that the wife will follow the good examples of her lord, in the sense in which Sarah called Abraham lord. Instead, therefore, of strife and contention, which tend to disunion, love was the golden chain which bound in holy communion those wedded hearts, and every day there seemed to be very many opportunities to show how truly they delighted to increase each other's happiness and usefulness.

It is easy to suppose that the eldest daughter of such devoted parents would readily subject herself to trials and privations for the general good of the household. Owing to her lovely disposition and her uncommon discretion, she had but few trials in comparison with others who maintain such a post of responsibility and still pursue a contrary course. I remember but one instance when my sister's rightful authority was ever questioned by any member of the family. I have to confess that that melancholy instance must be recorded against myself.

My sister told me, one day, to do something which I considered menial; nothing, however, but what I had cheerfully done each day before. I can not account for my wicked burst of feeling, and my cruel, scornful words on that occasion, except that it was at the instigation of the wicked one. I felt at once most awfully condemned. She did not upbraid me, nor did she threaten to tell our mother. She looked exceedingly surprised and grieved, but this was all the notice she took of my conduct at the time, and never after did she allude to the fact. I have never forgiven myself for the deep shade of sadness that I caused to pass over her radiant and beautiful countenance.

I was the more convicted of my cruelty and ingratitude to

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her, as I had secretly held in grateful remembrance her discreet and lovely conduct on one occasion, years before, when I was a very little child. I had crept softly, at twilight, into the spare chamber, a kind of sacred place, and was kneeling by the bedside in the act of prayer, though I hardly knew how to order my speech aright. My sister suddenly opened the door, and I involuntarily arose from my knees, as if ashamed to be found in that posture, and thus engaged. Without saying a word, she advanced toward me, threw her loving arms around my neck, and imprinted a kiss of approbation on my cheek, and left me! This tacit approval of my conduct had, probably, more weight in attracting me to the place of prayer, than volumes would have had, administered under less favorable circumstances.

I have said that my sister's delegated authority in the family was seldom questioned by any of the younger children. Why should it have been? for she never, it is believed, gave occasion, even for once, for this. Never do I recollect to have heard her make any appeal to any of us, to induce us to do what she desired; nor do I recollect her ever reminding us that she was the elder sister, and that, therefore, she was expected to exercise any dominion over us, or that she could claim, on that ground, superior rights or privileges. And never did she feel constrained, in any case, to appeal to our mother to cause us to regard what she said. On the contrary, the fact was, that she did more than her part in self-denial, and in aiding our mother; and what she did for the general good, was done so seasonably, so cheerfully, and with such hearty good-will, that we could never question the purity of her motives.

Let it not be supposed, for a moment, that at any time my sister could be viewed in the light of a "domestic drudge." She had a mind eminently fitted to enjoy deep research after truth, on all important subjects. I often marvel, at this distant period of time, when I reflect how much had to be done in our large family, and how thoroughly every thing was done, that my sister found so much leisure to devote to reading and study. It certainly was not by neglecting more important duties.

Our library was, indeed, but small; but it contained some of the most valuable productions of the age—Addison's "Spectator," Hannah Moore's works, Milton's "Paradise Lost,"

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Young's "Night Thoughts," Shakspeare's, Cowper's, and Goldsmith's poems. Large portions of these and kindred works, owing to her example, were committed to memory, in turn, by all the younger children.

When my sister was about sixteen years of age, my parents sent her from home, that she might pursue her studies without interruption. She was placed in a clergyman's family—a cousin of my mother's. This gentleman had at the time, under his tuition, a class of young men, fitting for college. My sister attended a ladies' school in the village, a mile distant, a part of each day, where she worked for our mother the border of a neat India muslin shawl, which had more than fifty different open-work stitches. It was the admiration of all who saw it. At the same time she studied, evenings and at odd moments, Greek and Latin, so as to keep pace and recite with the class of young men mentioned above. I have heard my father say that her attainments in the languages, and in the higher branches of mathematics, and other studies, were such that she was as well prepared to enter college at the proper age as young men usually are. The fact was, that her physical powers and her mental faculties had been called forth and energized by reciprocally developing and strengthening each other.

What a fatal mistake some parents unintentionally make by supposing that, to give their daughters a finished and useful education, they must devote all their time and attention, even to the age of eighteen or twenty, to the study of books, or listlessly devote a great portion of time to mere accomplishments, which will be of comparatively little use when they become mistresses of families. This is, certainly, an unwarrantable infringement upon the laws of our animal nature, subversive of the end of our being, if not a willful perversion of the great design of the Deity. This, surely, is not the best way to qualify our daughters to fulfill "woman's mission" on earth.

G.

"SPIRITUAL ideas," said a great and good man, "may be *recollected* in old age, but can hardly be *acquired*."

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Original.

THE FATHER'S INFLUENCE.

In former numbers we have endeavored to set forth the power and the sources of the peculiar influence which the *mother* has over her children; but, as we then intimated, the subject would be but incompletely presented unless the *father's* influence is also considered. Nor can we regard this latter topic as inappropriate to the pages of a "Magazine for Mothers," since the eyes of fathers may sometimes glance over the pages of this little monthly, which is designed to discuss whatever may affect the training of the rising generation.

If the influence of the father is less than that of the mother, it is only a very little less than hers. His influence is essential to draw out some faculties of his children—to form in them some dispositions which her character is but partially fitted to develop.

The Bible insists largely on the duties and responsibilities of the father—we think, much more largely than on those of the mother. Of Abraham, God says, "I know him, that he will command his children after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." Here the whole stress of parental responsibility seems to be laid on the father, and the blessings of the Covenant are to descend in consequence of his faithfulness. In the second commandment, the sins of the *fathers* are said to be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation; and their piety, with its consequent happiness, to reappear in their offspring to a thousand generations. The curses that came upon Eli's sons were the fruit of *his* unfaithfulness. The Old Testament closes with these remarkable words: "Behold I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers; lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." It would be inappropriate to these pages to attempt an exposition of this striking passage. It is enough to call attention to the connection which it so forcibly exhibits between *fathers* and

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their children. Nothing could avert from the earth the impending curse of God, but the turning of the heart of the fathers—not the mothers—to their children, so that all paternal duties should be performed; and the heart of the children to the fathers, so that all filial duties should be rendered.

If we pass on to the New Testament, we find no passage in which the mother's duties are specifically inculcated. There, as in the Old Testament, the burden is made to rest on the father. Of the bishop and the deacon it is said, that they must rule their children well; but this duty is not expressly enjoined upon their wives. *Fathers* are to bring their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. These, and similar passages, are significant, and show that, however strong may be the mother's influence, it was not the design of God that the father should throw on her the entire burden of ruling and training their children.

It would be easy to show, by facts, the power of paternal influence for good or for evil—to begin with the patriarchs, and, following the line of history, to mention many distinguished characters who were moulded by their fathers' fidelity for greatness and for usefulness. Let it not be forgotten that, if we owe to their mothers, under God, the character of an Augustine or a Doddridge, we owe also to the influence of their fathers the character of a Fenelon, a Baxter, or a Flavel. But let us contemplate, for a moment, the nature and sources of the father's peculiar influence.

1. He is the appointed *head of the family*. By divine right, he is invested with the government of his household. He may rule by *love*, but it is his right and his duty to RULE; and to him, as the monarch of that little state, must be the last appeal. Hence he appears before his children invested with authority—the divinely-appointed representative of law; and, if he worthily sways the scepter over his little realm, he develops in his children some of the most desirable traits of character. If love is one of the elements of family happiness, order is another; and it is his, in the last appeal, to support order. If the sympathies and affections of children should be developed, so should their spirit of obedience to rightful authority; and it is his to develop that spirit. It is, undoubtedly, desirable to raise the

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mother's authority to the highest degree; and when the father is what he should be, and does what he should do, she stands invested, in the eyes of her children, with a power combining an indirect reverence for the father, who appears only to sustain the maternal rule, with the direct radiance of her own gentle fondness.

2. The father's influence is needful *to form the manly* virtues in the children. The mother, when she is what she should be, cultivates, by the influence of her warm affections, the finer, softer traits of character; but to make the character complete and symmetrical, there is need of some firmer, sterner qualities—some more masculine virtues; and these must, in ordinary cases, be developed under the influence of a worthy father.

3. The father's influence is needful *to cultivate the principle of reverence.* In the honor which a good child renders to good parents, there is usually more of affection for the mother, and of reverence for the father. But, for the growth of symmetrical character, both these sentiments must be cultivated. If either is wanting, character is incomplete; and the father who fails to develop the principle of reverence in his children's minds, is at least as faulty as the mother who fails to call forth their warmer affections.

4. The father's instructions and counsels are invested with *more authority* than those of the mother. His station at the head of the family, the greater strength of character which he should possess, the superior veneration which the children feel for him, give a weight, a commanding power to his words, when they are wisely spoken, which the mother's words can not have. His words may be less frequent—they may appeal less forcibly to the sympathies and the gentler affections; but they reach the soul as certainly and as effectively. If, then, God has determined that the mother's influence shall affect her children, His purpose, also, is no less clear that the father also shall shape their character and destiny.

For the best training of children, there must be the cordial and wise co-operation of both parents. Both should unite the power of example, of counsel, of instruction, of government, of prayer—in a word, of all the influence that belongs to them as parents—to form their children to the best of characters. The

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mother must gain their affections, and the father their reverence; and both must combine the influence of their respective characters and stations to develop, through the grace of God implored by both, all the virtues, and to implant all the holy dispositions, in fair and beautiful proportions. How often is the influence of one parent nullified by the counteracting influence of the other; and how often, too, when the children of such parents are finally restored to virtue, and made heirs of the grace of God, do they, like Augustine, reach that haven of rest only after having been long tossed on the stormy seas of error, of passion, and of sin.

It is true that, in some instances, the influence of a single virtuous parent is sufficient, through grace, to train a child to virtue and to usefulness. The mother or the father, working alone—but more often the mother—may form the most elevated of characters. But in such cases, and especially when there is the counteracting influence of an unwise and ungodly parent, the toil is hard; and there must be unusual wisdom, unusual piety, unusual assiduity, unusual strength of character, unusual prayerfulness on the part of the faithful parent. In such cases, also, there need to be blended with the peculiar virtues which belong to the sex of that parent, some of the best qualities which are appropriate to the other sex. The mother who, without a father's co-operation, trains her children aright, needs some degree of manly virtue and of masculine energy; the father who, without a mother's co-operation, would train his children aright, needs, with the best qualities of manhood, an infusion of womanly tenderness. Even then, the training can hardly be so complete as if both parents were heartily and wisely combining their efforts to do the great work which God requires of every person to whom He gives children.

We can hardly help saying, in conclusion, that the family constitution bears closely marked upon it the stamp of the divine wisdom and goodness. At its entrance into this world, the child meets the instinctive affection of parents ready to contribute, in every way, to its welfare, and it bears in its own bosom a disposition which, if rightly treated, will respond to their affections and submit to their authority. These parents, whose combined influence is to train it to virtue and to happi-

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ness, possess differing traits of character and (if they are what they should be) of excellence fitted to form in the child the various virtues which fill out the complement of human excellence. In that family, ere the children are sent out to meet the storms and the temptations of the world, the loveliest affections, and the loftiest virtues, and the noblest Christian graces are to be cultivated in the genial atmosphere of domestic love, and under the training of those who love the task; and at length, from these nurseries of love and of piety, they are to go forth, with strong, beautiful, symmetrical characters, to act their part in life, and when life is ended, to be reunited in heaven. Such is God's design in the family constitution. It is a design radiant with His own wisdom and love. Wo to the parents who by unfaithfulness, frustrate this design of our heavenly Father! Blessed they who fulfill the part assigned them, and train their children for usefulness and for heaven!

W.

Original.

THE CHILD OF MANY PRAYERS.

Pious mother! where and what is that child of prayer, of promise, and of hope? If his presence no longer lights up your dwelling, if his cheerful smile and kind words no longer gladden your heart, if his steps no longer fall like music on your ear—then well may you be sad! But that sadness will be like the joy of heaven, if you have the assurance that he has gone before you to the home of the ransomed.

But it may be that he was a wanderer. He may have smothered the feelings which maternal love had cultivated in his heart for years; he may have left his home, and sought pleasure in the alluring world; he may have died—died among strangers, with no mother bending over his couch of restlessness—died suddenly, with hardly an hour to make his peace with Him to whom he was early dedicated, and to prepare for eternity. You may have hitherto found no consolation in thinking of his pres-

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ent state, and a painful uncertainty as to his condition may have plunged you into the depths of woe.

Now, far, very far be it from me to whisper peace when there is no peace. Yet remember that you gave him to a covenant-keeping God; that on his behalf you have often, with strong crying and tears, besieged the mercy-seat of a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God; that in his lifetime, when the clouds were thickest around his path, your *faith* sustained you with the hope, it may be assurance, that he would one day be brought to duty and to Christ. Your offering may have been accepted, your prayers may have come up as sweet incense before the throne, your hope may have been but the dim shadow of a blessed reality.

On the bed of suffering, yea, in the dying agony, the wanderer may have turned a supplicating eye to the cross of the Redeemer, he may have wafted a prayer, unheard by mortal ear, to the Lamb that hung thereon: he may have received the gracious answer, thrilling his soul with rapture in the final struggle, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise!"

Dry up thy tears, then, mourning mother, and go forward in thy pilgrimage, expecting, with more or less confidence, to be welcomed to thy mansion above by thine angel child, and placing henceforth more implicit trust in "Him who doeth all things well."

W. A.

Remember that daily duties and dangers, the little unevennesses which may ruffle a temper, the petty anxieties of common life, the exercises of Christian principles in trifles, these are what may be likened to pebbles in the path. But make not light of them, because they are as pebbles. Ask daily grace, as you ask daily bread. Attempt not the least thing in your own strength. And let it assure you of the difficulty of what is little, and of your consequent need in what is little of the might of the Lord, that angels, the highest created agencies, have the office assigned them of bearing up the righteous, "lest at any time they hurt their foot against a stone."—Melville.

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Original.

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'RELIGION is deemed by the worldling a system of rigor and austerity, marking its votaries with melancholy, and supplanting life's genial affections or innocent enjoyments. Those who possess it should be assiduous to rectify this error by their daily example. Let them disregard none of the forms of courtesy and kindness, but cultivate the serene disclosures of a hopeful, patient, loving spirit.

The expediency of this deportment can not be too forcibly impressed upon parents. Let them irradiate their sacred teachings with a holy smile, and mingle even their admonitions with those sweet words that heal as a medicine. Let them demonstrate to their beloved pupils, that none have such a right to be truly and always happy as those who have the "promise, not only of the life that now is, but of that which is to come."

I well remember some who, in my early days, conspicuously united the true dignity and the changeless cheerfulness of piety. Among these, was the Rev. Dr. John Marsh, of Wethersfield, Conn.

I had not the privilege of an acquaintance with this venerable man until the last years of his long life, when his piety had tested the full strength of its root, and was gathering ripeness by a near approach to the Sun that never sets. Even now, I imagine that I see him—his rather short, but perfectly upright person, his fair, white, curled wig, somewhat unique even in those days, his smile of welcome, the kindness of his manner to all, with that fine mixture of dignity which made disrespect impossible. I seem again to listen to his cheering and varied conversation, which made him a favorite with both the refined and serious, for he understood and regarded the delicate proprieties of life, not counting the politeness of a gentleman at variance with the higher duties of a Christian.

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He appeared to me particularly admirable in the evening circle of his children and grandchildren. There, when the period allotted for the studies of the latter had expired, the benignity with which he entered into their sports, or regarded the simple dance after the music of the piano that gave elasticity to their youthful spirits, will be remembered in unison with the sacred precepts of wisdom which he neglected no opportunity to enforce. To promote innocent happiness and enter into the pleasures even of childhood, he did not consider as invading the dignity, or warring with the spirit of his high vocation. The minuter differences of religious opinion never disturbed his philanthropy. He was not inclined either to rebuke with bitterness, or to avoid as foes those who might vary from him in complexion of creed or form of polity. He devoted his energies less to controverted points, than to the charities of the Gospel, not deeming an ascetic spirit the best exponent of its law of love.

His hospitality was beautiful. It was a Christian virtue, a joy in dispensing happiness, and not an ostentation. Aided perfectly in its discharge by the beloved partner of his days—who survived him, and, sustained by the most devoted filial attentions, attained the great age of ninety—their cordial welcome will not readily be forgotten by those who partook it. The fine blending of liberality and elegant taste with a just economy, which pervaded that parsonage, was remarked by every guest. To maintain this accurate balance with the limited salary of a Connecticut clergyman, in a parish not remarkable either for extent or resource, required no common degree of judgment or effort, and must often have involved sacrifices of personal convenience or comfort to the inspired precept, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

It is pleasant and profitable to recall the image of one who ever lived in the sunlight of that cheerfulness which should be a part of Christianity, yet whose attention to the harmonies of domestic and social life did not intrench upon the momentous duties of the pulpit, the study, or the pastor. Perhaps we might be permitted to sum up his character in the words of the Apostle—"A lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful Word."

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Original.

GOD'S REMEMBRANCE OF HIS COVENANT.

A LEAF FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY REV. WILLIAM EDWARD SCHENCK

In the northern part of our ancient burial-ground are two little graves, the size of which betoken that they who sleep therein never saw the meridian of life. The sight of these little graves never fails to awaken many tender and melancholy, yet also many pleasing recollections. Well do I remember when, on two successive weeks, two little coffins were lowered there into the bosom of the earth, while a group of sorrowing friends gathered around and dropped many tears of sympathy with the bereaved but not hopeless family from whose bosom those sleepers had been taken. Reader, let us pause a little while beside those graves, while I tell you soberly and truthfully of the dealings of God with that family for one short summer, and show you in its experience in how mysterious and varied a manner God sometimes remembers His covenant with believing parents and their children.

Several miles from our church, yet among the most regular attendants upon divine worship, resided a large and interesting family. The farm-house in which they dwelt was situated in a delightfully quiet and secluded spot. It was neat, spacious, and shaded by venerable trees, while a wide and pleasant verandah ran around three of its sides. Near it was a fine old orchard of apple trees, and large and fertile fields, in a high state of cultivation, stretched away on every side, while the huge barns, and the numerous cattle, bore witness to the farmer's industry, thrift, and success in his occupation. In the distance you might see an old red grist-mill, with its untiring wheel ever revolving, while the beautiful and shady stream which turned it, having performed this service, wandered gently onward not very far from the house, amid the level and verdant meadows. Beyond the stream, still farther off, you could see a modest and old-

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fashioned village church, upon the brow of a sloping hill, and its large church-yard crowded with mementoes of the dead.

We have said that the family inhabiting this farm-house was large; we may also say that it was an uncommonly amiable, affectionate, and happy one. Mr. Van Pelt and his excellent wife were church-members of many years' standing, and had always adorned their profession by a holy walk and conversation. They were regularly found with their family in the house of God upon the Sabbath day, even in weather which hindered many who lived closer by, and who had much less excuse, from coming. One after another they brought their children to the house of God, and in the presence of the assembly of God's people, dedicated them to God in holy baptism, and took upon themselves the solemn engagement to train them up for God, the seal of whose covenant was then imparted and received in the sacred ordinance. And it is believed that these parents struggled faithfully against the many never-failing temptations to negligence—temptations to which, alas! so many Christian parents yield, to their own after sorrow, and the irreparable damage of their children. The Sabbath was to them a holy, although usually a cheerful and a happy day, as it should ever be. When the day for the catechising of the children of the congregation came around, the children of these parents were regularly there, and were more than once noticed by their pastor as being always prompt and accurate in answering the questions put to them. And there is reason also to believe that at the family altar, in the closet, and in giving Bible instruction in the family, these parents were faithful above the average of Christian parents.

At the commencement of the season to which our narrative relates, the children of this family were seven in number, to whom might almost be added a young lady, a relative, perhaps an orphan, whose friends resided at a distance, and who seemed to hold nearly a child's place in the family. At this time, the oldest of these children, by name Elmira, had just reached the estate of womanhood. The second, Jane, was in her teens, and was growing rapidly. The third, George, was an intelligent and active lad, who had begun to study Latin, in preparation for a college education. The fourth, Antoinette, was a quiet and thoughtful girl of twelve, affectionate, tender-hearted, and gen-

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tle, yet full of intelligence, and often sprightly. The fifth, Imogene, eight years of age, was slender and frail, delicately sensitive, sometimes almost reserved. Of the two younger, as being almost infants, it is unnecessary now to speak.

The fruits of their correct religious education were apparent in every thing except a renewed heart. No young people in the country around maintained a more regular and amiable deportment, or were more free from every thing like vicious and disorderly tendencies. They seemed like the young ruler who came to our Saviour, to lack only one thing; but that was the one thing above all others needful. Year after year had been gliding rapidly away, and this one thing was yet wanting to complete the parents' happiness—the sight of their children receiving Christ by faith, and visibly gathered into the church of God. Prayer after prayer continued to ascend. Precept after precept was set before their minds. There was no scoffing, there was no disdain, when religion was presented to their minds. Yet they continued impenitent. The strong man armed maintained possession of his castle in their hearts. And as they neared the verge of adult years, it seemed almost unavoidable that soon they would be drawn into the vortex of worldliness, and gayety, and forgetfulness of God.

Was God forgetful of the covenant made with those parents when their children were given to Him in baptism? Was that seal broken or made void, which had been imprinted by the limpid element sprinkled on their infant brows? How often does God delay His visible working until parents, in the weakness of their faith, are tempted to make this inquiry.

At the time of which we write, a glorious and extensive revival commenced in the church which this family attended. The Spirit of God descended with something of the Pentecostal power, and many were shaken in soul who had been for long years unmoved. Christians were aroused to prayer and to earnest exertions for the impenitent. The Holy Ghost wrought from house to house, and from heart to heart, and many proud wills were subdued to the love and obedience of Christ. Religious services were held every evening, and were thronged by eager listeners.

Among those who in an early stage of the revival attracted

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the notice of the pastor were some of the children of Mr. Van Pelt. The attendance of the young lady living in his family and of his elder daughter was frequent, and soon became constant. The evidences of the strivings of God's Spirit with them became more and more apparent. At an early day their pastor rode out to the farm-house, and never can be forgot the scene that day witnessed. All around the pleasant country wore the joyous smile and lively garb of spring, but within that dwelling there were sad spirits and broken hearts. The whole family gathered around their pastor in the parlor, and there he talked long and earnestly to them on the value of their immortal souls, on the awfulness of abiding beneath the Almighty's wrath, on the freeness and fullness of the salvation offered in Christ Jesus. He urged them, by every suitable consideration, to repent and at once embrace the offered Saviour. He spoke of the suitableness of the opportunity, and of the solemn danger of grieving God's Spirit. The whole family sat in tears while listening to his words, and with difficulty refrained from audible bursts of feeling. The parents wept with anxiety for their children, and the children wept with solicitude for their own souls. Even the little ones seemed to be deeply affected, and expressed afterward such sentiments as showed that their emotion was not merely sympathetic.

After a number of interviews, their pastor had the satisfaction of hoping that the eldest daughter and the other young lady, referred to already, had found an interest in Christ, and of receiving them into the church upon a most hopeful profession of their faith. This was the beginning of God's fulfillment of the baptismal covenant.

Parents and Christian friends looked anxiously to see the other children following the example of the eldest, and laying hold, by a personal exercise and profession of their faith, on that covenant made for them in their infancy with a gracious God. But God's ways are not our ways. His methods for bringing the children of the covenant into His fold are diverse and often most surprising.

DUTY and blessing go hand in hand.

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Original.

PARENTAL TRAINING.

Among the numerous and minute practical directions with which the apostolic writings abound, there are two cautions addressed to parents, which are well worthy of consideration.

The first is, "And ye fathers, *provoke not* your children to *wrath*, lest they be *discouraged*." Capricious punishment or excessive severity can not but confound the nice distinctions of right and wrong, and blunt the moral sense, so as to dishearten instead of encouraging the youthful mind. The other caution is this: "Children, obey your parents *in the Lord*." There is a limit even to parental authority. It is not omnipotent. A parent has no privilege of interfering with the rights of conscience. Should a thing be commanded which is clearly opposed to the law of God, a prior and paramount obligation to God would justify refusal. All mutual relations and duties are "in the Lord."

But, within proper bounds, parental supervision and filial subordination are of sacred force and of the highest importance. To authority should be added the still greater influence of example. Parents must "train up their children in the way wherein they should go;" but if they would have those children "not depart from it" as they mature, they must go *before them* in the way themselves.

We are told by a pagan poet, that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and by a sacred writer, "he that walketh with the wise shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." To judge men by their associates is an old maxim, and a dictate of common sense; for if we are not first determined in our choice of companions by congeniality of disposition and character, intimate association will soon mould and assimilate us to their opinions and practices. Religious parents should have a careful eye to this in the connections which they seek for their children. If they prefer gay, ambitious, or worldly views for their children, they must not be surprised to find them conforming to all the fashionable vices and follies of the age, speak-

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ing half in the language of Canaan and half in the language of Ashdod.

The prophet compared degenerate Judah to a lioness that brought up her whelps among young lions. "They went up and down among the lions, they became young lions, and learned to catch the prey and to devour." The young princes, early accustomed to associate with the selfish and rapacious, and having their heads filled with notions of prerogative and arbitrary power, soon became masters of all the arts of tyranny, and believed the world created only to gratify their ambition and covetousness.

Selected.

GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs,—
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please,—
O let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,
'A small unkindness is a great offense;'
The mild forbearance of a brother's fault,
Tho angry word suppressed, the taunting thought,
Subduing and subdued, the petty strife
Which clouds the color of domestic life,
The sober comfort, *all the peace which springs*
From the large aggregate of little things,—
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of *home* depend.
There, Sensibility, thou best mayst reign;
Home is thy true, legitimate domain."

Mrs. Coxe has some very good thoughts on the "Government of the Temper," in her letters to her niece, from which we extract the following passages. She says—

"The occasion for the conquest of your temper will be found sometimes so trifling, that you will be almost ashamed to own to yourself that it can excite so powerful a struggle; however un-

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interesting the internal struggle may be to our fellow-men, we may be confidently assured that it is not unknown or unnoticed by the great Searcher of hearts, who has expressly declared that 'he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

"Even on principles of mere worldly policy, it is emphatically our *interest* to learn to command ourselves; for the most prosperous circumstances are no security for happiness to a ruffled and perverse temper.

"You, I doubt not, have, in the course of your experience, found the pleasure of an otherwise delightful excursion entirely marred, or an evening company made quite uncomfortable, by the presence of one unamiable spirit. However great may be the sufferings which these irascible or perverse beings can inflict on their family and friends, I am well convinced, by the observations I have made on such occasions, that the pang which they have it in their power to produce in the hearts of others, is not comparable to the sufferings which they themselves endure; for the unhappy victim of such passions can not escape from herself, but will make a 'hell within,' however fair may be her earthly paradise.

"The devotee of fashion, and she whose ambition is limited in its range to earthly objects, inculcates upon her youthful charge to seek the attainment of refined elegance and polished gentleness of manner, as the graces which will be their best passport to admiration in genteel society.

"But that command over the temper and language which is merely the effect of worldly polish, attractive as it undoubtedly is, may, nevertheless, be but an external decoration thrown around a heart which the fire of unholy passions may be inwardly consuming.

"Some families insensibly acquire such a habit of contradicting one another, that it would almost seem as if they found a pleasure in thus acting. You can not make a morning call, or share a meal with them, that is not imbittered by petty bickering or angry arguments. The brothers are unreasonable and the sisters are impatient, the children are fretful and spoiled, and the mother irritable.

"As we take our leave of the family where discord reigns,

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are we not constrained to acknowledge that if 'temper' is not 'every thing,' it is at least one of the most important of earthly treasures.

"'The woman who, reposing on the laurels of her boasted virtue, allows herself to be a disobliging, a peevish, a gloomy, a discontented companion, defeats one great end of the marriage institution, which is happiness.'*

"In like manner it is incumbent on every daughter, as a positive duty, to study to make home agreeable to her parents and other members of the domestic circle—to smooth down the little cross occurrences that will happen in the best regulated family—to study to cheer and comfort the declining years of her father and mother, and in every way to make them happy, consistently with her duty to God.

"Let every woman, then, my dear E——, whether she be a wife, mother, daughter, or sister, bear in mind the infinite importance of having her temper in subjection to principle; let her not be commended for amiability abroad, and indulge, without compunction, at home in a suspicious, irritable, or perverse temper. Let her not make that meal, which should be the most cheerful of the day, insipid by her conduct. She may have evinced fortitude under great trials; let her not be irritable if she find her coffee ill made or of an improper temperature. Let her not be discomfited by a smoky apartment or a negligent servant. She professes to practice self-command; let not her temper, then, be overcome by the awkwardness of a child in spilling the contents of its cup either on her snowy table-linen or her unsoiled dress. If the roll is badly baked, or the butter is indifferent, how much will the evils be aggravated by what one of the old writers calls the unsavory sauce of ill-humor! The occasions which I have specified for the display of bad tempers in the domestic circle may appear too trivial to enumerate; nevertheless, it is precisely an aggregate of such small sins as most frequently saps the foundation of fireside enjoyments."

I recollect reading an anecdote, some time since, in the journal of one of our popular tourists, which exhibited the disastrous

* Hannah More.

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effects that sometimes ensue from the want of self-government on trifling occasions. As far as I can remember, the story was as follows:

"'The American tourist encountered, while traveling in a diligence in France, an elderly lady, who was a native of the country, and whose amiable and attractive manners, and good-humored endurance of fatigue and inconvenience, excited the commendation of the American. The prepossession was mutual; and, before the travelers separated, the matron threw out sundry hints for the practical guidance of her more youthful associate. Among them was a judicious caution to him against marrying any woman before he had become well acquainted with her domestic virtues. To this end, she advised him never to visit any young lady, as an admirer, at a regular hour on each returning day. The traveler manifested surprise, and inquired what possible evil could result from paying his visits to the object of his admiration at stated seasons.

"'Very great deception as to character,' she replied, 'might probably be the consequence, inasmuch as the young lady, knowing when her lover was expected, would be prepared, in holiday dress and smiles, to welcome him. A friend of mine,' she said, 'had learned a painful lesson by thus regularly making his calls, at a particular hour each evening, on a fair acquaintance. So admirable had she uniformly appeared at these times, and so attractive, that his heart had been taken captive; and the young lady and her family smiling on his suit, it was about to be consummated, when, a very short time previous to that fixed upon for their marriage, having occasion to leave town on business during the afternoon, he called unexpectedly at an early hour of the morning, to bid farewell. The hall door stood open, and he entered unannounced. While he stood just within the threshold, he heard strange and discordant notes issuing from the family sitting-room, which was near at hand. The sound was so unusual that his foot was arrested, and he found himself, undesignedly, a listener in a scene never intended for his ear. It was, alas, the voice of his intended engaged in an angry discussion with her mother about some article of dress, in which the taste of mother and child differed—one impassioned word followed another, until finally the refractory child prevailed, and the

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mother, with flushed face and swimming eyes left, the apartment, and, passing through the hall, disappeared. Shocked and astounded by the alarming discovery which he had made so unexpectedly, the gentleman retreated with a sorrowful heart to his lodgings —a painful and heart-rending struggle ensued, the issue of which may be readily imagined: he wrote a kind and feeling letter to her who had thus deceived him so grossly, relinquishing her hand forever, since he felt assured that one who could not command her temper on such an occasion to her mother, was ill qualified to render him happy as his wife.' "

Original.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

PRESUMING that many of our present readers may be unacquainted with the history and design of maternal associations, we propose to make them the subject of one or two articles. We shall, without apology, repeat much of what we have elsewhere said upon the same subject.

These associations are of comparatively recent origin. The first of the kind was established by our friend, Mrs. Payson, of Portland, Me. The circumstances which gave rise to it we have drawn from her, and are here given in her own words.

"Our institution was formed in 1815. You ask the circumstances which led to its formation. A very dear friend of mine, who died about that time, had often lamented that in our social prayer meetings children were so much neglected. I was privileged to meet with her occasionally, and spend an hour in prayer for our children; but neither of us thought of a *special* meeting for them. After her death, my husband often in our secret prayers appeared earnestly to desire that I might be made useful out of my little family, which then occupied almost all of my time and greatly exhausted my spirits. While holding my dear Caroline in my arms, and thinking of my deceased friend's solicitude for her children, the entire plan of our association presented itself

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to my mind like an agreeable vision, and I took my pencil and sketched down the items and showed them to my husband, who was highly gratified and felt that prayer was answered. *He thought it would be one great instrument in bringing on that glorious period when all shall know the Lord.*"

A maternal association was organized in Utica, N. Y., in 1824, and about the same time in Boston, Mass., and Hartford, Conn. Since 1833, when the "Mothers' Magazine" was first issued, they have become quite numerous in this country, in Europe, and at the missionary stations of the various missionary boards.

The design of these associations is to produce in the minds of mothers a deeper conviction of the importance of their sacred duties; to afford them the benefit of mutual encouragement and advice, especially as it concerns the moral and religious training of children, and to call forth the powerful sympathies of united prayer in pleading for that divine influence upon their efforts, without which nothing can be wise, good, or holy. Here the pious, intelligent, and experienced mother may communicate and extend the benefits now confined to her own family circle; here the young, ignorant, and inexperienced parent may receive much valuable instruction, which will assist her in training her offspring for usefulness, happiness, and immortality; here the weak may come and learn of the wise, and here the wisest be taught to feel their need of better wisdom than their own; here the devoted mother, whose fervent suplications ascend every day to the throne of the Eternal for the salvation of her own precious charge, may call forth the zeal and aid the prayers of those who require to be stimulated to this important duty. So great is her responsibility—so incessant are her cares—so perplexing are her duties—so innumerable the tendencies to discouragement which beset her at every point—every mother needs just such incentives to effort as these associations may bring to bear upon her—just such consolations and encouragements as her associates may suggest to her—just such light as their experience may shed upon her path.

It is *not* the design of these associations to prescribe laws for the adoption of their members, nor to interfere with economical details of domestic life, nor to trench upon the sacred principles

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of individual family arrangements. It is not in any wise to legislate, nor even to dictate to others upon subjects of which they must be the only competent and responsible judges, but simply to accumulate and to diffuse information; to discuss subjects applicable to general duties; to concert plans for promoting a truly valuable and religious education, and above all, to commend each other to the gracious guidance of the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift.

Can not every one, who examines the subject at all, see the possibility of accomplishing great good through these instrumentalities?

Original.

REFLECTIONS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THE worldling, the critic, the cold-hearted, and indifferent can find no pleasure in reading these musings of the soul. But the sad of heart, the mourner, and the afflicted, those who have traveled long in the wilderness, may accompany the writer in her reflections, and mingle their tears with hers, as recollections of the past rush over their minds.

Who, that has been a wanderer upon this green earth for half a century, but has witnessed the diversity of its scenes? climbed life's steep mountains, stood upon their time-beaten tops, and felt the ice-chill of their atmosphere? crept into their fastnesses when sick of heart, and alone lifted up their cries to heaven? Who has not thirsted in the desert of life and found the scattered fountains yielding bitter waters? What bosom but heaves, what eyes but weep, what heart but agonizes, when the recollections of the sunny past, like a cloud, overshadow them—when remembrances of their life's young morn arise, vivid and bright, and in fancy's illumined vision the hours return when they bounded over the dewy landscape, danced to the viol and the song, with light hearts, and free as the birds that caroled

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among the branches; when their spirits unchained reveled in a world without care, when the blessing of beloved parents rested upon them, when the family altar glowed with family love, and incense pure and holy mingled in the morning and evening sacrifice. Who but remembers when new hopes and new joys sprang up in their bosoms? when the communion of hearts was sweet, and the breath of love sent a thrill through the soul and a rapture through the senses? when wedded love sung its syren song in its enchanted palace? An Eden spot never to be forgotten—so green, so beautiful—where the cold world had no entrance, where all the young affections glowed forth, and life received new impulses.

Who but has wept over the early dead? the loved, the idolized? who has not experienced the bitter pang of separation? Who but has felt the sword pierce through their own soul as they gazed upon the brow of beauty, parted the damp hair around the marble face, gazed upon the chiseled features? Who but has agonized over lips that once imparted bliss! lips eloquent with love, lips that blessed, that whispered consolation, and soothed the mind to rest? lips from which the warm aspirations of intense affection stole over them in the weakest, most agonizing, and yet happiest hours of their existence, when a *mother's* love first quickened a new pulse in life? Who has not, amid household cares and household joys, gazed around upon husband and children, and, like Laban of old, exclaimed, "These daughters are my daughters, and these children are my children?" Who has not seen this bright spot fade, as child after child fled from the parent nest to seek a shelter in some western bower, or in a fabled Eldorado? Who has not, after years of fatigue, years of love, years of anxiety and care, *just* as every thing seemed to insure a serener state of existence, beheld the storm-cloud gather, dimming their horizon and shrouding every pleasant thing? anon, seen these clouds disperse and the blessed sun again illumine the green earth, as loved ones gathered around the family altar and poured forth the pure oblation of loving hearts? Who but has seen, in the meridian of their lives, an oasis as green as in their youth's young morn, but not as deceiving? For their hearts, tutored by their wanderings in the wilderness, dare not trust its verdant groves, smiling landscapes,

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murmuring brooks, flowing fountains, and blooming flowers. Too often have they seen their sun eclipsed, these bright scenes obscured, and in the very midst of life have found themselves in the midst of *death!* Who that have, in the last half century, seen their childhood, youth, and meridian pass away, and now feel the infirmities of age cluster upon them, but realize the beautiful and touching words of the Preacher, in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes? How many mourn the departure of beloved ones! How many hearths are desolate! How many harps unstrung! Where are the dear ones? where the birds of song? where the husband and father? where the counselor, the divine, whose voice blessed, whose hands broke the bread of life, who sustained and comforted, upon whom many leaned, and to whom many looked? Passed away like a summer cloud, and are now where the sea of life's wild tumult ceaseth its roarings, and that peace that passeth all understanding takes possession of the soul. Rejoice, then, ye children of sorrow, ye are near the celestial city, where the dim light of the sun, moon, and stars are never needed. A ray from the spirit land will illumine the dark valley. Sounds of a song that never ends will break upon your ear. An arm that ever sustains will be around you, and the same hand that has guided you through life's wilderness, will lead you to the green fields of Paradise.

Original.

AN ANTIDOTE TO INFIDELITY.

Such were my temptations to disbelieve the Bible during the period of youth and early manhood, says Mr. G., that I should doubtless have been a confirmed infidel, but for a comparatively trivial circumstance which occurred when I was between three and four years old. I was so passionately fond of my mother that I could not bear to have her out of my sight for a moment. My conduct in this respect was often a source of trial and mortification to her and to other members of the family. I would

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always vent my bad feelings on such occasions, holding on to her till my hands were unclenched.

She often chid me for it, and sometimes corrected me for so doing. She little thought that the link which bound me so indissolubly to her was a part of that mysterious chain of events which was to rivet me to the throne of the great Eternal.

One morning as my mother left the sitting-room, I rose and followed her, unperceived, to a small room at the head of the stairs, where, I subsequently learned, it was her daily practice to retire. I quietly seated myself close by the door, determined to wait in silence till she should come forth from her seclusion. I soon became very impatient, and I thought I would venture into the room.

I gently opened the door and there I found my precious mother kneeling beside a chair. She had evidently been weeping. I saw upon the seat of the chair quite a large spot moistened by her tears. I was in an agony of grief.

"What makes you cry, mother?" I eagerly inquired.

She replied, "My dear little boy, I have been weeping before God, for my own sins and the sins of my children, and I have been beseeching God to save us from that dreadful world where the wicked must forever abide."

Though I did not fully comprehend her words at the time, yet the whole scene made such an impression upon my mind as to restrain me at all times in after life from doing what I considered wicked. And as I came to be older, I learned that with my mother the sin of unbelief was the sin of sins, and I always endeavored to shun that fatal rock.

Selected.

DO I LOVE MY WIFE?

At my marriage I appealed to God for the sincerity of my affection, and in His presence vowed to live with my wife as a good husband in the Lord.

The word of the Lord is, "Husbands, love your wives, even

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as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it;" "So ought husbands to love their wives as their own bodies;" "Husbands, dwell with your wives as heirs together of the grace of life." Has my love come up to this standard? Do I seek the spiritual good of my wife as earnestly as my own bodily comfort? Do I act as if I believed we were one in the Lord? Do I watch over her spiritual state to quicken her in duty and guard her against sin, and whisper tender encouragement under despondency and temptation? Do I lead the way in cultivating every Christian grace, and cheer her on to make her calling and election sure?

Alas, I have long enjoyed the affections of an amiable and professedly Christian wife, but have done almost nothing that proves a true regard for her best interests. I have cared for her temporal wants; but for all that I have done directly to supply her spiritual wants, her soul might have starved. I have not even kept myself acquainted with her spiritual joys, and sorrows, and fears, and trials, and triumphs; had she been suddenly taken from me, I could not have told from her own lips whether she was waiting for the coming of the Lord or not. I have been professedly running the Christian race in company with the wife of my youth, and yet showed little sympathy with her, and sought little from her in working out our salvation. I fear I have hindered instead of helping her. Is this love? the love of a true husband? Do I really desire the eternal well-being of the dear partner of my earthly lot? May God grant me grace to be indeed a Christian husband!

LYNOX.

WHAT is prayer? It is the communion of the spiritual life in the soul of men with its divine Author; it is a breathing back the divine life into the bosom of God from whence it came; it is holy, spiritual, converse with God.

That was a beautiful remark of a converted heathen, "I open my Bible, and God talks with me; I close my Bible, and then I talk with God."—WINSLOW.

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Original.

DUTIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church. Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband."—EPHESIANS v. 32, 33.

THE Apostle, in the chapter of which the passage quoted is the close, illustrates the sacredness and tenderness of the marriage relation by a reference to the union existing between Christ and the Church. The relation is one of the most solemn as well as the most interesting existing on earth.

Relations existing between moral beings imply *mutual duties*. Such duties naturally grow out of the relation subsisting between husband and wife. These are stated in a generic form by the Apostle. It is the custom of the sacred writers to state great general principles covering a large field of moral action, and from these we are to derive instruction as to the specific duties and details of life. In this passage and the context, *love*—love like Christ's—love, pure, permanent, practical, and self-denying, are stated as the duty of the husband—as the duty of the wife obedience and submission, not forced or formal, but cheerful, prompt, and easy. It is not the obedience or the submission of the slave, but it is the obedience of love and the submission of preference.

"The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church." Every society, every form of civil government must have some head, some person in whom is vested authority—the power of ultimate decision in certain extreme cases. In the family constitution, both nature and revelation assign this position to the husband. "As the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing." It is the duty of the husband to respect the views, the feelings, the opinions of his wife; to treat her not as an inferior but as an equal, and rarely, if ever, will he find it necessary to issue a command. But, *if ever*—if the wife be improvident, and will not be won by the conversation, by the ar-

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guments, the earnest entreaties of the husband, then his will is law, and it becomes her duty to submit.

There is *some* truth, but more poetry, in the words which Milton puts into the mouth of Eve, in her address to Adam:

> "My author and disposer, what thou bid'st,
> *Unargued* I obey—so God ordains—
> God is *thy* law, *thou* mine—to know no more
> Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

Now the power ascribed to man in these lines is too absolute —too authoritative. It is not true that he is the author and disposer of woman. It is not true that she knows no law but his will, to which she is responsible. She is to *obey*, but only in the Lord, and in all her doings and relations she is to recognize His law as ultimate and supreme. And if the husband shall be fond of appealing to Paul to justify unreasonable exactions, and quoting the favorite passage, "Wives, be in subjection to your own husbands," let the wife know that she can appeal to the same Apostle and say, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." Let him understand that she, too, has rights and principles guaranteed by heaven's charter, which are not to be violated or rescinded. Their duties are mutual—their obligations are reciprocal. Hence, they are to view each other as companions, as helpmates, whose interests, hopes, and destinies are inseparably linked.

A certain writer has well and graphically said, that "Eve was taken out of Adam's side, not out of his head to domineer over him, nor out of his foot to be trodden upon by him, but out of his side to be equal to him, under his arm to be protected by him, and near his heart to be beloved by him."

Viewing, then, husband and wife as companions, we propose to contemplate their duties as mutual, and the first duty which we mention is *mutual affection*.

The existing relation of it has received Heaven's sanction; has been sought under the promptings and guardianship of this single principle. Love, and love only, it is to be hoped, has led to a union so hallowed and so intimately connected with all that is happy and hopeful in human life. This affection is not a thing for poets to dream over or novelists to work up into tragedy and

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fiction; it is not a transient emotion of admiration enkindled by a sight of the beautiful in nature or art, but a moral affection founded upon the perception of virtuous qualities and whose existence, strength, and purity are indispensable to the perfection and happiness of the married life.

Other relations of life may exist and discharge their appropriate functions without love. Commerce, science, and civil government may carry forward their operations in the absence of this heavenly principle, but the more sacred and tender interests of domestic life can not be sustained and perfected without it. In its absence, every domestic virtue will wither and wane; every duty will be neglected, or coldly and imperfectly performed, and *home*, that sweet emblem of heaven, will become a scene of contention and strife. If, then, every thing that is hallowed and precious in domestic life depends upon love, with what tenderness and assiduity should it be cultivated. It is a plant of delicate texture, sensitive to every touch, and will not bear exposure or neglect. Like a blighting frost indifference will nip its tender blossoms; and anger or contention, like a violent storm, will tend to uproot and prostrate it to the earth.

The injunction of the Apostle imposes a duty which can not be neglected without forfeiting the boon which, of all earthly blessings, is the richest and the best. But he did not design to impose a duty upon the husband which is not equally binding upon the wife. But why should he mention love as her duty when it is *her element?* Her whole life is a history of the affections.

The *heart* is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures; she sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

It is her interest—her *very life* to love, and if there be any thing on earth truly noble and sublime it is the deep, enduring, unchanging watchfulness of her affections, which nerves her with endurance and inspires her with courage when danger or trials come, and throws its cheering light over the gloom of man. Such love, so pure, so precious, demands a kindred feeling in return.

"For naught but love
Can answer love and render bliss secure."

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Let mutual love be cultivated—let that charity which suffereth long and is kind prevail—let nothing operate to separate fond and faithful hearts, and then come what may, misfortune or success, clouds or sunshine, sickness or health, the pathway of life will ever continue decked with flowers of sweetest fragrance, and beneath a cloudless sky will they live to enjoy all that is beautiful and blessed in wedded life.

Original.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF HOME.

Earth is not a paradise; we can find no sacred inclosure where the curse of sin has not entered. Life is not one calm, bright, sunny day. It is often overcast with clouds. Storms and tempests are incidental to a life of probation. They may be as necessary in the *moral* as in the *natural* world. Care and anxiety will creep into the heart and overshadow the brow; even when surrounded by the most lovely scenes, and in spite of wealth or power, luxury or friends, the involuntary sigh stealing from the bosom is proof that earth, with all its images of beauty and sources of delight, is not our home.

Still, earth has some bright spots, some places where cluster many tender and hallowed associations. Home—the family circle—is *one* of these places. How pleasing the images with which it crowds the mind, and tender the emotions which it awakens in the heart! It is indeed from this source that poets have drawn their softest and most delicate images of human beauty and happiness. True it is, that happiness in any circumstances depends much upon the condition of the mind and the dispositions of the heart. Every man carries the elements of happiness or misery within himself, and it is the office and tendency of circumstances to develop these elements. But where the heart is right, where mutual love sheds its hallowing light and influence, the domestic constitution becomes the purest, sweetest emblem of Heaven.

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When wearied with the cares, and lacerated with the selfishness of the world, when storm-clouds are drifting over him, man can retire into the bosom of his own peaceful family, and enjoy a luxuriance of comfort which is exotic in any other soil. Here he finds a spot all radiant with the sunshine of the heart; here are peace, purity, and love, those angel-virtues that nestle around the domestic altar; here are the richest materials for happiness to be found on earth. And he who has found *such* a home, has found a good thing, and obtained favor of the Lord.

To love out of a pure heart, and to know that you are loved, is one of the richest boons on earth. It is one of those little rills which Providence has sent sparkling and flowing over the wastes of human life. If a man by his follies has forfeited, or by his misfortunes has lost every friend—if no eye meets him but with frowns, and no voice speaks to him but with reproach, then he may well wish to die. To be friendless on earth is not to live, but to die a thousand deaths in living. Such a man, if any, is to be pitied. Much of the friendship of the world is not to be trusted, so unstable and insecure is its foundation. It is evanescent as the morning vapor—a mere difference of opinion, some little conflict of interest, the exercise of some unquestionable right or privilege, are sufficient to destroy it.

The world's friendship is much like the plant that has never seen the sun, a mere touch dissolves and fades its already faded form. The smiles of to-day are too often a contrast of the coldness and curses of to-morrow.

> "What is friendship? do not trust her,
> Nor the vows which she has made;
> Diamonds dart their brightest luster
> From a palsy-shaken head."

On the perception of this general truth, Bias, one of the seven illustrious wise men of ancient Greece, founded his prudential maxim in relation to friendship: "Love your friend with caution, for he may hereafter become your enemy." Experience teaches the wisdom of this maxim. We know there are some hearts that are *good* and *true*—hearts that never falter or fail—that love on and love forever. And it is the regular pulsation of such hearts that sends the sweetest sensations of joy through our own. But still there is no friendship, no love, like the

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friendship of a man's own home—a friendship woven in the conjugal and parental tie. This does not live merely during the summer sun of life, but it survives the blasts of autumn, and is verdant amid the frosts and ice of winter. When man's head is seared by age, he can pillow it on this friendship; it has an ear for his complaints, a tear for his woes, and a tender, sympathizing heart for all his sorrows. It mitigates the ills and misfortunes of life; it soothes the feverish irritability of the soul; it is friendship, pure, permanent, disinterested—a friendship that may be trusted without precaution; it needs no watching; it asks no reward.

The world may frown, and assume its most menacing attitudes, and the long list of ephemeral friends who bask in the summer sun of prosperity may drop off and disappear like leaves of the forest, but the love and tender sympathy of home remain refreshing as a spring of living waters, and unvarying as the evergreen that retains its beauty through all the shifting seasons of the year.

Original.

A LITTLE CHILD CAN EXERCISE FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

Little Charles, when about four years old, would often pull his mother by her dress, saying, "Mother, will you go away, and pray with me? I don't want to be a sinner, mother. I do want to love the Lord Jesus Christ. Mother, how can I get to Jesus?"

It was a most comforting thought to the mother of this little boy, that faith was one of the earliest and simplest acts of the mind—that God could readily impress his own truth and image upon the heart and conscience of her young child—that the way of salvation was made so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

She delighted to retire from the busy scenes of earth, to prostrate herself, with her little one at her side, and commend this darling to the love and favor of an ever-present Saviour, who,

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when on earth, with infinite compassion and condescension, invited little children to come unto Him, and be saved.

One Sabbath evening, when Charles' mother was very tired, having had the special care of his little sister all day, he came to her at early twilight, and wished to talk with her. She told him that she was tired now, but she would talk with him another time. But he said, imploringly, "Mother, if you are willing, I should love to repeat that little verse I found to-day in 'Janeway's Token for Children.'"

Perhaps some mothers would have thought it inexpedient to cherish in the mind of one so young such serious impressions as were often evinced by this child. A friend even suggested that she feared his mind was touched by melancholy, as was Cowper's; and yet she could not but acknowledge that, in the main, he was as cheerful as the May morn. No such fears pervaded the mind of this interested mother. She drew him close by her side, and listened with fond delight while he repeated that inexpressibly sweet and encouraging passage: "And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven; and He took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them, saying, Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Having repeated this, he laid his head in her lap and sobbed aloud, saying, as often before, "Mother, how can I get to Jesus?"

This was a golden opportunity to teach this young child some of the most abstract truths contained in the Bible—the omnipresence of the great God, who made heaven and earth; His incarnation, sufferings, and death; His resurrection and ascension into glory; His intercession for His people at the right hand of God.

His mind was daily more and more open to conviction, and his wish to be taught what the Bible said about Jesus increased.

With this state of mind it was not difficult to make him comprehend that God is everywhere, that though we can not see Him yet He can see us, and that He listens with as much attention to what a little child can say to Him, as to the prayers of the man of gray hairs. Some mothers seem not to be aware of the fact, that perhaps the earliest impressions riveted upon the minds of children are the best and most lasting, and of the conse-

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quent importance of endeavoring very early to instill into their tender minds the great cardinal doctrines of the Bible. It is of the highest importance to teach children to love and reverence the Sabbath. To do this, parents should make the Sabbath a delightful season to young children, to render their associations pleasant, and reserve for this season entertaining books or stories appropriate to the day, and above every thing to give them the cheerful society of their parents, and themselves evince a reverence and preference for its sacred duties.

This course little Charles' mother endeavored to pursue. She remembered that if she was ever homesick, when abroad, it was of a Saturday evening, and on the Sabbath, when she felt assured that all *at home* were, at certain seasons, *congregated*, that then the children had the exclusive attentions of their beloved mother, who knew so well how to entertain them by reading the Bible, repeating hymns or psalms, or portions of Scripture, or of Watt's Catechism, or the good old Westminster, which some persons seem to consider so dull and inappropriate for children.

The grandparents of little Charles, where he spent, with his parents, the last year of his brief life, were among those who pre-eminently loved and revered the Sabbath. His grandfather, who was a clergyman, was wont to esteem the Sabbath a delight —the best day of all the seven. He used to call it, by way of distinction, "the soul's market-day." His precept and example had great influence upon little Charles.

Little Charles was a devout listener to the preached word. Often after returning from church, he would weep bitterly, saying that his sins were a great burden to him.

It was as his meat and drink to read over and over the stories contained in the Bible. Though it was evident that some portions of the Bible filled his mind with a kind of holy awe—as, for instance, those which relate the giving of the law at Mount Sinai, and the wickedness of the children who mocked that good old prophet, Elisha, saying, "Go up, thou bald head!" and of their destruction by bears—yet to him, as he said, the Bible stories were the best because they were all true. To him there was nothing like fiction in the Bible. It was styled "God's Word," "God's Truth."

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The result of these teachings on the part of his parents and of his own efforts to learn the way of salvation, by the grace of God, was most delightful. During his brief life the parents of this little boy had abundant evidence that he had become a child and heir of God.

When five years and eight months old, little Charles was taken suddenly ill. His sickness terminated in death. An hour before he died his father asked him to repeat a verse of any hymn he might select. He began:

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view."

He had no longer need to inquire, "How can I get to Jesus?"

A year from the day when his sun set forever upon this vale of tears, his mother gave way to passionate grief. A friend who had called to see her, upon seeing her distress, gave her, impromptu, the following sweet lines:

The turf lies gently on his head,
The boy so dear to thee;
How sweetly sleep the infant dead,
From care and sorrow free!

They do not sleep—the tomb enshrines
Indeed their mouldering clay;
And there it rests, till glorious shines
The awful judgment day.

They do not sleep—in heaven they wake
And safe from all alarms,
Repose on Him who once did take
Such infants to His arms.

Then do not weep; a little while
Will give him to thy love again;
And he will greet thee with a smile,
And soothe, himself, a mother's pain.

And he, perhaps, thy voice will raise
To strains of heavenly harmony
And teach thee how the Friend to praise,
Who died to rescue him and thee.

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Original.

HOPE FOR THE SALVATION OF THOSE WHO DIE YOUNG.

May Christian parents cherish any hope that their children, dying in early life, or dying by some sudden visitation of God, are saved? and, if so, on what grounds and under what circumstances may such hope be cherished?

FROM a series of papers already published in this Magazine, on the subject of God's Covenant of Grace with His people, some such inquiry as that now before us seems naturally to arise and to demand a separate and well-considered reply. It is a practical inquiry, and one of much importance. There are not a few anxious minds that may be relieved, perhaps, by a careful and calm investigation of it. And such relief, if it can be legitimately obtained, we are quite sure, from our own personal experience, must be welcome. And if we can arrive only at a probability in our conclusions upon this subject, even such conclusions, though attended with some remaining uncertainty, must be of value in giving more or less repose to the mind.

We will, then, in the first place, state the *circumstances* under which, it is thought, the hope above spoken of may be legitimately cherished, and afterward, mention the *grounds* of such hope.

1. THE CIRCUMSTANCES.—In respect to that large number of cases in which persons die in *infancy*, and before they give, or can give, any evidence that they have become voluntary and accountable agents—the responsible subjects of God's moral government—there is much reason to hope and to believe, even from the very nature of a system of recovering grace for fallen man, that (through a Redeemer) *all* such persons will be saved; that, as they are supposed not to have personally and actually sinned, and not, therefore, personally and actually to have offended God by their sins, and thus to have incurred the penalty of His law, they may and will, under a system of Recovery for the Race founded in God's infinite love and compassion toward men in and through a Mediator, be so *changed* in their original propensities to evil, induced by the Fall, as to be *fitted* (when removed from this world) for the holy and happy kingdom

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of God in heaven; *fitted* to put forth holy exercises there, and to expand and grow there in knowledge, in virtue, and in happiness forever. On this subject, all Christians, with very few exceptions, if any, are agreed. And this general unanimity among Christians in respect to the point before us, seems to be a natural and necessary result of what the Scriptures teach us concerning the *greatness* of God's compassion toward men in their fallen state, and the *freeness and universality* of the provision made for their recovery. But if this be a just conclusion, in relation to *all* infants generally considered, it is so *a fortiori* in relation to those infants who are the children of *believing* parents, on account of the peculiar relation in which such children stand to the Covenant. Leaving, then, the case of those who die in *infancy*, as being already agreed in by all Christians, and sufficiently clear from the Bible to satisfy, perhaps, all reasonable and anxious questionings about it, we will direct our remarks more especially to the other class of persons mentioned, to wit, to those who are *suddenly taken away out of life by the special visitation of God.* The *circumstances* of the case which we have supposed in relation to *them*, and which we now proceed to state, are such as the following:

1. They are supposed to be the children of *believing* parents, the children, not of professors of religion only, but of real *Christians*, and, of course, the children of those who are interested in the blessings of the Covenant.

2. They are supposed to have been given up to God and dedicated to His service in the exercise of *faith in the Covenant* by their parents.

3. They are supposed to have had the external *Seal* of the Covenant applied to them in the scriptural right of household baptism, as practiced by the Apostles.

4. They are supposed to have been the subjects of true, earnest, waiting *prayer*, offered by their parents, in reliance upon the promises of God and upon the sacrifice of Christ for our sinning, fallen race.

5. They are supposed to have been early and well *instructed* in the great truths of the Bible, so as that they were made to understand these truths, and especially to have a good knowledge of the *way of salvation* as revealed in the Gospel.

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6. They are supposed to have had a fair, consistent *example* set before them, exhibiting religion in act and deed in the life and conversation of their parents.

7. They are supposed to have had, in their own minds, a rational conviction of the *reality* of evangelical religion, as a matter of personal experience, necessary in all men in order to salvation.

8. They are supposed to have left the world *in such a way*, by such an ordering and disposing of Divine Providence, as that they had little or no *opportunity* given them for exhibiting to friends, at the time, evidences of piety, either because their friends were not present at the time of their death, or because, if present, the nature of the case, in some other respects, precluded such an exhibition being made to them.

And, lastly, they are supposed to have left behind them, when they died, no decisive evidence, in what they said or did, of an *opposite* kind, so as to make it manifest that they were *not* Christians.

Persons dying under the foregoing circumstances may, we think, be looked upon with much reason by their parents and other friends, after they have been taken from them, with some comforting hope that God has taken them to Himself, and that according to the rich provisions and promises of His Covenant, they are saved.

We shall hereafter consider the grounds upon which this hope may be entertained.

Original.

THE STEPMOTHER.

I WAS present a few days since, when the July No. of "The Magazine for Mothers" was delivered. I saw a young woman take it and eagerly look through the contents, then laying it aside with a dissatisfied, disappointed air, she said in a kind of earnest soliloquy:

"Is there no one to give a word of advice, encouragement, or

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instruction to the class of mothers most of all needing it—those inexperienced ones who have assumed the charge of children not naturally belonging to them? Public opinion, scandal, and even the press, are at all times ready to censure them for severity, unfaithfulness, or injudicious indulgence; but who will show them any good? Who measures their difficulties, regards their trials, guides their efforts?"

Her lip quivered, and I saw it was a subject in which her personal feelings were much enlisted. She was an only child, and had spent her girlhood ignorant that Care could ever shadow her with his dark wing. A few months since she assumed at once the duties of wife and mother with scarce other qualification than good intentions, earnest desires, and a warm, loving heart. Day by day, new duties, new difficulties dawned upon her. Responsibilities she had not dreamed of hung heavily upon her heart, and the buoyant spirit of youth began to sink under emergencies that found her so little prepared. Her charge was a bright girl of ten years, just at the transition period between childhood and girlhood, when any undue bias received deforms the character for life. The young mother felt this, and trembling under her momentous responsibility, was ready to cry, "My strength is not as my day."

But I saw, plainly, wherein lay the error which made her cross so heavy, and I can not forbear seeking an opportunity of setting it before her. Young mother, you labor constantly under the feeling, "I stand in the odious relation of *stepmother*. If I reprove here, it will alienate. If I restrain in this, it will make my authority hateful, the child will regard me as harsh, observers deem me severe. I must walk softly, avoid collision, overlook faults, *persuade* aright." Instead of this, from the moment you felt yourself called, in the providence of God, to be a mother to this child, you should, in your intercourse with it, as far as possible, banish all remembrance that it was not bound to you by the closest tie of nature. Instead of searching "The Magazine for Mothers" for directions to discharge *unnatural* duties, you should have taken every word of advice addressed therein to *own* mothers, to yourself. Instead of seeking some stratagem or winding path by which to avoid enforcing authority, administering correction, or to escape the censure of

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unkind observers, look back and remember the simple intercourse of mother and daughter in your own girlhood. Did an *own* mother fear to command, forbid, reprove, or punish? Neither let *any one* that occupies the position of mother. Let independence expel your timidity. Let conscious rectitude of purpose nerve your voice to command, and your resolution to punish, when necessary. Let magnanimity take the place of self, and feel that it is not so important for the child to love *you*, as for right habits and right principles to be inculcated. Seek to discharge your whole *duty*, rather than for love and gratitude here.

But, young mother, would you win the love and confidence of your child? There is a better, a surer way than granting free indulgence or withholding needed censure. When the day is gone, and the little one lays aside her garments, and lies down to sleep, go sit awhile by the bedside and you will find you can gain more of the heart of childhood in that hour than any other. The feverish excitements of the day are over, its temptations have passed by, pride and temper are hushed. The sable gloom of night awes the young mind, and the mother, sitting by, seems like a spirit of light and a guardian. Affection is quickened and conscience grows tender. If any burden rests upon it, 'twill almost always be lightened by voluntary confession before the little one can say, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

But do not think too much of winning love to yourself. Look rather for the recompense of reward contained in the assurance, "Well done, good and *faithful* servant." Be *faithful* in cultivating all good affections, indefatigable in uprooting evil tendencies, remembering that your charge is to fit an immortal for immortality. If you accomplish this, no starry crown can boast a brighter jewel than this shall be in your diadem; a seal of greater *un*selfishness than if your labor and patience had been prompted by the instincts of natural affection. If this precious soul be given to your prayers and effort, you accomplish a glorious mission; and when the angel of death shall come to bear you hence, you will seem to hear, in the soft beating of his dark wings, the voice of another mother, saying, "Dear sister, come away, your work is accomplished, our child is saved. We will spend eternity in rejoicing." S. D. M.

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Original.

HOPE FOR THE SALVATION OF THOSE WHO DIE YOUNG.

We have stated the circumstances under which it is thought Christian parents may cherish the hope that their children, dying in early life, or dying by some sudden visitation of God, are saved. We come now, in the second place, to look at some of the GROUNDS upon which this hope may be legitimately entertained; or which, at least, go to *encourage* such a hope.

First. Such a hope is distinctly encouraged by the express *engagement* of God in His Covenant. His first engagement, in that Covenant, is to the Christian himself, and in language most comprehensive and most explicit—that He will be a God *to him* ("I will be a God to *thee*.") Reader, what is it for Jehovah to be a God to thee? What real and desirable good is there which is not included in such a Being becoming a God to *thee*, *thy* God, *thy* Friend, *thy* Saviour, *thy* Portion forever? But there is, also, another engagement in this Covenant: "I will be a God to thee, *and to thy seed after thee*." Here is a promise made to the believer's *children*, as the previous promise had been made to the believer himself. Here is a promise which respects, not the believer himself, but only and wholly his loved *offspring*, who are (in a sense) a part of Himself—and whom God has graciously given him for this very end, that they might be given back again to the Author of their being, and trained up for His service. Now, from the very language of this Covenant, may not the Christian derive some encouragement for his children? From one of the two express engagements contained in this compact of God's self-appropriating mercy to His people, may you not, Christian parent, cherish some hope concerning those whom, in the circumstances above described, God in His own mysterious and awful providence has removed from you? If you have not an *entire*, *unmingled* confidence that it is well with your departed child, thus suddenly snatched away, have you not at least *some* hope, some *prevailing*, *comforting* hope, and *may* you not have? With the Bible in your hands, and the Covenant of God before you, are

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you not authorized to cherish such a hope, and ought you not to do so?

Second. Let us now look at several other things tending to *confirm and strengthen* this hope. They are such as the following. We will distinctly name them in order that they may be distinctly considered, and may be allowed their due and proper weight in the argument.

First. From the *general* benevolence of God, as seen around us on every side, the Christian would be led to feel his hopes concerning his children, derived from God's Covenant, greatly strengthened. The general benevolence of God is too plainly exhibited, in His works and in His providence, to need proof or illustration here. All see it. All partake of it. It comes, like the light and the dews of heaven, free for all, enjoyed by all. Now the argument is, that if God is thus good to *all*, if this is His *general* character, then those who stand to Him in the relation of adopted children, and to whom He has bound Himself by special engagements, may feel specially encouraged to confide in Him in relation to the welfare of their beloved offspring, and to cherish comforting hopes respecting *them*.

Second. Similar hopes are encouraged when we turn to that view of the goodness of God which His *word* sets before us, both generally and in numberless specific cases. His word to Abraham, how encouraging was it in relation to *his* children! And so afterward, down through many subsequent generations, how often was the same gracious assurance given that His Covenant should be remembered with His people, and His mercy not withdrawn from them!

Third. The whole history of the *church*, both in former and in later ages, warrants us in deducing the same encouraging conclusions from it already spoken of. We thus *see* the Promise, not only made, but verified by being carried into effect before our eyes. We thus *hear* God speaking to *us*, and to *all* the generations of His people, as well as to Abraham and his descendants, and saying to us, in innumerable facts that come under our cognizance, "The promise is to *you* and to your *children*.

Fourth. If we turn to the *atonement of Christ*, and the abundant provision therein made for the salvation of all men,

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insomuch that "whosoever will may take the water of life freely," may we not feel an additional encouragement to hope for our children, whom we have cast upon the unfailing securities of God's Covenant, and who, in the circumstances above specified, have been suddenly taken from us and hurried into the eternal world.

Fifth. God has been wont to dispense His grace to men somewhat according to the *family* constitution. While He visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and the fourth generation of them that hate Him, He shows mercy unto *thousands* of such as love Him and keep His commandments. What an inheritance of New Covenant blessings did Abraham transmit through the *family* organization! What names, of so much distinction for spiritual blessings, are genealogically so connected together, in all the Bible, as those of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob? And so in the New Testament, that little piece of family history in which the names of grandmother Lois, and mother Eunice, and son Timothy are found, contains similar instruction. What rich blessings were handed down through the humble and happy lineage here recorded! And just so, in a vast multitude of other cases, if we had inspired historians and biographers to give to them the notoriety of permanent and written memorials.

And now may we not be indulged in a remark or two, by way of conclusion, and in application of what has been said, to such of our readers as shall find them applicable to their own case? Our first remark is: *That to be a parent—a believing, Christian parent—is to sustain a very important relation, and to be placed in a position of very high honor.* What consequences—what vast, happy, glorious consequences, may result from it! and if the parent be faithful to his high trust, *will* result from it! Our second remark is: *What a privilege is it to children if they have had parents whose names are enrolled in God's Covenant.* To such a child how nigh is heaven brought, with all the blessings of the saints' everlasting inheritance in light! Our third remark: How hazardous and dreadful for heads of families to remain alienated and estranged from the promises and hopes of God's Covenant. For *themselves*, for their *children*, how dark and gloomy is their situa-

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tion. *A word to believing parents when sorrowing over their early dead, or when almost fainting and desponding over their living, unconverted children*—Fly, dear friends, in your fears and your sorrows, to the Covenant; hope—trust—pray to the end; and then, assuredly, a brighter day will break upon you.

Original.

GOD'S REMEMBRANCE OF HIS COVENANT.

A LEAF FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY REV. WILLIAM EDWARD SCHENCK.

Concluded from page 266.

JANE and George Van Pelt were both deeply affected during the progress of the revival by a sense of their lost condition by nature, and their need of an interest in the Redeemer. George frequently called at his pastor's study (for he had none of that foolish dread of his pastor which some children have, and some grown people too), and conversed frankly and earnestly about his soul's affairs. Indeed, they both seemed to be upon the very verge of the kingdom of heaven, and "almost persuaded" to be Christians. Yet week after week passed by, and neither of them ventured to declare the indulgence of a comfortable hope in Jesus Christ as a Saviour. Thus midsummer had arrived. With it came sickness in the neighborhood, and the gentle and affectionate Antoinette was laid upon her bed by a violent attack of painful disease. She had always been a favorite, not only among her brothers and sisters, but also with all her school-mates and young friends. Not once had she ever been a participant in any misunderstanding or quarrel among them, and she was at all times ready to benefit them in every way in her power. She was fond of reading her Bible, and often resorted to it. Divine things were frequently in her thoughts. She ardently loved poetry, and almost always preferred those pieces which contained some reference to God, and death, and heaven. Antoinette grew worse and worse, notwithstanding the assiduous care of her

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physician and the anxious nursing of her fond mother. And here it was, upon the bed of pain and weakness, that God remembered, in her behalf, the covenant made with her parents. The seeds of grace were probably germinating in her heart long before; the shower of affliction caused them to spring up and appear. Calmly she thought upon eternity, and with touching simplicity she declared to her pastor her confidence in the Lord Jesus, and her entire willingness, although she felt herself to be a great sinner, to trust herself into His hands, living or dying. The Saviour took her at her word, and summoned her away from the embraces of her parents, to repose in His own bosom in the skies. It was a touching thing, and shows how Jesus can make the weakest to triumph in His strength over death, to hear this timid, gentle lamb tell her mother she feared not to die. One of her last acts was to request her father to kneel by her bedside, and pray for and with her. Rapidly and gently she then sank away, and breathed forth her spirit into the hands of her God and Saviour, and her mortal remains were laid in one of those little graves.

This was the first time death had ever entered that happy family, and it was a bitter sorrow to them all; but God had remembered His covenant with those parents, and had taken the child they had given to Him in baptism to dwell with Him in glory.

While this little sufferer was lying sick, little Imogene was also lying ill on another couch in the same room. She had always been the bosom friend and constant companion of Antoinette. She cared to go nowhere where this dear sister could not go with her. Some weeks before their sickness began, as they were playing together, she said, "Dear Netty, I always want to be with you. If you should die, I would love to die with you." But this was not the speech of a thoughtless little child. Little Immy, as she was fondly called, had many thoughts about her soul and eternity. She, one Sabbath day two or three months before her death, came to her dear aunt, weeping bitterly, and when her aunt inquired the cause of her tears, she said "she wanted so much to be prepared to die." Her aunt repeated to her some of the promises and invitations given in the Bible to children, with which she seemed much comforted. But when the

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other children were at play, little Immy might often be found absorbed in her Bible or her hymn-book. Her mind was tending heavenward, and God was preparing to remember His covenant in her behalf also.

Little Immy was extremely ill before her sister's death, and her position was such that she had a full view of her sister in her dying hours. It evidently produced a deep effect upon her, but from that time she spake very little. In answer to the inquiries of her pastor, she would say that she thought she loved the Saviour, and she tried to commit her soul into His care, that she knew she had often sinned, but hoped in Him as her Saviour. We have no right to expect such religious maturity from a little child as from an adult. We are to expect only a child's evidences of a child's piety. Yet they may be quite as satisfactory in the child's case as far clearer and larger evidence in the case of an adult. A little more than a week after her sister's funeral, her frail little form was laid by that sister's side. According to her wish, "in death they were not divided." And her glorified spirit, we may well believe, roams with her sister beside the river of the water of life, and together perhaps they sometimes speed on errands of mercy to those whom they yet love on earth.

But this was not all. It has been said that Jane and George had not yet avowed their faith and hope in Christ as their Saviour. It is hoped that the removal of these beloved sisters decided them fully and finally. It is hoped that these visitations were used by God for deepening their repentance, showing them their need of a Saviour, and leading them to trust in Him who alone can save.

If this be so, then how has God remembered His covenant, after long delay although it may have been, with those parents. For years and years they toiled and sowed the seeds of gospel truth, and lo! when they were just ready to despair, God appeared, and in a brief space of time five of those children are hopefully brought into saving connection with the Son of God.

I have penned this narrative of facts in order to impress upon the minds of parents the following important truths:

1. If baptism be indeed a gospel ordinance, as it clearly is, then parents ought to regard it as something more than a mere form. If it does indeed involve a solemn covenant between God

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and the believing parent, then may that parent, if faithful to his engagements, expect a God of truth to fulfill the covenant to him by blessing and saving his child.

2. God often fulfills His covenant in very unexpected and sometimes very afflictive ways. And if in baptism the believing parent truly *gives* and dedicates his child to God, he should endeavor to yield that child to God whenever and however He may claim it.

3. If God seem to delay the fulfillment of His covenant very long, faith ought not to fail. With God, a thousand years are as one day. God, in sovereign wisdom, long disappoints the hopes of pious parents, in order that in the end He may all the more effectually and gloriously illustrate His power and His faithfulness.

Those two little graves on the north side of our churchyard often remind me of these truths.

Original.

DUTIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We have said that the first duty of husband and wife was mutual affection. Another duty which we mention, and which is akin to the former, is *mutual sympathy*.

No situation of life, however favored or retired, will be exempt from trial. Uninterrupted sunshine and prosperity are not to be expected in this land of storms and earthquakes. Real or imaginary evils will come, and the heart will feel their depressing influence. A mysterious feeling often passes, like a cloud, over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life—in the social circle—in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the strong and weak. At one time it is caused by a single thought crossing the mind. A sound will come, booming over the great deep of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. And then misfortune, or calamity, often hangs like an oppressive

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weight upon the spirit—affliction comes, rending our hearts with anguish. These evils we may not expect to avoid; they are incident to a life of discipline and probation, and we must learn to meet them with hopeful and heroic hearts. To meet them *alone* and without sympathy is not the design of an all-wise and kind Providence. But the great world is excited and busy with its own cares and pleasures, and little sympathy may be expected from this source. The thoughtless multitude will pass by you unaffected by the heavy burdens that presses upon your shoulders. Your trials and afflictions do not affect them.

The sympathy so much needed, is to be found within the precincts of home. It lives and flourishes under the patronage of the domestic relation, and if it is not found *here*, it is found nowhere. It is a beautiful arrangement that the *nearer* the tie the sweeter and freer the flow of human sympathy, and what tie so sacred and tender as the conjugal? Woman, especially, seems adapted to the exercise of sympathy—her nature is full of tenderness, and she can not contemplate a scene of sorrow, even at a distance, without the corresponding emotion of pity; but when sorrow enters her dwelling, or sickness prostrates the companion of her bosom, then she shows what a ministering angel she is, and how well she is adapted to execute her benevolent mission upon the earth. There is, in every *true* woman's heart, a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant during the day of prosperity, but when the dark night of adversity comes it kindles up and beams with a light as pure and gentle as that of the evening star. No man knows the true value of his wife—no one knows what a deep fountain of sympathy is in her heart until he has gone with her through the furnace of affliction, and felt the softness of her touch, heard the tenderness of her tones, and seen her eye beaming with an expression of sympathy as if it were caught from heaven. Many a wife, by her sympathy and kindness in seasons of sickness and trial, has won back to herself the cold and alienated heart of a still *loved*, but erring husband. But *both* will have trials, hence the sympathy should be *mutual;* like two strings in union, the chord of grief should never be struck in the heart of one without causing a corresponding vibration in the heart of the other; or, like the surface of the lake answering to the heaven, it should be impossible for

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calmness and sunshine to be upon one, while the other is agitated and cloudy—heart should respond, in beautiful sympathy, to heart.

Another duty which we mention is *mutual confidence*. Nothing can be more important to the interests of the family circle than this. Destroy it, and every verdant spot is withered—every vestige of bliss is gone—the sun of one's earthly happiness has gone down behind a dark and threatening cloud, never to rise on a bright and happier to-morrow. Without confidence there can be no pure affection—no flow of sacred sympathy—no bond of holy union. Any thing, then, which tends to weaken mutual confidence should be avoided as an evil more to be dreaded than the plague or the famine. In an intercourse so intimate and indispensable as that which exists between husband and wife, the faults of each will be discovered; these should be affectionately pointed out and corrected. But let them never be exposed to the eager and anxious eye of the world. By the manifest appointment of Heaven, and by the very nature of the relation they sustain, they are constituted sentinels over each other's reputation, and they should die rather than relinquish the charge. Does one come with the cautious foot of friendship to intermeddle with your domestic affairs, or pry out your family secrets, let him be repelled at the very threshold, and made to feel that these are too sacred for a stranger's hand to touch. Nothing should be allowed to come between husband and wife to alienate feeling or weaken confidence. To each they should commit their heart's secrets and sorrows, and with the confident assurance that they will never be exposed or the trust betrayed. Strict integrity, fidelity to marriage vows, a literal adherence to truth, are indispensable to mutual confidence. A single misstep, a manifest disposition to exaggerate or misrepresent, are sufficient to sap the foundation of confidence, and sow the seeds of mischief and misery. Falsehood and deception, under any circumstances and in any relations, are disastrous and unhappy, but never so much so as when practiced under the domestic constitution. A betrayal of trust, an exposure of the secrets committed to you in the confidence of love is *sacrilege*, an unpardonable violation of the love of friendship; but how *slight* and *venial* is such an offense to the treachery or duplicity of husband and wife—the avowed

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patron and *priestess* of the domestic virtues. It becomes, therefore, the duty especially of the married, to pursue such a course of prudence and piety as to *secure* and *retain* mutual confidence. If this be forfeited, all is lost; the great end of the family organization is defeated; a deep and horrid gloom settles down upon that household, which *might* and *ought* to have been irradiated with perpetual sunshine.

Selected.

A LEAF FROM A MOTHER'S GLEANINGS.

"MOTHER, will you lend me your knife?" said a little boy of seven years old to his mother; "I have broken mine."

"What do you wish to do with it, my son?"

"I want to make a sword."

"A sword, my dear, do you know what swords are for?"

Henry hung down his head and hesitatingly answered, "Yes ma'am, I suppose I do."

"A sword, my son, is to kill with, to take away life, and do you want to make such a weapon?"

"But I am not going to make a *real* sword to kill with, but only to play with a piece of wood."

"Can you not find some prettier play than to play sword? Mother does not wish her son to have such playthings."

"But Charles has one, and I do not see any harm in playing with a piece of wood."

His mother was busy at her sewing. Her first impression was, to bid him throw it in the fire, and forbid his playing sword any more. But seeing how intently his mind was engaged, she, after a moment's reflection, chose a happier method.

"Henry, can you not turn your sword into a ploughshare?"

"Turn it into a ploughshare, mother, what do you mean by that?"

"We read in the Scriptures of a time when they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks—when people will not fight any more, and all war shall cease."

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"When will that be?" said Henry, "when Christ comes to judge the world?"

"Oh, it will be in heaven," said little Ellen, his sister of five years old, who had been listening with much interest to the conversation.

"We hope it will be before then, even in this world, when the nations shall cease to kill and shall learn war no more." The children were quite delighted with this thought.

"In what part of the Bible can I find this?" said Henry, hastily turning over its leaves.

"Bring me papa's Concordance and I will show you how to find it yourself."

So she turned to the word sword, and found the passage referred to, and explained to him how he might find any passage of Scripture by recollecting a word or two of it, and referring to the Concordance.

Henry soon forgot about his sword, and became very much interested in his new exercise. His mother had been apt, in such cases, to be too hasty in restraining her children, and in peremptorily forbiddin them to proceed, when their little minds were intensely interested in any piece of mechanism—she did not sufficiently regard the precept, "Provoke not your children to wrath." She had become sensible of this, and she saw with pleasure the happy results of a different method. She had not only gained a victory over herself, and a pleasant means of allur ing him from a forbidden pursuit, but she had imprinted upon the mind of her son a lesson on peace that he would not soon forget, and should he even recur again to his favorite play, it would bring with it the lesson his mother had taught him. Thus thought this mother, and recorded this incident for her future encouragement.

WHOEVER sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

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Original.

THE INFLUENCE OF A REMARK.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A FEW years ago a man in humble circumstances in life emigrated from Scotland to this country, and settled in one of our Western States. He was a coarse and ignorant man, but very energetic, and entirely devoted to the acquisition of property. He had been very poor, and felt that wealth constituted the greatest of all earthly blessings. He had never enjoyed any of the advantages of education, and was perfectly unconscious of the value of a cultivated mind. His wild and rustic home was carved out of the wilderness, where he was surrounded by those hardy pioneers who knew of no employment but toil. Rich harvests began to wave upon his well-tilled and fertile acres. His barns were filled with plenty; cattle accumulated in his pastures; his plain but substantial dwelling was provided with all homely comforts; he became a man of wealth. He had an only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the instinctive love of one who knew nothing of the *refinements* of affection, but who feels proud of possessing a child to whom he could leave the fruits of his toilsome and successful life.

One winter's evening, as the sleet was drifting over the bleak plains, and the wind whistling around his windows, two strangers, from different directions, sought a night's hospitality beneath the roof of the rich old farmer. One was a young adventurer, penniless and almost friendless, seeking his fortune in the boundless West. The other was an intelligent middle-aged gentleman of wealth from the East, traveling on business connected with an important speculation in which he was about to embark. The fire, of large logs of wood, blazed brightly on the hearth. The hardy old farmer, blessed with the vigor which the health of sixty years confers, sat by his kitchen fireside smoking his pipe, now and then exchanging a word with the strangers, neither of whom seemed disposed to sociability. The farmer's wife and his rustic daughter sat in silence, the latter paring apples and stringing

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the slices to hang in festoons to dry from the poles suspended from the walls. The wife was engaged in knitting—that employment which seems to be the heaven-conferred solace and blessing for the aged and for the infirm.

An half hour of perfect silence had elapsed, during which the two strangers seemed entirely absorbed in their own thoughts, when the middle-aged gentleman suddenly roused himself from his revery, and turning his eye to the maiden, inquired—

"Is this your only daughter, my friend?"

"Yes," replied the farmer, "she is my only child."

"Indeed," was the reply. "As you seem to be blessed with all the comforts of life, I suppose you mean to give her a very perfect education."

"Not I," the farmer rejoined, "I never had any education myself, and I do not believe it will do her any good. I mean to leave her *money*, so that she shall not have to work as hard as her poor father and mother have been compelled to do. *Money* is the best friend one can have in such a world as this."

"I think you are wrong, friend, there," the gentleman replied. "I also have an only daughter and an only child. She is of about the same age with yours, but I mean to give her as perfect an education as money can give and as she has capacity to receive. A good education is something which no one but God can take from her."

All relapsed again into their former silence. But there was something in the terseness of the expression, "*A good education is something which no one but God can take from her*," which struck, with peculiar force, the mind of the young man. He repeated the words again and again. He pondered their weighty import. They became engraved upon his memory in characters never to be effaced.

The night passed away. The morning dawned. The cold rays of a winter's sun glistened upon the wide and cheerless expanse of snow. After a breakfast in the warm kitchen of the farmer, the two strangers separated, each to go on his own way. They never met again. But the remark which had fallen upon the ear of the young man, had awakened thoughts which were never to be forgotten: "*A good education is something which no one but God can take from her.*"

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Years with their changes rolled on. The young man, enterprising and energetic, had found him a home, and a group of bright and happy children were clustered about his comfortable fireside. When he received his first-born son to his arms, he said, "This child is given to me to educate. A good education is something which no one but God can take from him." His wife imbibed his spirit. And as one after another was added to the number of their happy family, they both felt that their great duty in life was to educate their children. It became the all-absorbing object of their labor and their ambition. Thirteen children were given to them. They were all educated—highly educated. The sons became prominent members of the learned professions, swaying a wide influence over thousands of minds. The daughters became highly accomplished, intellectual ladies, to fill the posts of wives and mothers, to inspire their children with a love for knowledge. And what finite mind can tell where this mighty influence shall terminate? Who can tell to what uncounted thousands of roused and invigorated intellects this one sentiment will not prove to have been the guiding angel? It is thus that in this world apparent accidents achieve the mightiest miracles. A casual word, forgotten almost before it has left the lips, may form the destiny for time and eternity of multitudes which no tongue can number.

Original.

THE CROSS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Oh! girt with peril, and but feebly arm'd,
Too often by the glozing tempter charm'd;
In blindness led to roam where serpents glide,
And miss the beckoning of an angel-guide,
Doom'd at thine Eden-gate a sword to see,
Precluding entrance to thy hope and thee,
Cling to the Cross! it hath a power divine,
Though Sinai's thunders roll and lightnings shine.
Cling to the Cross! thy Saviour's pattern heed,
And make thy life a comment on thy creed.

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Original.

A LESSON BY THE WAYSIDE.

If we but had discerning eyes, we could read in the accidentals and little occurrences of every-day life chapters of instruction almost as sublime, useful, and plain as the written revelation. At least, rightly interpreted, they would serve as illustrations of holy precepts.

Sometimes the language is so striking, that dull perception is forced to understand it, as in the following instance, where I read a beautiful lesson from the homely page of incident. I give it as noted down in my diary.

Sept. 4th, 1850.—This morning as I was passing through the hall I noticed a couple entering, whose singular appearance arrested my attention. They were a man and woman of the same height, but both much under-sized. Their dress was tidy, but quaint in the extreme; and in the person of each was such an entire absence of every line of grace or beauty, that one would suppose such awkward-looking bodies must really *feel* uncomfortable. I was beginning to regard them as a very grotesque and funny pair, but my mirth was checked upon observing that the woman was entirely sightless. Alas, thought I, how unequally the gifts of God are distributed. Here is deformity, poverty, and blindness. What accumulated misfortunes. Would that I could do something to alleviate so sad a fate. My meditation of condolence was interrupted by an awkward bow from the man to myself, at the same time asking, in a brisk tone, "Would you like to look at some first-rate shoes?" He produced some shoes as extraordinary looking as the venders themselves. I could scarcely repress a smile at his evident pride in the article, but he went on to say, "They'll outwear four pair of shoemakers' shoes. These, you see, are made by my wife Molly. She's blind, you see, but she cuts these out and sews them every stitch herself." The shoes had not the elegance of a French slipper, but they certainly were as ingenious, the soles and tops being made of broadcloth, tightly stitched and bound with leather. The woman stood by with that calm, resigned expression peculiar to the

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blind. I said to her, "My friend, is it possible you are able to make these without eyesight? How long ago did you lose it?" "I lost both my eyes," she replied, "before I was two years old." I turned to her husband in surprise, and asked, "Did you marry her blind? Were you not afraid to undertake the care of her?" "The care of Molly," said the man, with a merry laugh; "why, she made my fortune. I never had any thing I could call my own till I married her, and now we live snug enough. I married an alderman's daughter first. She'd an income of fifty dollars a month, and was fair to look at too, but she had eyes for more than one, and soon ran away from me. She died wretchedly among chimney-sweeps, and then I married Molly, for I knew she wouldn't run away from me if she could, and she couldn't if she would." Here he patted Molly fondly upon the shoulder, and she laughed a hearty laugh to think of her superiority to her fair predecessor. Then he went on to expatiate upon his treasure, Molly. "Why, you see how tidy she keeps me. She cuts, and makes, and mends all my clothes. I don't find any shoes easy to my feet but Molly's. Then if she wants to go anywhere, she's only to take hold of my arm and I lead her. I'm the sexton at Bellevue Hospital, and when there are no funerals I like to bring Molly down town, and we sell a few shoes, just to amuse us and help along. It makes me able to get her all the little notions she wants." This man whom I had approached as a disconsolate beggar, was speaking with animation and a countenance fairly radiant with satisfaction, and the object beside him I thought so forlorn, her sightless face glowed with the

> "Sweet and merry sunshine of affection's gentle light
> That never wears a sullen cloud and fadeth not in night."

Here was most poetically illustrated the foundation sentiment of matrimonial happiness—*reciprocation*, interchange of kindness. Molly found her happiness in clothing her husband and adding to his means by making shoes. Her husband found his in leading his benighted Molly about and supplying her wants. Homely as is the guise of this faithful pair, there is more of romance in their history and intercourse than in connections where gifted youth and beauty are bartered for gold and posi-

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tion. "But," said I to Molly, "do you never feel unhappy in being deprived of sight?" "O no; I never grieved about that much since I came to feel that it was all right. I can always busy myself about something. Now, too, we are on the down-hill side of life. My husband, I am *sure*, is a good man; I try to be a good woman. After he has laid a few more in their narrow house we shall follow, and in my *long home* I shall *see*." I no longer wondered over the unequally distributed gifts of God's providence, but admired that principle of *compensation* which places happiness within the reach of all, independent of gifts or circumstance. Its springs are in the inner man and flow outward. The *morale* of this day's lesson I will write thus: "Godliness with *contentment* is great gain."

Original.

NOAH WEBSTER.

It is now over sixty years since Webster's Spelling Book was first published. This little volume has probably done more for the cause of general literature than any other book of its size that has been no longer extant. It was a most felicitous production, considering its early date; lasting in its effects, and imparting a healthy tone to the morals and manners of this republican nation.

Who of us that have now descended far into the vale of life, when reflecting upon the past, does not remember with interest and with gratitude the beautiful and practical lessons, expressed in poetry and in fable, contained in that "old Spelling Book?"

The young aspirant after literary fame having entered with credit at Yale, probably does not find his emotions of delight to exceed those of the little tyro who, having become familiar with his alphabet, and his first lesson in spelling a-b and e-b, commences his first lesson in reading "No man may put off the law of God," containing a sentiment which was thus early engraven upon the memory of almost every little child in the land, and we can not doubt produced corresponding feelings in the heart.

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It is interesting to know that about twenty-four millions of this Spelling Book had been published as early as the year 1847. Its popularity has gone on increasing to the present day. The demand, for some years past, has averaged about one million of copies a year. "And to its influence, probably, more than any other cause, we are indebted for that uniformity of pronunciation in our country which is so often spoken of by English travelers."

But our object is not simply to eulogize this little book, or Dr. Webster's more elaborate work, "The Dictionary"—a work requiring more patient manual labor and mental research than any common mind can adequately conceive. It is a more striking monument of patient labor and skillful execution than can often be met with in sculptured marble of antiquity.

Such has been the sale of this work, though so voluminous and expensive, that three large editions have already been exhausted in this country and in England. The demand is still increasing on both sides of the Atlantic, since it has become the standard dictionary of our language. A gentleman who asked some years since, at one of the principal bookselling establishments of London, for the best English dictionary on their shelves, had this work handed to him with this remark: "That, sir, is the only *real* dictionary we have of our language, though it was prepared by an American."

Our present object in alluding to these well-known works is, to present to our readers, and especially the young, some striking characteristic traits in the life and conduct of their revered author, Noah Webster, presenting a model of superior excellence, viewed either as an intellectual man, a Christian, or an author, worthy the imitation of every young American who would live to advanced age, achieve great and good things during the whole period of a long life, and leave to posterity the richest inheritance —a good name.

We can not forbear to speak of our last intercourse with the subject of this brief notice. As we were walking across that beautiful lawn in front of good old Yale, we could not but recognize Dr. Webster in the tall, slender, remarkably erect figure, with light, elastic step, approaching us. Though then at the advanced age of eighty years, his hair was but slightly "silvered o'er with

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age." In alluding to his healthy appearance and his activity, it was but natural to inquire if, in his estimation, his remarkable health, his mental vigor, and his longevity, could be traced to any assignable causes, and if so, what were they? "Certainly," was his quick response. And with his usual kind and affable disposition, he added—"In the first place, madam, I always accustomed myself to retire at an early hour, and to make it a point to lay aside my cares with my clothes. In the second place, though I have had but a feeble constitution, I have made it an invariable rule to rise with the lark. In the third place I have, even to my present advanced age, uniformly combined mental labor with considerable bodily exercise, without remitting it even for a day. And in the fourth and last place, I have studiously endeavored to keep a conscience void of offense toward God and man.

With such a lofty purpose of soul, accompanied by such a rigid and systematic course of bodily and mental discipline, how much may be achieved by one man. Some estimate as to this may be made from the very brief summing up of his labors given in a concise memoir of Dr. Webster's life, appended to his revised dictionary. His biographer says: "He gave freely of his time, his counsels, and the efforts of his pen, when requested, for the promotion of every kind of social improvement. Equally long and diversified was the range of his intellectual pursuits. There was hardly any department of literature which he had not explored with lively interest at some period of his life. He wrote on a greater variety of topics than perhaps any other author in the United States—on the formation of government, on the laws of nations, the rights of neutrals, the science of banking, the history of his country, the progress of diseases, and the variations of climate; on agriculture, commerce, education, morals, religion, and the great means of national advancement, in addition to the principal theme of his life, philology and grammar. Such was the activity of his mind, and the delight he found in new acquisitions, that a *change* of employment was all the relief he needed from the weariness of protracted study. The refreshments which others seek in journeys, or the entire suspension of intellectual effort, he found, during most of his life, in the stimulus afforded by some new and exciting ob-

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ject of pursuit. Mental exertion was the native element of his soul; and it is not too much to say, that another instance of such long-continued literary toil, such steady, unfaltering industry, can hardly be found in the annals of our country."

Selected.

MRS. PRINGLE.

"Cleanliness next to Godliness."

NOTHING could exceed the prettiness of the suburban cottage to which Mark Pringle took home his newly-married wife, except (and such a comparison is indeed odious) the prettiness of the lady herself. What a picture she was! with her dark, sparkling eyes, sharp, clear, regular features, and "wee bit mou'," fresh as a rosebud, but thin as its leaf, and her skin so silken in texture, and lucid in complexion. O those English women! What a debt of amiability they owe nature for her favoritism. Then her neatness was exquisite—such hair-breadth nicety—such unrumpled placidtude in cuffs and collars—always looking, as the vulgar say (the term is a very apt one), as if she was in print. How she managed I know not, for she was by no means one of those persons who sit in a room, like waxen ladies in a glass case, merely to be looked at; on the contrary, she was a very active, bustling little person (even in her father's house); but, exert herself as she would, no soil was ever contracted—no crease incurred—she was still perfect—still in *print*—every fold falling just as it should do, every plait precise, as if laid so, with the fixture that kept unmoved the glossy bands of her hair.

Every body has seen Mark Pringle's place, or its ditto, so great a likeness exists in all suburban cottages—the stuccoed front, Swiss roof, Elizabethan chimneys, and Gothic windows; the always green, trimly-kept grass-plot, with its pretty flower-beds, whereof the mould looks rich-colored and smooth as the dust in our grandmother's agate snuff-box, the pack-wire fence, the polished door, the shining knocker, the glittering windows,

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with their exterior *jalousies*, and muslin relief curtains; the scrupulously pipe-clayed path, with the locked gate at the end of it; these things are as familiar to my readers as the figure of Achilles to the keepers of Hyde Park.

And now fancy Mrs. Pringle "at home," the newness of wifehood a little worn off, and a natural disposition for setting to rights beginning to develop itself. Poor Mark! how happy he was watching her move hither and thither, like a very incarnation of order, putting in form the chaos of a month's bachelor's housekeeping; how good-naturedly he stood by to see odd gloves, song books, bits of string, cigars, old letters—the rogue had taken good care not a single line in a feminine hand should be among them—thrown out from the well-filled drawers, to make room for the snowy linen and delicately-scented sachets of Mrs. Pringle's regime; and what a world of importance was in the arched eyebrows and compressed lips of the new wife—the queen despotic in her little empire of housewifery. Order certainly looks very pretty in a week-old bridal cap and white peignoir, and so Mark Pringle fancied; by-and-by, however, he began to think a little rest would be as well—she was *always setting to rights!*

There are some women (and Mrs. Pringle was one of them) who start in life with the idea that the golden rule of domestic comfort is comprised in two words—cleanliness and economy. Instead of considering them as mere appliances, they put them in the place of the principal, and believe themselves exceedingly ill-used when their practice is found unproductive of the expected effect. If one be neat and thrifty, they say, what excuse can a man have for leaving his home and neglecting his wife? Alas! will these cold characteristics, wanting the sweet and simple influence of a loving and intelligent nature, satisfy the heart, or make a man's home happy? I am certain not; but let Mrs. Pringle's story tell for itself.

It was a love match on Mark's side—one of interest on the lady's; her pretty face and neat person, joined to her character for notableness, had arrayed her in his eyes with all the attributes one wishes in the being he loves; and, blinded by her preference (for Ross Cottage and the adjuncts) into a belief of her affection for him, he conceived himself on the day of his

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marriage, fairly started on the high-road to domestic happiness, "fireside enjoyments," etc., etc. On the other hand, Mrs. Pringle labored under no such poetical hallucinations. She entered upon her *duties* as if they were such *only*, determined, however, to be faultless in the fulfillment of them—to be the most correct, most economical, most cleanly—in fact, the model wife of the neighborhood! To the working out of these principles she brought a most extensive knowledge of abstergents—no end of receipts for furniture-polish, and the concoction of family dishes upon a system of frugality that might make Mrs. Child's young housewife blush for her extravagance. Thus, with cleanliness on one side and economy on the other, she took the seat of honor at her husband's hearth. And from such supporters much might be expected; but she overworked them to opposite ends from those they were intended to produce.

The wedding visits received and paid, Mrs. Pringle felt herself at liberty to commence her alterations and emendations *ad libitum*. The drawing-room (as of most importance) was attacked first; and with the physical aid of her one servant a rapid revolution was effected. Talk of rule and compass regularity, here it was developed to its utmost practicableness. Mirrors were moved, pictures transposed from an artistical light to the very worst, because they wanted an azimuth of her nice perception of uniformity; the cozy fireside couches decorously drawn back to the walls; the scattered chairs called to order, and made to fall in side by side with regimental precision, while the ottoman force was disposed of altogether, as being too irregular; and lastly, having lavished no end of drugget on the carpet, and brown holland on the chairs and sofas, the curtains were bagged, the blinds drawn down, and Mrs. Pringle, taking one bland view of the subdued twilight interior, turned the key in the door, and withdrew it to be placed in one of those undiscoverable depositories that somehow mistresses of families contrive, unknown to every one else.

"Sally," said Mr. Pringle (he had just returned by omnibus from his office in the city) to the maid who ran down to unlock his own gate to him, "Sally, isn't your mistress well?"

"Law! yes, sir" answered the girl, perfectly astonished at the question.

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"I thought," said Mr. Pringle, "from seeing the drawing-room blinds down, she might have had a headache, and laid down."

"O no, sir, only missus was afraid of the sun's taking the damask curtains."

"O," said Mark, walking on, pondering, in all likelihood, the capabilities of the sun for petty larceny, and not altogether skeptical on the point himself—though he added, in an undertone, "it has a cold, uncomfortable look from the road; but a wife can not be too careful."

It happened that Mark Pringle had left his home on this morning at an earlier hour than he had ever done since their marriage. Business required his presence some distance from town, and the hours of absence had appeared really long to him; and, as he crossed the threshold of his home, his heart seemed bounding in to meet his wife; but Mrs. Pringle had not yet finished the adjustment of a supernumerary cover for the sitting-room sofa, and instead of going forward to meet and welcome him as she had hitherto done, she continued to pin and unpin the difficult affair, in a vain endeavor to make it sit like upholsterers' work; but Pringle was neither an exacting nor very sensitive man, and, seeing her so busy, he was going to take the kiss she was too engaged to give him, when she suddenly exclaimed, wholly unheeding his affectionate intention, and with a look and tone of absolute distress:

"O, Pringle, do look at your feet-marks; you are so careless in walking, and have actually come in without wiping your boots!"

Mark very quietly slipped into the hall, and relieved his soles of the power of making any impressions; but he made no further effort to carry off the intended caress—though this circumstance proved no bar to his lady's intensity of application in finishing, before dinner, her task of covering the sofa squabs.

That day, for the first time, Mark Pringle analyzed the dishes; and, highly creditable as the investigation must have turned out for the invention and economy of the contriver, it said but little for the state of the larder, and less for the skill of the cook; and Pringle, who was rather curious in his *cuisine* in the days of his bachelorship, ventured to hint that the sum

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allowed for housekeeping ought to afford better dinners. Mrs. Pringle laid down her knife and fork, took them up again, looked earnestly at her husband, and burst into tears.

"She was sure she did the best she could with the money; she had laid none out that he did not know of; nothing for herself; it was all in the house, and intended for his comfort."

And the lady pushed away her plate, sat back in her chair, her bosom heaving, her brow gathered up with every evidence of marital affliction, and her little foot beating the floor with a rapidity an Edgeware turner might have envied.

Mr. Pringle, in his turn, was greatly moved; he rose from his seat, assured her that for a moment he never doubted *that*, but that such a continuation of stews did not do for him; he thought a soup and joint, with a variation of fish and poultry, could be afforded; and he seconded the amendment by wiping away these first tears from the smooth cheek of his young wife with his own cambric, and pressing her very reassuringly to his breast. "It was but a word—he meant not to find fault with her management—it was really wonderful in one so new to all that sort of thing—but his ride had made him hungry, and there was little or nothing to eat."

N'importe; Mrs. Pringle felt that she had conquered—she played with her pocket-handkerchief—looked down at her little fingers, and up in her husband's face, and finally finished her dinner, and took wine with him as usual. And though, for a day or two, the bill of fare was altered, it soon returned to its primal two joints a week, with certain dishes of the genus "hotch-potch," but what particular species Mark Pringle never satisfactorily ascertained.

[To be continued.]

As water which flows from a spring does not congeal in the winter, so those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart can not be forgotten by adversity.

God has two dwellings—the highest heaven and the lowliest heart.

I never trusted God but I found him faithful, nor my heart but I found it false.

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Original

TO MY FRIEND—ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE HARRIET.

And has she gone? thy darling one,
Gone from thy watchful care;
Just sent to bless thy earthly home
A short, brief space, her mission done,
She left for climes more fair.

Then shall we mourn while o'er the dead
We see the green turf laid;
We know our little ones have fled
To homes where tears are never shed,
Nor love's fond wish betrayed.

And yet, and yet the mother's heart,
What untold anguish there!
When from her infant called to part,
Her spirit cries, Still mine thou art—
Mine—though an angel's care.

Yes, mine—though I no more can see
The light on thy young brow;
Mine—though I know thou blest must be—
With the redeemed—their minstrelsy
Will charm my seraph now.

And you, my friend, you sorrowing wept
O'er love's sweet nursling flower;
You have one cherished treasure left,
To cheer life's passing hour.
One gentle being by thy side,
Still smiling calls thee mother—guide.

But when I kissed my sleeping boy,
So beautiful in death,
"His father's pride, his mother's joy"
We had no other left.
He was our all—our only one,
And we were childless—all alone.

And it was well; for He who gave,
Who took my child from me,
Has kindly chastened, thus to save
From blind idolatry.
For oh, my foolish heart had made
An idol of my precious babe.

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My life's best thoughts awhile were given
To guard this pledge of love;
But now I labor more for heaven—
I look for rest above.
And they who follow Jesus here,
Though always prized, are still more dear.

HARRIET.

Original.

TO A PARENT BEREAVED.

THE intelligence of your sorrow came to me while the tears were still flowing over the grave of my youngest and most beloved. If there is power in sympathy to soothe such anguish as ours, it shall be assuaged, for now we will weep together. You have buried your youngest and your only child, and with what words shall I come to you to console. I would be dumb while the Saviour speaks.

Often have I heard good people say of their departed friends, that they would not call them back if they could. I make no such speech. "I *can not* bring him back again." Had tears and prayers availed to save him, he would not have died. Could human skill avail to save, he would now be playing at my side, and the tears would not be falling on this page. But love and skill are alike in vain to restore the spirit to the lifeless clay. Speak to it and it hears not; kiss it and its lips are cold; press it to your bosom and it is not warm. The child is dead, and "can I bring it back again?" Ah, if I could! If rivers of waters running down my eyes, if oceans of tears would float his spirit back, I would weep day and night for my departed. Would not you? But this is wrong. Is it not sweet submission that should say, "Even so, Father?" Now let us lay the ashes in their kindred dust, close the green turf over his mouldering form, and turn to the book of God for comfort in the day of our calamity.

Your precious child though *gone* is not *lost*. It is clearly revealed that God employs the spirits whom He has made to minister unto those whom He delights to tend with peculiar care.

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With the mode of angelic or spiritual intercourse we are not acquainted; but with me it is a favorite, and I trust not an unscriptural thought, that the spirits of those whom we have loved on earth are always near us, on errands of mercy, perhaps of salvation. They are not lost who die in infancy. They live in bliss themselves, and blessing those who gave them to God while yet they were here. Is it not sweet to think that when an infant dies it sleeps in Jesus—that we are sure of one in heaven? Others may grow up in sin, and *grow old in sin*, and die in sin, and be lost—but one is safe. Thank God for one is safe home. "They only can be said to possess a child forever who have lost one in infancy."

And I know that Infinite Wisdom guided the hand that has smitten your heart and mine. He is "too wise to be mistaken, too good to be unkind." We shall feel it to be true. Could we now behold the varied and benign results that in God's providence and grace are to be the fruit of these sad events; could we see the glory they will bring eventually to Him, whose glory is the ultimate and righteous object of all that is, so that around the death of an infant, as around the fall of an empire, cluster considerations that bear upon the joys of saints and angels, and of Him who sitteth on the throne, GOD over all, we would not merely acquiesce in the dispensation, but we should rejoice in it with joy unspeakable. It is often the severest part of our affliction that we can not see why we suffer. Our faith is tried because we can not see. "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." God's purposes are eternal; and in some distant age of the future, millions beyond the judgment, the death of our babes may be working out results that are linked with the throne of God.

"O let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness vails this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise and holy will,
Wrapped yet in tears and mystery.
I can not, Lord, Thy purpose see,
Yet all is well since ruled by Thee."

And the child has been taken away in love. O was it not love that gave the child—that gave us such a child; that clothed it

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with loveliness like a garment, and gave it all those winning ways that wound themselves about our hearts so tenderly, but so closely, that naught but death could part us. But the same God who gave has taken away. And was not the lamb His own? And has He not gathered it into His bosom? Was it not His jewel, and has He not set it as a gem in His own crown? Blessed be His name forever. There are thousands of other little children whom God might have taken, but He loved ours so much that He came into our humble household and bore it away.

Such are some of the thoughts that have comforted me in my sorrow. I would that they could minister to your grief. It is all right. And by-and-by, when the hand of the Redeemer wipes away all tears from our eyes, how we shall wonder that we could ever mourn so much over that which has made heaven happier, and the crown of Jesus brighter, than when our house was lighted with the eyes that are now dark in the tomb. It was sweet to have him here—to listen to his voice in the glee of infancy—to feel his lips as they were pressed to ours—to hear his infant prayer, or his gentle murmur when we hummed the evening lullaby.

"His presence was like sunshine
Sent down to gladden earth;
To comfort us in all our griefs,
And sweeten all our mirth."

But he is brighter, fairer, happier there, and we shall soon rejoin him in our Father's house, a reunited family, all the more blessed because we have been for a little while separated, and then we shall part no more forever. I will then be yours,

S. I. P.

Let not the present pleasures of life allure thee, nor the cares thereof possess thee; then can not sudden death surprise thee.

Memory is to the judgment what windows are to a mansion; without light the structure is a dungeon.

Industry and economy will get rich while sagacity and intrigue are laying their plans.

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Original.

REVERENCE.

Little children, let one who has lived long in the world, and seen much of good and evil, say a few words to *you*. You will, I dare say, listen with pleasure when I tell you of what I intend to speak. Nearly 4000 years ago, God had a favorite people, called the Jews, whom He chose for His own. He was very kind to them, and gave them laws to guide them in the way they should go. One of these laws you will find in Lev. xix. 32—"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man." God has a favorite people now. They are called Christians, and wherever they live, whether in Europe, Asia, or Africa, they delight to obey the laws which He has made. This law, which He made for the Jews, is a good one for all people; and whoever has followed it *has been prospered*. But I am afraid little children forget that there has ever been such a law. They have not found it in the Bible, and their parents have not taught it to them. An aged, gray-haired man, perhaps a grandfather, enters the room, and not one of the little circle of children rises to offer him his favorite rocking-chair, or yield him his accustomed seat in the corner. The old man is obliged to look around and call the servant to fetch him a chair. He sits at the table; and do the children wait in silent respect until their aged friend is helped? No; they call out, "I will have this, and I will have that," and the aged man may wait his time. From this old man's lips drop the words of wisdom and experience; but instead of being silent, respectful listeners, the children rattle on as rapidly as ever, preventing even the pleasant conversation of their elders. How disgraceful is all this to the land in which we live, and to the families of Christian parents in which these children are educated.

Now, dear children, besides the law of which I have told you above, you are also commanded by God to honor all who are in authority over you; to submit to those who have the rule over you; to honor the king, or those who may be in the place of king; to give honor to whom honor is due. The apostle Paul

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says, "Be subject to principalities and powers; obey magistrates;" and "Let elders that rule be counted worthy of double honor." But how common is it in this boasted *land of freedom*, to find mere children canvassing the merits of our rulers, and denying their claims to respect and obedience; criticising their religious teachers and doing them no reverence; neglecting and despising parents, when for such contempt they would, in Jewish times, have been stoned to death.

After God's favorite people had tried and troubled Him a great deal, they at last besought Him for a *king*. He gave them one by the name of Saul. He was a bad man, disobedient to God, and no blessing to the Jews. He was troubled by violent fits of madness, when nothing would soothe him but the sound of some pleasant instrument. A lovely young man was found by the name of David, to play for him upon the harp. He soon discovered that David was intended by the Lord to succeed him as king, and jealousy filled his breast. He would send his javelin at him as he played, to kill him, and he pursued him in various ways with such violence that David was forced to escape for his life. But notwithstanding all this, David was an example of respect and reverence for the "anointed of God." David, who received his education amid the works of nature, tending his father's sheep, is called "the man after God's own heart," and was, with one or two exceptions, such an example as children may safely follow. When this wicked Saul was pursuing after David, and had fallen asleep in a cave, David came most unexpectedly upon him, and might have put him to death. He was urged to do so by the few friends who accompanied him, and many, very many would have considered it perfectly right to do so. But David was of a different opinion. "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my *master*, the Lord's anointed, and stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord." At another time David had escaped to the wilderness, and Saul, bloody Saul follows him. Saul is asleep in the midst of his army, and David comes so closely upon him that he carries away the spear and cruse of water by Saul's pillow, but he says, "I would not stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed." How beautiful is such respect and reverence for the appointed office-bearers of the Almighty! Still

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further does David manifest this disposition, when, after Saul's death in a battle with the Philistines, by which David is promoted to the kingship, a man presents himself to him declaring that Saul is dead, and that he had killed him. "Thy blood be upon thy head," says David, "for thy mouth hath testified against thee, saying, I have slain the Lord's anointed;" and he commanded his men to put him to death. Saul left a son named Ishbosheth, and two men slew him in his bed, and brought his head to David, thinking thereby to receive a very large reward. But David commanded them both to be slain, and Ishbosheth to receive an honorable burial.

You learn from this, my children, how beautiful is reverence and respect for every one whom God has placed in honor and authority over you. Let not your lips indulge in evil words, nor your heart in wicked thoughts against any such. When the good apostle Paul was reproved for speaking disrespectfully to the high priest, he immediately made a very handsome apology, saying, "I wist not, brethren, that he was high priest, for it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people." Learn from this to be as careful to do right as was the apostle Paul, and when you do wrong, to be as willing to confess and forsake it as was he. Your friend,

A GRANDPARENT.

Original.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

How much is comprised in the simple word KINDNESS! One kind word, or even mild look, will often dispel thick-gathering gloom from the countenance of an affectionate husband or wife. When the temper is tried by some inconvenience or trifling vexation, and marks of displeasure are depicted on the countenance, and perhaps, too, that most "unruly of all members" is ready to vent its spleen upon the innocent husband or wife, what will a kind mien, a pleasant reply accomplish! Almost invariably perfect harmony and peace are thus restored. These thoughts

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were suggested by the recollection of a little domestic incident, to which I was a silent though not uninterested spectator.

During the summer months of 1834, I was spending a few weeks with a happy married pair, who had tasted the good and ills of life together only a twelvemonth.

Both possessed many amiable qualities, and were well qualified to promote each other's happiness. My second visit to my friends was of a week's duration, in the month of December. One cold evening the husband returned home at his usual hour, at nine o'clock, expecting to find a warm fire for his reception, but instead he found a cheerless, comfortless room. His first thought, no doubt, was that it was owing to the negligence of his wife; and under the impression, in rather a severe tone, he said, "This is too bad! to come home from the office cold, and find no fire: I really should have kept it in." I sat almost breathless, trembling for the reply. I well knew it was no fault of hers, for she had wasted nearly the whole of the evening, and almost exhausted her patience in attempting to kindle a fire. She in a moment replied, with great kindness, "Why, my dear, I wonder what is the matter with our stove? We must have something done to-morrow, for I have spent a great deal of time in vain to make a fire." This was said in such a mild, pleasant tone that it had the most happy effect. If she had replied at that moment, when his feelings were alive to supposed neglect, "I don't know who is to blame; I have done my part, and been freezing all the evening for my pains. If the stove had been put as it should have been all would have been well enough." This, said in an unamiable, peevish tone, might have added fuel to the fire, and led to serious consequences; but fortunately her mild reply restored perfect serenity. The next day the stove was taken down, and the difficulty, some defect in the flue, was removed. What will not a kind word accomplish?

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

Duty and blessing go hand in hand.

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Original.

THOUGHTS ON THE COVENANT.

Concluded.

And now how delightful to look back and survey at one view the ground that we have been over while treating of this interesting subject. There *is* such a covenant. Christian parent, it is made, first of all, with thine own soul. But it includes also thy children. It is made by God himself. It originated in His own free love and mercy, and not in any merit, present or foreseen, of thine. It contains exceedingly great and precious promises; promises that are sure and can not fail; promises established upon the ground of the Redeemer's merits and mediation; promises guaranteed by God's own veracity and faithfulness; promises which have been verified in the experience of believers in all past ages; promises which have been the hope and comfort of the saints from the days of faithful Abraham to this day; promises to which every humble, faithful follower of Christ may lay claim, and thou thyself, Christian reader, among them. These promises tell thee of blessings such as thou hadst never dreamed of before. All unworthy as thou art, a poor, weak, fallen, sinful being, they tell thee of pardon from thy God, of help and deliverance in thy sins, of returning peace of conscience in thy soul, of joy in the Holy Ghost, of guidance and a safe conduct for thee through all the way of thy pilgrimage here, of an increase of grace and a growing conformity to the will of God, of support under trials and consolation in affliction and sorrow, of victory over death, of a joyful resurrection, and an eternal life with Christ thy Redeemer and His people in heaven. All this the promises of the covenant speak of and make over to thee. What a sweet, encouraging, blessed thing is this covenant! And why should we not often think of it, often recur to it in trouble, often assure and re-establish our faith when it fails, by means of it? Why should we not go to such portions of the Bible as the third chapter of Galatians and the eighth chapter of Hebrews, and ponder well their meaning, and drink deeply

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into their spirit and design, and thus get fresh strength and courage for the duties and trials of life before us?

Nor are these blessings confined to thyself alone, Christian parent. The promise is to thee and to thy children. In the covenant of thy God blessings are laid up for thine offspring. And such blessings, too! So great! so free! so needful! so lasting! so sure! "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." What more can be desired than is summed up and included in this brief promise? God engages to be thy God. And then, as if this was not enough, and as if He heard thee still saying, But what shall become of my children when I am dead and gone from them, or when they are dead and gone from me? He adds, "I will be to them a God also." Fear not for them; only dedicate them to me; put the seal of my covenant upon them; and train them up for me; pray for them; instruct them out of my word; set a good example before them. Thus seek for them, first of all and chief of all, a place in my kingdom, and I will send my renewing Spirit into their hearts, and they shall be born again of water and of the Spirit, and thus shall they be fitted for and introduced into my spiritual kingdom on earth, and my kingdom of glory and blessedness in heaven. Keep them not away from me. Hold them not back. Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And now, in conclusion, and with this gracious covenant full in our view, we ask leave to address a few words of friendly counsel to two or three classes of our readers. We thus single them out that we may make what we have to say to them more specific and better suited to their case.

1. *To parents.* Do not fail to dedicate your children to God. Do not fail to have the seal of the covenant placed upon them. Do this while they are young, in their earliest days, before they are taken away from you, as they are liable to be in early life. Do this in simple dependence on the grace of God; in faith and love; and in the humble waiting posture of those who expect His blessing to follow—that blessing without which all means and all outward ordinances will be in vain. See to it, that in giving up your children to God in the divinely appointed ordinance of Household Baptism, you do also give up yourselves to

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Him to be His true and willing servants. Do it cheerfully and with your whole heart. Do it speedily, forthwith, if you have not done it already. If you should neglect to do this the time will come (and it may be near) when you will most deeply regret such neglect. When your children are dead and gone it will then be too late. And if the blessings of the covenant are despised now, and you have no desire that your children should share in these blessings, they may grow up only to despise these blessings themselves, and, like profane Esau, may at last be shut out from all participation in them. Much depends on you in this matter—oh, how much! Do not be unfaithful to the souls of your children! You have, in them, a precious deposit committed to your hands. Their spiritual birthright, their eternal inheritance is, in a sense, in your keeping. Do not, through unbelief or carelessness, throw it away. At least do what you can for them, and if it be so that they should then perish the fault will not be yours, and you will be able the more readily to submit and acquiesce in its being so.

2. To parents who have *not* given their children to God, and to *mothers* especially, who belong to this class. How can you live in the neglect of so high a duty, so great a privilege? Is it not a privilege (as well as duty) to devote your child to God? What, no privilege to have the Infinite God a God to your child! to have Him *your* Father and *its* Father! and to be, both yourself and your child, His adopted and beloved children! a son, a daughter, of the Lord Almighty! Is this no privilege? What is a privilege if this is not? But why, then, neglect it? Why throw it away! Why expose it to be lost? If you have no faith in God's covenant, is this any good and sufficient justification? We have shown you that there is such a covenant. We have pointed you to its blessings. We have thus set life and death before you for your election between them. And now if we ask, yea, urge you to choose between them, will you deem us unreasonable? No, surely. You will, at once, give up yourself, your children, your entire family, to God.

3. To *children* that have been given to God. Dear young friends, remember that the obligations of the covenant are upon you. Your parents can not do all for you that you need to have done. They have given you to God. They have cast them-

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selves and you, both together, upon the mercies of God's covenant. They have brought you to the baptismal font and there pledged and sealed you unto the Lord to be His servants forever. They have prayed for you. They have instructed you. They have exemplified, in some good measure, we trust, the precepts of Christ before your eyes. And now will you not do your part? Perhaps your parents, one or both, have been taken from you. And if not, they soon will be, or at least may be. O remember the words of that "dear covenant" upon which God has caused their souls to rest in hope for you.

4. To children that have an *unbelieving* father or mother. Betake yourselves to the covenant for them as well as for yourselves. Sometimes it has been found that God blesses the parent for the children's sake. He hears prayer. He regards the cry of the humble. Who knows but that your believing prayers may prevail for your father or your mother, and bring their souls under the bonds of the everlasting covenant. Then what joy to *your* souls, and what additional privileges will come, through them, into *your* possession. You love and honor your parents. How can you do so much to testify your regard for them as by seeking for them the blessings of the covenant? If they have neglected your souls, do not you neglect theirs. Do at least what you can for them. Hope, plead, wait, in all dutiful love and obedience toward them, till the desired blessing come, or till your opportunities for doing them good are all at an end. And now we commend this whole delightful subject to the attention, the faith, the prayers of those readers of this journal who may chance to cast their eyes over these humble pages; hoping and desiring that the blessings of God's covenant, both here and hereafter, may be their happy portion, through faith in the precious Redeemer, who interposed the agonies of His soul even unto death to procure these blessings for all who will look to Him for them.

WHERE grace makes a combat, death shall make a conquest.

It is an uncontested truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

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Original

RESPECT FOR CHILDREN.

A DARK-EYED, dark-haired little girl of about ten years in age, had been standing for several moments at the western window of her mother's pleasant parlor. Her countenance showed plainly that she was considering some (to her) very important question, and her eyes were turning from one quarter of the sky to another, as if the subject of her meditations was written there. "Mother," said she, leaving the window and coming up to the table by which her mother sat sewing, "mother, I think it will rain to-day." "You are a bright child," was the reply, in a slightly sarcastic tone, "to have been all this time coming to *that* conclusion. It has rained already twice since breakfast." Little Ellen made no answer, and few, perhaps, would have read in her face any sign of emotion; but I marked the compressed lip, and a peculiar expression of the eye, which told plainly that the affair would not be forgotten. The mother, too, was soon to learn it. At this moment entered "Cousin Carrie," as she was called throughout the village, a fair-browed girl of eighteen, whose blue eyes differed from the azure heavens *only* in being always unclouded, and whose smile and voice were like sunlight and music. After the usual greetings were exchanged, and Carrie had seated herself in a low chair, with some fancy-work, she exclaimed, "I do believe we are going to have a rainy day." Mrs. May being busied at that moment, made no reply, and little Ellen, who had returned to her old stand at the window, interrupted the conversation with, "Has it taken you all the morning to find out *that*, Cousin Carrie? It has been raining ever since breakfast." This was said with a singular manner, which I interpreted to show a mixed feeling—of satisfaction in giving to another the same ungracious answer which she had herself received, a feeling that it could not be wrong since her mother did it, and at the same time a conviction that it was impolite and ill-humored. Cousin Carrie looked surprised, and remarked, pleasantly, "What makes you so cross this morning, little Nell?" but Mrs. May said, very sternly, "Ellen, leave

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the room, and go to the nursery." Ellen left the room, with a flushed cheek, and I doubt not a bitter sense of injustice in her heart, but her mother apparently took no more notice of the affair. It was probably soon forgotten by the child herself, and yet the influence of that incident may be felt throughout her lifetime.

"I don't want mother to have company ever again, so long as I live," said one of my little friends, a noble little fellow, a few days since, as he climbed into my lap, with his tailless kite in one hand, and a neglected looking primer in the other. "Why not, Willie—do you not love to see the gentlemen and ladies, and hear them talk?" "O yes, and the cake was very nice, too, and one of the gentlemen gave me a silver dime that I can buy marbles with, but then"—and here his voice sank almost to a whisper, as if he had some terrible secret to reveal, and feared that it would be overheard by others in the room, "mother had a little table made in one corner of the dining-room for Martyn, and Lizzie, and me, and we sat all alone there, while all the gentlemen and ladies sat at the other table, and I do not like it;" and the blood came up into his white forehead at the very recollection. "But, Willie," said I, though I knew perfectly what his reply would be, "there was not room at the table, and you know you are a little boy to sit up to supper at all." "Well, if I am a little boy I know how to behave at table, and mother says I do. But we did not have any spoons for our strawberries, and when I asked mother, she only said 'No matter,' and then one of the gentlemen said something to one of the ladies about me, I know it was, and she laughed. I should not have cared so much about the little table, if it had not been for that." But here Martyn appeared at the door, and Willie ran to join his play, leaving me to reflect on his words.

The proper requests of children should never be considered as of no consequence, for it will result in one of two things: a confusing of their own ideas of propriety and politeness, or an increase of their sensitiveness on such points, accompanied with a feeling that they are overlooked, neglected, and wounded. Can a mother make the conventional usages, crowding cares, and endless perplexities of a large company compatible with the little duties she owes her sensitive child? It is almost impossible for

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even a mother's heart *always* to think of every such contingency, and yet ought it not to be? The slightest mark on the surface of the polished stone disfigures its beauty, and though it be precious still, and be finally redeemed from her hand as a brilliant jewel, her joy had been greater, and her commendation higher, had it been perfect—"without spot:"

"I saw father measure it, mother, and he told me himself, too, and I am *sure* it was three quarters of an inch," said William, the eldest son of Professor Mayden, of ——— College. William was nearly fifteen, and of a very haughty, and at the same time impetuous disposition, but in the main an excellent boy, and of fine promise as a scholar. "You do not know any thing about the instrument, William, and it is absurd for you to be so positive. I tell you I am sure you are mistaken." "But, mother—" "Be still," said Mrs. Mayden, and turned to her visitors, whose remarks on the weather had given rise to this discussion. Professor Mayden had in his garden an instrument for the accurate measurement of the quantity of rain falling in a given time, and the dispute between William and his mother was with regard to the quantity which fell in a shower on the previous afternoon. During the remainder of the call William was perfectly silent, and, on the departure of the visitors, bade them good afternoon in a manner and with a tone so exceedingly ungracious as to draw from his mother a very severe reproof. At tea, as soon as his father took his seat, William inquired, with an air of great earnestness, "Father, how much rain fell yesterday afternoon?" "Three quarters of an inch, my son; but why do you ask—you surely can not have forgotten it already?" "No, sir," replied William, "but mother contradicted me before a whole roomful of company this afternoon, when I said so, and so I thought I should like to have her hear you say so." He was reproved again for the manifestation of an ill temper, which had its rise and occasion, if not its cause, in his mother's injudicious way of speaking, and the matter dropped.

These are but one or two instances, and very trifling ones, of the too common want of *respect* for children, of which parents in their hurry, and care, and ofttimes trouble, are so little conscious. Children are sensitive and observant to a much greater degree

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than is imagined, in regard to such matters. "I do not love to go to see Mrs. Washburn with mother," says a little girl. "Why not?" "Because she never speaks to me."

But after all, in our own recollection, we may find the most convincing proof of the serious character of this defect in the treatment of children. Who can not look back to hours and days of suffering, occasioned by some fancied slight, or neglect, on the part of a parent? Who does not remember any little mortification experienced in the presence of strangers, and deriving its peculiar bitterness from their presence? Who is there that never in their childish days pondered over the difference between "like" and "love," and felt that although their father and mother *loved* them they did not *like* them? Well do I remember going in tears one day to my mother and asking her if she did really believe that father thought I was stupid, for he called me a "stupid child," when I asked some irrelevant question in my lesson! The words "stupid child," rang in my ear for years, and bring the crimson to my cheek and the tear to my eye as I think of them even now, and yet they were not spoken unkindly, and surely not undeservedly. On that account, however, they were no less unfortunate in their effect.

And there is much in a child which should win, nay, command, our respect. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Their comparative innocence, their freedom from artifice or guile of any sort, their ignorance of the wrong with which we are familiar, should give to their character a hallowed interest in our eyes. More recently than we from the hand of God, bearing even in their fair faces the deeper impress of His image, signalized by our Divine Master as the possessors of a character which we are to emulate in our relations to Himself, O let us beware how, even in a small thing, we wound any of these little ones!

YOUNG children are strongly affected by facial expression, and they learn the features of passion long before they learn any other part of its language. Their imitative faculties are so active, and their sympathies so acute, that they unconsciously assume the expression of face which they are accustomed to see and feel.

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Original

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

We are all familiar with the language of the Bible spoken in honor of the Patriarch Abraham, the father of the faithful: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." It is the language of God himself, who had called him from pagan darkness, instituted His covenant with him, and had given him assurance that all the nations of the earth should be blessed in him. Knowing his character, his integrity, He was persuaded that he would be faithful in the capacity of a father, and would command his children and his household after him—that he would impart suitable instruction and impose suitable restraint. From the Bible history of this good man, we have every reason to suppose that he fulfilled Divine expectation, inherited the blessing, and is now in heaven. The words above quoted may be viewed as presenting God's estimate of Abraham as the moral governor and guardian of his family, and will lead us to look at the reality of the right and duty of parents to *govern*.

Government is any system of authority exercised by one being over another. It is *righteous* when the right to govern *exists*, and that right is not *abused*. The right to exercise authority originates in the moral relations subsisting between different beings. None but a man who disputes all moral truth will deny that given relations create the right to rule, and consequently impose the duty of obedience. God's right of sovereignty arises from His relations to His creatures. He is their creator, preserver, and bountiful benefactor. His right of dominion is absolute and inalienable, such as can not be delegated to another, for none can sustain the relations which He does to His creatures. The right of the king to command grows out of his relations. The simple question then is, does the *parental relation* involve the right of exercising and enforcing authority? The affirmative may safely be assumed as the impression of men in all ages, in all countries, under all forms of civil government, in every condition of improvement or ignorance, and, indeed, in almost every

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state in which the relation exists. This conviction we must assume as correct, unless we adopt the supposition that all men have been deceived in relation to a matter of which they are competent to judge. If they are not competent to judge of this question, they are not of any other; so that we must admit its correctness or fall into the absurdity of universal skepticism. This argument, however, would simply prove the reality of the *right*, without any exposition of its grounds. In relation to the latter point it will be sufficient to show that God has established the right. If it be conferred by Him, then no man will presume to question the validity of its basis. That such is the fact may be shown by the most conclusive evidence. The *parental relation* itself contains one branch of this evidence. It is a relation constituted by God himself. It is constituted for a definite object; that object includes a suitable preparation of children for the duties and responsibilities of mature life. God must, therefore, have intended that the parent should have a right to such authority, and in support of that authority to exercise such discipline as may be necessary for these purposes. The parent can not properly discharge his duties to his children without the right of exercising government over them. It may therefore be safely assumed that God has established this right.

The *Bible* also clearly recognizes this right. Both the civil and moral laws of the Jewish people contained this doctrine. They taught the right of parents to govern, and the duty of children to obey. This right was imparted and enforced by the Divine lawgiver, and could not be set aside without a forfeiture of the blessings with which a gracious covenant was freighted. This right, too, has been acknowledged by every succeeding generation who have recognized the validity of truth or the authority of God.

Now a right may exist without a duty. The president may have the right to veto, but it may not be his duty to exercise this right. The governor may have the right to pardon a criminal, but what is his duty in the premises is a separate and independent question.

In the case before us both the right and the duty are relatives. That which creates the right imposes the duty. Government mild, yet firm, is a duty which parents owe to God, to their children, and to society.

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The government of parents was once much more absolute and unlimited than it is at present. Among the Spartans, the Athenians, and the Romans, parents were allowed to put to death all their feeble and deformed children. The Jewish constitution invested parents with more authority than is granted in most *Christian* countries. To this day, among pagan nations, the power of the parent is almost absolute. Now that this government may not be an oppressive tyranny, practiced by the strong upon the weak, it is obvious that it must be surrounded by certain restrictions. The child has rights, and the parent's power must be so limited as to preserve these rights inviolable. Some of these limitations we propose to consider.

The authority with which a parent is invested confers no right to require the performance of a wrong act. But, it may be asked, who shall judge of the rectitude of the act? We answer, both the parent and the child. If they disagree, and the parent requires what the child deems *positively sinful*, the obligation of the latter to obey ceases, and the duty of the parent is to correct the judgment of the child. If he fail in this he ought to suspend his requirements, and leave the child to obey God rather than man. The rights of conscience are to be regarded, and no child should be required to do what his conscience forbids.

What the civil law may rightfully forbid no parent has a right to command. The civil is of higher authority than the parental law, and of course fixes a limitation to the latter. But we need not stop further to consider this limitation.

A third limitation is founded upon age. It was doubtless the design of God that both the right and the obligation to exercise parental authority should cease after a certain time. That period arrives when the child is prepared to act for himself, and take the guidance of his own conduct. Then the right and duty have answered all the purposes for which they were originally established, and are therefore no longer necessary. From this time the parent may advise, but ought not to control—he may counsel, but he ought not to command. As the child approaches this period it is judicious to consult his predilections, and give a wider scope to his discretion, that he may be better prepared to manage his own bark when he shall launch out upon the ocean of life.

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It is not without a purpose that we have thus stated these limitations. In most cases we doubt not the law of the land, the law of conscience, and that which is more powerful than all, that of natural affection, will furnish an adequate protection to children, and render family government sufficiently mild. But there are instances in which these truths seem to have been either not understood, or to have been forgotten. We shall take occasion, hereafter, to refer to this subject again, and endeavor to make a practical application of what we have here said.

Original.

THE WORD OF GOD A SHIELD FOR THE YOUNG.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D

Divine truth may have a protecting and strengthening power, even before it can be fed upon intelligently with a mature understanding. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God may perfect praise; and the leaves of the tree of life may be for the healing of infant nations. There is never a time when the power of the word of God is not around the soul, or may not be applied to it for salvation. From the earliest, tenderest, most helpless period of life, the leaves of the tree may be for healing and preservation—for medicine and protection. The unguarded years of childhood may be secured by them; a strong shield against temptation may be woven from them. And the shield of parental faith, if not the faith of the children, may protect the youthful soul against all the fiery darts of the wicked one. Parental prayer and instruction may so surround the child with the power of the word of God, that none of the powers of darkness shall come near to harm it—that no approach of Satan with his wiles can be successfully made against it.

I have met with an illustration, or analogy, in regard to the protecting power of God's word, as it may be thrown by believing parents around their children, of great interest and beauty. A thoughtful observer, wandering in the woods, once had his at-

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tention arrested by the agitated motions and cries of a bird, around and within a particular tree, as in great haste and peril. He watched the little creature's rapid movements, flying back and forth, and soon traced them to a brood of young fledgelings, who were putting up their heads out of the nest and crying for food. But the mother was wholly occupied outside the nest, in surrounding it with a species of small leaves, which she brought in her bill, and disposed as well as she could close to her nestlings. As soon as she had completed this work, or enough of it, as it seemed, she flew away a little distance to a neighboring tree, and there rested, apparently quite composed, as if awaiting some immediate result. And, indeed, the secret of all this was not long in coming out. Continuing his watch, the observer in a few moments saw a dark, glittering snake winding himself up the tree toward the nest where the helpless little young ones were crying. He seemed sure of his prey, but the very instant he touched the leaves with which the careful bird, on the first approach and discovery of the danger, had, with heaven-taught instinct, shielded the nest, the reptile recoiled, as if stung by a torpedo, and crept rapidly away. The leaf was a deadly poison or terror to the serpent, and consequently a powerful security to the birds; and the marvelous instinct and love of the parent bird preserved her young in their helplessness, as if a human intelligence had shielded them.

The applications of this incident are beautiful and striking. The word of God is the proper safeguard of the youthful mind. In a thousand ways parental love and faith may deposit it in the understanding, gain for it a hold upon the heart, make it attractive to the imagination, enfold in it and combine with it the teachings of childhood, and girdle the formation of taste, feeling, and opinion with the leaves of the Tree. The leaves of the Tree are not only for the healing of the soul stung by the monster sin, but they are a protection against sin, and against that old serpent the devil. The cradle of the young should be surrounded with them; the earliest leaves should have a fragrance borrowed from them; the affections of the tender heart should be guarded by them. Parental love and care should make use of them—should apply them, and render them familiar, even before the infantile intelligence has itself learned their pre-

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ciousness. It is absurd to suppose that nothing must be taught to children but what they are able to understand. Children are creatures of faith; they learn and understand, because they first believe. They confide, and God intended that they should, without knowledge, in the wisdom of their parents; and it is only through such confidence that they ever learn any thing.

A child, at first, can not be supposed to know any thing more about the word of God, except that it learns to love it and believe it, than it knows about the chemical ingredients of the food provided by its parents—which, nevertheless, it eats and is nourished—or how the corn grows, or the harvests are gathered. A great many sneers have been bestowed by careless, irreligious persons, and even arguments advanced, about the folly of children's catechisms, and special religious teachings for the young, before they are able to choose for themselves. To wait, before instructing a child, till it can choose its own creed, and understand the Bible, would be like never suffering it to enjoy a porringer of bread and milk, till a corps of lecturers on chemistry and dietetics have demonstrated the difference between milk and meat, bran and flour. Indeed, there must be, in the nature of things, positive teachings from the beginning, and a creed, and a choice; for in reference to religion, negative teachings are awfully positive. If you do not begin with God, Christ, and the gospel, Satan begins with his creed, and his practice, the first article of which is atheism, a neglect of God till you know all about Him, a neglect of Christ till you can choose Him by demonstration—and by that time the devil's hold is too strong to be unloosed; by that time unbelief is the positive creed, and alienation from God the reigning and incorrigible habit. If you undertake to keep your child's mind empty, swept, and garnished, till an intelligent choice—the child's own will—shall arrange its religious furniture, you are certainly retaining it for a habitation of the wicked one. But the child's mind is given to you to furnish, not to keep unfurnished; and you are bound to furnish it with such principles and fixtures of faith, such articles of truth from God, that by and by it can be trusted safely to make its own selection. You are bound to educate the habits, tastes, feelings, judgment of the opening mind aright, and you can not do it in the neglect of God's word.

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Our blessed Lord laid down the grand rule of a child's education, when He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And there is no period so early in which they may not come; but at that early period to which our Lord more particularly referred, they must be brought, in order to come at all; they must be carried in the arms of others' faith, borne by others' instructions, drawn from the word of God. If they come at all, it is the Christ of the Scriptures to whom they must come—the Christ of that faith taught by the Scriptures, and not an imaginary Christ. And for this especially the Bible is a child's book—because it is so full of Christ, and because its grand requisite of character is a childlike faith in Him; a thing which, as it is taught only in the Scriptures, can be produced only by their instrumentality. It is the leaves of the Tree that are needed, whether in books, tracts, catechisms, hymns, passages, and chapters committed to memory, Sabbath-school instructions, instructions by the fireside, oral, written, or in whatever way; all the varieties of leaves in their place are good, and all adapted to lead even little children to Christ, provided they are leaves from the Tree. Passages put into the memory are good; oftentimes they prove infinitely precious, though at the time when they were so deposited, the little learner could know little or nothing of their meaning. Oftentimes they prove talismans, which by and by are pronounced, or manifested by a living faith, which, when they were laid away in the mind, was not in existence. Oftentimes they are as the leaves that repel the serpent, even when neither he nor the leaves themselves are the subject of notice by the unconscious nestlers.

Selected.

FAMILY PRAYER.—"The world," says a writer, "does not furnish a single prospect so beautiful, so lovely, to the eye of virtuous contemplation, as a family assembled in the morning for their affectionate devotions: combining the two most charming among all the exercises of the human heart—piety to God, their common Parent, and tenderness to each other. No priest, no

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minister, is so venerable as a father. No congregation so dear and tenderly beloved as a wife and children; and no oblations are offered with the same union, interest, and delight as those of a pious and affectionate household."

Nor can it be without its benign influence upon children who are not pious. They may not, indeed, be sensibly impressed at the time; they may leave the parental roof for other residences and other employments; but they will not be likely to lose the recollection of the altar at home. No! should they wander to the ends of the earth, should they settle in some wild of the far-distant West, or bend their course to the farthest East, the image of a father, bowing at the throne of grace, will recur to their thoughts; his tears, his devout aspirations for the welfare of their souls, can scarcely fail to lead them to efforts for their own salvation. The parent who humbly, daily, and fervently prays in his family, has reason to anticipate the blessing of God upon his children. But he who neglects so obvious a duty, and such a means of salvation, ought not to pretend that he has any *real* love for them. What reason has *he* to hope that his offspring will pursue the path of true wisdom when he neglects it? or will they invoke the favor and grace of God upon themselves, when he does not do it for them?

But family prayer is not the only duty of the parent; to it he should add daily, fervent, and importunate prayer in the closet. For his personal holiness and growth in grace—for his comfort in communion with God—secret prayer is indispensable. In the solitude and secrecy of his chamber he may wrestle—agonize; then, with a holy pathos, such as finds birth only in the parental heart, and is uttered only by parental lips, he may cast his children on the Lord, and claim for them the blessing guaranteed in that covenant which can never fail.—BIBLE HISTORY OF PRAYER.

WHEN excellent things go away, and then look back upon us, as our blessed Saviour did upon St. Peter, we are more moved than by the nearer embraces of a full and actual possession.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

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Original.

DUTIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Beside the duties of husband and wife, of which we have heretofore spoken, is that of *mutual attention* and *respect*.

It would seem unnecessary to mention this as a duty. If mutual love, sympathy, and confidence prevail, those thousand nameless attentions which constitute the sum of domestic enjoyment will naturally and almost inevitably follow. Attentions, little kindnesses, doubtless did much in securing the love, sympathy, and confidence which led to the marriage union, and if *they* would be retained, these *acts* must be continued. Many, indeed, seem to think that when the prize is fairly won, or the Rubicon actually passed, and there is no possibility of retreat, they may be indifferent as to attention, if not positively *uncourteous*. This, to say the least, is morally dishonest, a failure to fulfill expectations which *previous* conduct had excited. And, besides, who does not know that life is a fabric made up of little threads, in other words, that small things give it its coloring, make it *joyous* or *sad*, *happy* or *miserable*. It is not the splendid mansion, nor the costly furniture, nor abundance of this world's goods, nor admiring friends, that can make home the sanctum of the heart, the bower beneath which we may recline in happy security; but it is the steady exercise of those holy charities, those unsolicited attentions, that soothe the sorrows and calm the feverish irritabilities of our nature. Those little evidences of sincere esteem, those spontaneous expressions of affection and tenderness, those unpremeditated smiles and tears at each other's joy or sorrow, those affectionate efforts and offers to share each other's cares and trials—*these are the things*, more than sumptuous living or pompous displays, that give to home its purest and most powerful attractions—let these abound, and it is not in the power of poverty or persecution from without, or any other of the unavoidable ills of life, to destroy the peace and the happiness of the domestic fireside. Let these be *wanting*, and no external circumstances can make us happy. How evident that, in the conjugal state, there should be the most marked and unvarying mutual respect even in little things; there should be no searching

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with microscopic scrutiny after faults, no reproachful epithets, no rude contempt, no incivility, no cold neglect, no churlish silence, but there should be courtesy without ceremony, politeness without formality, attention without slavery, free, equal, and affable access to each other's hearts without explanation or restraint. Thus do we best fulfill the spirit of the apostolic injunction, "Let every one of you so love his wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband." We intended to speak of *mutual forbearance* and *forgiveness*, but can not do so now. We mention, as a final duty, mutual concern for each other's salvation. What has been said has reference, for the most part, to time—the relation which we have contemplated is one which exists only in this world—yet the influence and the moral bearings of it extend over the unmeasured and the infinite. Husband and wife can affect each other's happiness, not only for time, but for eternity. Such is the nature of the relation, and such the power of the influence exerted, that it may be said that they hold each other's destiny almost at their own disposal. They can hedge up each other's way to heaven, they can facilitate each other's downward career to hell; or they can be helpmates to each other, they can bear each other's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. In case both are pious, then encouragement, counsel, admonition, instruction, *prayer* become duties mutually binding on each; their growth in grace, spirituality, and usefulness should be the object of their mutual concern and daily prayer. Regular attendance on public, social, family, and secret worship, earnest searching of the Scriptures, frequent personal conversation, are among the more prominent of their religious duties. If one be pious and the other not, then a heavy responsibility rests upon the one, and guilt, in proportion to the light and privileges enjoyed, upon the other. And there should be efforts the most judicious, earnest, and affectionate to bring the unconverted to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shall save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shall save thy wife?"

The thought of an eternal divorce, of an endless separation, is most painful, and should stimulate to fidelity in duty, and the most earnest and importunate prayer to God.

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Original.

THOUGHTS OF AN HOUR.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

The beautiful! the beautiful! I've seen them pass away,
Like stars in yonder heaven before the breaking day.
Their blended hues of loveliness have faded on my sight,
And shrouded this once fairy world in shades of darkest night.

How changed to me is now the home where loved ones late were seen!
How desolate the garden walks, the lawn, and arbor green!
How lonely are the parlors! the halls no more resound
With voices warbling cheerily, the foot's elastic bound.

Passing away are all I love, yea, passing swift away;
Why should I mourn their early flight, why wish their longer stay,
When the world is full of sorrow, and bitter every stream,
And unsubstantial every joy as morning's feverish dream—

As fleeting as a sunbeam, as transient as the hue
Of flowers that bloom in sweetness, impearled with drops of dew;
Which gleam but for a moment, nature's pure diamonds bright—
And then dissolve in clearness beneath the sun's warm light.

Life! what is life? a summer cloud that floats upon the air,
Adorned in rainbow beauty, is not more false or fair.
While we gaze, admire, and wonder, we see its beauties fly,
Its fairest, brightest, loveliest tints commingle, fade, and die!

Look, then, beyond these changing skies, look up, my soul, and sing
Of Eden bowers, where purer joys from purer sources spring.
Where all is permanent as God, where death can never come,
And pray in faith that thou and thine may safely reach that home.

Home! home! in heaven—where Jesus is, who died the lost to save,
Who took from death its deadly sting, the victory from the grave;
Who suffered in the sinner's stead, to bring them safe above,
Where happy souls and golden harps are all attuned to love.

Sag Harbor, August 16th, 1850.

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Original.

RAISING THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

The silvery light of early morn stole with gorgeous beauty into the open window of the richly furnished apartment of the Jewish Ruler's home, and, as if to mock the agony of a broken heart, one bright ray after another rested on the few that kept their vigils with angels' love beside a dying couch. Sorrowing days and dreary nights had passed, still those fond parents lingered by the bedside, watching life's ebbing tide, and soothing, as only a *parent's love* can sooth, the sad, trying hours of sickness unto death.

The dewy morn had long since passed. The gathering crowd still thronged the footsteps of the wandering Nazarene. Suddenly the haughty Ruler stood in their midst; dark lines of grief were written on his brow, which portrayed the agony his heart endured. The crowd gave way; then pressing on in eager haste the Ruler sought for Jesus, and, kneeling low, breathed a father's thrilling prayer for help which Heaven could only give. They meet him from his home, bearing the sad tidings that she for whom this prayer is breathed is dead. That faith that heeds no denial hears them not, but pleads more earnestly for the blessing faith can only bring. With pitying love the Master bids him lead onward to his home, still closely pressed by the wondering crowd. The mother yet lingers by the scene of death, unwilling to leave the place where fondest hopes have darkened to despair, and each warm tie affection lends to bind a mother to her child has been cruelly severed. A mournful stupor rests upon her heart, that tells of grief words can not utter. She heeds not those that wait to bind the broken heart with kind words, sympathy, and love, but only hears the cruel words still sounding in her ear, that said her child, the cherished idol of her heart, was dead.

"Grieve not, dear mother, grieve not thus,
Your daughter is not dead, but sleeping;
Her marble form shall yet embrace
Kind friends around her weeping.

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"Ye skeptical, that dare to doubt,
And laugh to scorn Almighty Power,
Withdraw ye from this sacred scene—
Now is my Heavenly Father's hour."

He then approached the lifeless form,
And raised the pulseless hand,
Then in a tone of accent mild
Gave the divine command.

That voice that gave the dying power
To rise and take his bed—
That bade the leper, "Be thou whole"—
Now *raised* the sleeping dead.

MAY MORTON.

Selected.

MRS. PRINGLE.

[Concluded from page 316.]

TIME wore on, and the mistress of Rose Cottage fully established her reputation as the most notable person in the neighborhood. "As particular as Mrs. Pringle," became a sort of domestic byword; and "Look how beautiful Mrs. Pringle's windows are kept," or, "Just see the way in which the Pringles' path is cleaned," the daily charge of mistresses to their maids.

But, in the mean time, poor Pringle began to grow skeptical as to the reality of "cleanliness being next to godliness," an axiom on which Mrs. Pringle worked in the most literal way imaginable. It filled the place of every other virtue, and purified, in her self-loving eyes, many an actual vice. Old friends (who serve, by association, to keep awake old affections and human sympathies) were soon banished from their hearth. Who would visit where the drawing of a chair from its accustomed place, or putting down your hat or parasol on one forbidden, so discomposed the hostess that she scarcely restrained herself from removing them in your presence, and looked unhappy till your departure gave her an opportunity of putting things straight again? Of course, hospitality was out of the question; and, as for *twice blessed* charity, in keeping the entrance gate locked, she boasted of

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having shut out the annoyance of beggars, and had, at the same time, closed her ears to the appealings of want, and her heart from the sweet exercise of benevolence.

Her husband's comfort was as nothing to the ridiculous exactions of her whitewashed and polished Penates; every appliance of enjoyment was turned into a source for discontent, and that quality that can make rags decent, and the meanest cot respectable, became (by being carried to the extreme) the bane of a home replete with every means for domestic happiness. Upon the principle of a "place for every thing, and every thing in its place," china and plate, etc., were locked up for show, and common articles substituted for their own use. Willow-pattern delf did duty for a double service of china, and the worst specimens of pottery-ware for the elegant equipage of Mark's bachelor tea-table; the house was sheeted from the attics to the hall, for fear of soiling or wearing the carpets; the mahogany polished to such a specimen of perfection that it became too fine for use, and poor Mark dined on water-zeuetchy, served on a deal table; if he threw himself on a sofa, a look, like a *pang* of uneasiness, spread over Mrs. Pringle's face, lest he should put the cushions out of shape or disarrange the false cover; he scarcely dared approach farther than the scraper in his boots, and had only the privilege of one peg in his own hall where he might unobstructedly hang up his hat. As for books, it was a treason to disturb them. There they stood, like the artificial volumes in the hiatus of a library—to all appearance books; but no one ever saw a gap in their closely-marshaled array. It disturbed Mrs. Pringle for the day to see a chasm between them, and whenever Mark did "*inwardly read*," no sooner was the book out of his hand than the regulating fingers of Mrs. Pringle were upon it, and, in an instant, it was restored to its *place*.

"A wife can not be *too* careful," Mark would whisper to himself, as the only solace under this "iron rule;" but even this comforting belief by degrees wore itself out, and he felt that the extreme of carefulness for a man's property frequently involves carelessness for himself.

Poor Mrs. Pringle! if ever the elements of housewifery were embodied in human form, it was in thine! Nothing else seemed

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to have any interest for her—she went to bed tired of the doings of to-day, to dream of the doings of to-morrow; and yet, you would fancy, that, like the Danaides, her task was a hopeless and a never-ending one; for I need not tell my readers, that a disposition for setting to rights is not contented with one great radical change, and an after continuation of its principles. No, no! every morrow brought its alterations and improvements; there was a genius of ambition even in the housemaid's pail; and having set the example, Mrs. Pringle knew it required continual exertion to keep in advance; but, as unremitting attention (whatever be its object) is always rewarded with success, Mrs. Pringle soon distanced all competitors, and was left without a single rival; but something more than notableness is necessary in woman to give her an intelligent man's estimation, that shall make her, in every sense of the term, a help-meet for him. And Mark, no longer under the thralldom of passion, began to wonder at his own want of discernment in the choice he had made. Your martinets in ultra-cleanliness have seldom much of the dove in their disposition, and have much the same idea in scolding their maids that sea-captains entertain in swearing at their seamen, viz., "duty is not to be done without it;" and, therefore, Mark had frequently to listen to the rehearsal of the day's grievances—Sally's pert answers and provoking ways; how she was found rubbing the table the wrong way of the grain, and had used the plate-leather for the fire-irons. Poor man! What could he do in such business? His commonplaces were soon worn threadbare by frequent using, and his wife pronounced him the most apathetic and indifferent person, because, in the midst of these diurnal details, he frequently fell asleep.

They had children, specimens of needlework and neatness, looking for ever like the wax models in a baby-linen warehouse, the wonder and admiration of all the mothers in the vicinity. Poor Mark! he fancied that in them he should have something on which to lavish the fondness of his nature, unchecked by the fear of disarranging the *cheveux*, or coming into collision with clear-starched collars; "but 'he was such a bear!' he hugged the little things so close that their lace borders were crumpled, and their long robes, or short frocks (as the case might be), rendered altogether unfit to be seen; besides, he made them so

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wild and noisy, she really wished he would not give her more trouble than was necessary with them."

So Mark grew later in coming home of an evening; his quiet, good temper became irascible and peevish, and frequent altercations widened (as a matter of course) the breach in their domestic comfort: the lady upbraiding her husband with change, and he retaliating that she had but herself to blame, having by her extravagant notions of cleanliness made his comfortable home a purgatory to him, and every thing in it a source of fault-finding. And when she, upon this, grew pathetic and hysterical, assuring him of her never-ending exertions to make his house the "observed of all observers," the envy of husbands with untidy wives, and compared her self-imposed continuousness of action to the unrest of a galley-slave, a horse in a wheel, a toad under a harrow, and several other touching assimilations of enduring exertions, Mark Pringle put on his hat, consigning cleanliness and her ideas of comfort to dark places, and then sought, in the parlor of an inn, the enjoyment denied him in his own.

Years passed away. Mrs. Pringle's eyes were bright as ever, but her cheeks were thinned, and the lines upon her brow repeated till they had become indelible. She had tasted real vexations, had grown intimate with many bitter cares; and these things always exercise one of two effects—they either humanize or harden the heart. She thought of Mark's abounding love for her (a tithe of which she had not deserved) in the early days of their marriage, of his long endurance of her willfulness, and even violence; she looked around (to do justice to her system) at the well-preserved comforts, ay, even luxuries, with which her rooms were filled; she thought of her husband's respectability, of his naturally kind disposition, his irreproachable character, slowly falling away into negligence, moroseness, and, alas! it was to be feared, dissipation, and she felt how utterly worthless of such a sacrifice had been the imbecile vanity that had induced it.

Self-reproach, in reviewing the blessings we have lost, wears magnifying glasses; and poor Mrs. Pringle at once saw that she had trifled away happiness for a profitless pre-eminence, a comfortless distinction, affecting rather her qualifications for an upper housemaid than her duties as a wife and mother; and here a pang (if possible, more sharp than those occasioned

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by her husband's frequent absences) pierced her heart, as she recalled to herself how, in the midst of their pleasant play, the sound of her coming footsteps fell like the foreshadowing of some dreaded thing, stilling the laughing voices of her children into timid whispers, and throwing an invisible chain over their free steps and graceful motions! Alas! could it be otherwise, when a thread dropped on the carpet, the print of a warm little finger on the shining tables, a soiled frock, an accidental foot-tread on the flower-beds, or a bud broken in their play, was visited with such outpourings of wrath as only real vice should have elicited! Poor children! in their mother's presence they moved with fear and trembling, and escaped from it with rejoicing, to seek, in the indulgence of servants, and the privilege of their apartments, that freedom that the young, of all created things, delight in. Something must be wrong! Mark was scarcely an evening at home. She had no friends to comfort her, not even her children's affection to fall back upon; and the neatness of their dress, the order of her flower-garden, the unapproachable precision of her household arrangements (those three feathers "*par excellence*" wherewith she had hitherto plumed her cap of self-approval) began to have a weight and weariness in them, and the vacuum in her woman's heart to yearn for something more than the fame of notableness—in fact, to want the approbation of her own family, and affection where now she awakened fear; and, hard as was the task, where the subduing was all on her own side, Mrs. Pringle at length achieved it. The desolation of a heart, in its own *home*, is a fearful thing, and has but one real resource (a resource that involuntarily it turns to), the secret tears of affliction have in them the aspirations of a wounded spirit, and when were these unheard? She began to see clearly her path of duty—to feel that with her it rested to make home the nucleus of her family's happiness or discomfort; and silently her work of reform began; her system of cleanliness was unaltered, but it began to sit like the frill of cheerfulness, instead of the stiff collar of particularity; she insensibly drew close to her the hearts of her children, and unobtrusively recalled her husband's affection; her pretty face, worn by petty annoyances, and latterly (as we have seen) by some real cares, once more regained its loveliness, with the improvement of amiable expression;

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and there is not now a happier couple than Mark Pringle and his wife—her only regret, the years lost in pattern housekeeping.

Some may probably fancy Mrs. Pringle a pen-and-ink caricature; but the character is a real one, and not even drawn at full length. I knew her in both phases of it, as the "particular Mrs. Pringle;" and—after the abjuration of her false creed, "cleanliness next to godliness"—as one of the most agreeable, kind-hearted persons imaginable; and from herself did I have these confessions.

If I remember, the immediate cause of her self-awakening, was a conversation she accidentally overheard between her children—those simple reasoners, whose arguments, though deep-rooted as truth or the water-lily, must be as pure and apparent as its floating petals.

Original.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN INVALID.

Feb. 20th.—The good minister's words to his wife have been ringing in my ears and dwelling in my thoughts ever since I read them. I repeat them as I lie down upon the pillow of rest at night, and wake with them on my lips in the morning, and through the day they are with me as a presence. "As one whom his mother comforteth." Daily am I called upon to act the part of a comforter. The sudden outcry—the grieved lip and starting tear—the clinging grasp of tiny fingers, are almost constantly appealing to me. How prompt I am to answer that appeal. How quickly I fold the little helpless one in my arms, and strive to allay her fears. I speak fond words to her. I call her every endearing name. I tell her that her mother is near, and assure her that I will not leave her, nor suffer any thing to trouble her. She comprehends not a word that I utter, but the familiar countenance and soothing tones are sufficient to reassure her, and as she sleeps quietly, or returns to her toys, I ponder again—"As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you," and I ask myself, can these words be true? May

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I believe that in the wide universe there exists a heart that beats with such tenderness for me as I feel for my child? If I look upward, shall I see bending upon me eyes beaming with compassion such as that with which I regard the timid, sensitive little being who looks to me for safety? If I listen shall I hear words of kindness spoken in tones of love? Will assurances of protection greet my ears, and compose my spirit? It must be so. These words are spoken by One whose declarations I may not doubt. They must be unfailing words. But oh! did he—could he know their import—the full meaning they would convey to every mother? With humble reverence let me ask, could he understand the unfathomed depths of that tenderness which none but a mother feels for the helpless, confiding infant dependent upon her care? Oh, yes! He that formed the eye, shall not he see? He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He who created the human heart—who gave it all its fine susceptibilities—He who ordained all human relations, and wove every silken bond, every delicate fiber that binds heart to heart—He who placed in each bosom the overflowing fountains of pure affection—shall He not know whereof He affirms, when He speaks of the work of His own hands?

These words, then, are indeed true. On this promise I may rely. There *is* a heart in which are hidden for me untold treasures of affection, and which yearns over me in my trouble with deepest tenderness. There *are* fixed upon me "eyes of love," which ever survey the path I tread, and which turn not coldly away when my spirit is overwhelmed within me. Even now, while I listen, I hear spoken in celestial tones, the very words with which a mother is accustomed to soothe her child. "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel thy Saviour. Thou art precious in my sight; I have loved thee. Fear not; for I am with thee."

Henceforth let me lay aside care and anxiety. There walk-

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eth One with me through every earthly scene whose love changes not, and whom the winds and the sea obey.

O for an overcoming faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

March 10th.—Have been cheered to-day by the presence and conversation of a kind friend, who has beguiled the weary hours and greatly refreshed me. She has related to me a little anecdote which I desire to record that I may not forget it. It has deeply touched my heart. In one of our Western towns, a minister of Jesus Christ was one morning told by his wife that a little boy, the son of a near neighbor, was very sick, near to death, and asked if he should not go in and see him. "I hardly know what to do," said the good man; "his parents, you know, do not belong to my congregation, and are, besides, greatly opposed to the doctrines which I preach. I fear my visit would not be well received." "But," rejoined the wife, "when you were sick a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to inquire how you were, and I think they will expect you to come and see their son." This was a sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady, and said, "This poor little fellow should be kept perfectly quiet, madam; he should not be excited in any manner." "Sir," said she, "will you offer a prayer?" At first he hesitated, fearing the effect upon the child, but on second thought knelt at the bedside, and uttered a few petitions in His name who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The moment he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till now had seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word. The minister rose from his knees, said a few words to the mother, and went home, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning the first intelligence which greeted him was, that little Frank had died during the night.

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He had become extremely interested, and the apparent effect of the voice of prayer upon the dying boy had surprised him. He went again to visit the family, attended the funeral, and at length learned from the mother the following facts:

She had two children. Frank was the oldest, and the second was a daughter of five years. A few months before, little Alice had gone to spend the night with some companions in the neighborhood, whose parents were Christians, and were training their children to follow their steps. As they were about retiring to rest, these little ones said to their visitor, "Come, Alice, kneel down with us and say 'Our Father' before we go to bed." The child, bewildered by their words and kneeling attitude, answered, "I do not know what 'Our Father' is." "Well, don't you want to learn it?" said one. "O yes," said Alice; and, being a bright little girl, she soon committed to memory the precious form of prayer which has gone up from so many lips since the Saviour first uttered it. The next morning, full of animation, and delighted with her new acquisition, she returned home; and the moment her brother Frank appeared from school, she began to tell him all about her visit, and beg him to learn "Our Father" and say it with her. From that time, the mother said, kneeling together, they had daily repeated the Lord's Prayer, with great earnestness and delight, and had also learned other prayers, in which they seemed much interested. A few days before he was taken sick, Frank had come to her with a book in his hand and said, "Oh, mother, here is a beautiful prayer, will you let me read it to you?" It was the remembrance of this which induced her to make the request that the minister would pray by the bed of her suffering boy, and this was the secret of the calming influence which that prayer exerted. He continued thus tranquil a long time, but at length his distress returned, and the hour of death drew near. About midnight, suffering and agonized, he begged of his mother to send for the good minister to pray again. He must have somebody to pray. The parents disliked to call him at that hour of the night, and knew not what to do. At last the mother went up stairs, and taking the little sleeping Alice from her bed, brought her to her brother's bedside, and told her what Frank wanted. Immediately she knelt

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down, and slowly and solemnly repeated the prayer which they both so much loved, and then, unasked, said—

"Now Franky lays him down to sleep,
I pray the Lord his soul to keep;
If he should die before he wakes,
I pray the Lord his soul to take."

The first words soothed the sufferer, and with the last his spirit fled.

Witnessed earth ever a sublimer spectacle? At the dead hour of night, in the chamber where waits the king of terrors, surrounded by weeping friends, the infant of five summers, roused hastily from the sweet slumbers of childhood, kneels in her simple night-dress, and undisturbed, unterrified, lisps in childish accents the prayer which Heaven accepts, and on whose breath missioned angels bear upward the ransomed soul.

I would learn a lesson. They labor not in vain who sow precious seed in the fresh soil of youthful hearts.

Original.

MISSIONARY MOTHERS.

It is always good to hear, what the promise of a covenant-keeping God warrants us to expect, that missionary mothers are blest. Should the lives of the children of modern missionaries be all written, and compared with the sons and daughters of other Christians, we are persuaded that the preponderance of virtue, and piety, and success in life, would be found largely in favor of the former. As prosperous or as happy as the child of a missionary, may yet become a proverb. The children of the Sandwich Island Mission, as we have good reason to know, being now upward of 150, have thus far been remarkably favored by Abraham's God. None of them, so far as can be learned, after much inquiry, have turned out poorly. Many of them adorn the Christian Church. Several of the sons have already become themselves foreign missionaries; others are in the process of training. And of the daughters arrived at adult age,

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there are already valued teachers and wives of ministers, and some delightful exhibitions of youthful piety, that promise much for time to come. Missionary stock will be as honorable to spring from in future times as that of the Puritans is now. May scions worthy of their sires be constantly rising in a long line of future posterity. Subjoined is an extract from the private letter of a beloved missionary mother, at the Sandwich Islands, to a lady in this city, acknowledging the gift of a communion service from her brother to the church at Hilo. The large circle of friends in this country, so deeply interested in whatever appertains to the welfare of a missionary family endeared to them like that at Hilo, justifies the publication of what was written for the perusal of but one of that circle only.

In a letter of the same date from Rev. Mr. Coan, referring to the same subject, he says: "This precious donation shall ever be held as a consecrated memorial of Christian love and holy fellowship. It shall form a bond of union which shall call forth many an ardent prayer, awaken many a warm wish, and call down many a heavenly blessing. In the name of this church, in my own worthless name, and in the name of our precious Redeemer, I return my beloved brother ten thousand thanks for the invaluable gift. We esteem it more highly than ten thousand dollars of the soul-cankering dust of the Gold Coast. We expect to leave it a rich bequest, and a memorial of Christian love to generations yet unborn."

From a Missionary Mother, dated Hilo, July 4th, 1850.

"The valued and valuable communion service reached us the day after our last communion season. It may not be a thought destitute of interest to you, that its first use at the Sandwich Isles will probably be on the occasion of receiving our dear son, Titus Munson, and our dear daughter, Harriet Fidelia, into Christ's visible church. Munson has had the subject in contemplation for more than a year, but has been absent from us at school. We now propose having an English service at our house before he leaves us again, and give him an opportunity of uniting himself publicly to God's people. The last year has afforded him his first trial at school, and his first separation from the restraints and sheltering influences of home. We think

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he has borne the trial nobly. He has now been nearly two months with us. His intelligent conversation and unexceptionable deportment are a great comfort to us.

"Our daughter Harriet has always appeared to us like one of Christ's little ones, and we trust Him to lead and keep her unto the perfect day. I shall never, probably, be able to re-establish my boarding-school, but we keep the house in repair still, and I meet thirty or forty girls once a week in it for religious and *civil* instruction. I have this afternoon met a company of adult females, as is my practice on Thursday afternoon. Most of my former pupils are married, and many of them show that my feeble efforts for them have not been in vain.

"As ever, yours in Christ,

"FIDELIA COAN."

THE remembrance of a Bible warning or a gospel promise has aroused the sleeping conscience, and poured peace into the bosom. It was while steering a vessel through gloom and tempest that the handwriting of God flashed upon the soul of John Newton. The only child of his mother, he had been carefully instructed in the hallowed page—

> He had early learned
> To reverence the Volume which displays
> The mystery—the life which can not die.

These impressions sin had obscured; but like a beautiful landscape seen in a dark night by lightning, they all revived for a season. Memory spoke to him, in accents that carried him home to his mother's arms, of death and judgment to come. The landscape fades with the flash, and so the awakening thoughts of Newton died with the impulse of the hour, yet not without leaving a faint impression behind. The Bible is never studied in vain; its pictures of Christian holiness are never impressed upon the tender mind of childhood without an earlier or a later benefit. Their luster may be obscured by crimes and sorrow, but they are not worn out; the light from heaven can awaken their colors into a more than pristine beauty and freshness.

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Editorial.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With this number we complete our first volume. We can not bring this year's labors to a close without expressing our grateful thanks to our friends for their generous efforts in our behalf. Through their instrumentality our undertaking is no longer an experiment. We are, in view of the peculiar circumstances which led us to engage in it, and the late period at which we commenced operations, agreeably surprised at this result. We owe our success to the fact—and we have derived no little encouragement from it—that very many of our present contributors and patrons are of those who aided and supported our first efforts in this field, years ago. We trust we shall be able to deserve a continuance of their favors.

We have neither time nor space to devote to an extended analysis of the contents of this volume; nor will our readers need this, in addition to the index of titles and of subjects which we have prepared for them. We have endeavored to combine interest and variety with sobriety of thought. While we have desired to make this work one of literary merit, our chief object has been to awaken parents to a due sense of their responsibilities, and to impress upon them the importance of such a training—physical, intellectual, moral, and religious—as shall fit their children for life here and hereafter. Our field is wide, and we have cast in our seed "with invocations to the living God:" may He give the increase.

We hope that for all the varieties of responsibility which devolve upon the weaker sex, some instruction or aid may be obtained from our Magazine; that in solitude it may prove a companion; in toil a helper; in doubt a guide; in affliction a comforter; and through the divine blessing, be made an instrument of gathering the souls of many little ones, together with the souls of those who have cherished them in their bosom, and sheltered them under their wings, and borne them on their prayers through the storms of time, into the safe and blissful haven of eternity.

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We can not now detail our plans for the future. Suffice it here to say, that many of the able writers whose articles have appeared in this volume will continue to aid us, and that other new and valuable correspondents will be added to our list of contributors. With their co-operation we hope to make this publication worthy the patronage of those for whom it is designed.

Original.

A BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE.

Earth's loveliest spectacle is a mother with her children around her, publicly and with a firm faith in the Covenant of Divine Mercy, dedicating both them and herself to the service of their covenant-keeping God and Father in Christ. It is a spectacle savoring more of celestial beauty and celestial loveliness than aught else which belongs merely to the present world; fitted to touch the heart and to awaken its sweetest, purest, best emotions. Many such scenes we can recall to our remembrance, in recurring (as we often do) to the history of our pastoral labors in a delightful rural district in New England, where, for thirty years, we were called, in the providence of God, to exercise our ministry. Such scenes we regard as among the green spots and the gushing fountains of water that have revived and refreshed our spirits, animating and cheering us on our way when that way has, at times, looked dark and desert-like, and we have needed fresh courage and strength to pursue it. Such scenes, moreover, are as replete with valuable instruction as they are with moral beauty and loveliness. One of these pleasant reminiscences in our past ministerial labors, fresh and lovely as of yesterday, is now before us. Possibly some of those who shall cast their eye upon the account we are about to give of it, may find in it something to aid and comfort *them* in the path of duty, when that path shall be to them a path of sorrow.

It was the afternoon of a December Sabbath, in the house of God, and before a full congregation, when the mother above referred to brought forward her five children, three sons and two

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daughters, and stood with them in front of the communion table on which the baptismal water had been placed, and behind which stood the pastor who was to officiate in the public dedication of these children to God. It was near the close of day, and a mild sun was sending its declining rays into the western windows of the sanctuary, and shedding a soft, mellow light upon that little group—the believing, pious mother, and her waiting, awed, wondering children. In simple *faith* and *hope* in God's Covenant of Mercy she stands before the witnessing and hushed assembly, giving up her children to Him to whom she had, but a short time before, given up herself in a similar manner, and publicly confessed her Saviour before the same congregation. The prayer for the Spirit's aid is offered. The water is sprinkled upon the children. The inspired formula of Christian baptism, taught by the Saviour himself, is pronounced over them. And then, as thus dedicated to God, they are commended to His care and benediction, and all the blessings of the Covenant are implored for them. Thus the simple but beautiful service is closed, and after a hymn of praise is sung, the congregation is dismissed and retires from the place, subdued and impressed by the touching loveliness of the scene. Now let us follow that family of children out into the world and into the subsequent history of their lives.

That mother, at the time referred to, was not (as our readers may perhaps suppose) a widow, but what is infinitely worse, her husband was a deranged man, a confirmed maniac, and confined in his apartment with a chain made fast to the floor. His hatred against her (as is often the fact in similar cases) was intense and unintermitted. He was a man of a naturally strong mind, and an athletic frame; was well informed and in easy worldly circumstances. His children—with the exception of the youngest daughter, who was then quite young, and a great favorite with him—shared with their mother in his strong dislike and bitter hate. From his derangement he never recovered, but died several years after in a state of confirmed and hopeless alienation of mind, broken down in health by the painful illusions of an intensely excited and powerful intellect out loose from the needed control of reason, and from the salutary, soothing influence of a rational exercise of the affections of the

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heart. Now, did not this afflicted, this worse than widowed mother, need the almighty arm of a covenant God and Father in heaven to lean upon? That much-needed support she had in her affliction, and most delightfully was her afflicted soul upheld by it. And her children—we turn now to them. Did her covenant God remember them? And is there in their subsequent history, which we are able to trace down from that time through a period of thirty years, any evidence that His Covenant is with them that fear and trust in Him, and with "their seed after them?" That mother's prayers and hopes and efforts for her children have long since ceased. A tranquil, happy death long since closed all her labors and all her sorrows here. We saw her gradually and slowly decline toward the grave. We followed her down to the gates of death. She was supported, she was comforted even there, till she passed beyond our sight. She was willing to leave her fatherless children. She did, submissively and cheerfully, leave them. With a covenant-keeping God she left them. And most mercifully, and in all fatherly faithfulness, has He dealt with them. Of the eldest our knowledge for some years past does not enable us to speak. But of all the rest we are able to say that they long since, in the very morning of life, became hopefully Christians, and publicly professed their faith in Christ. One of them devoted herself, almost from a child, to the work of foreign missions, and after long years of waiting and of hoping against hope, and of enduring various trials and discouragements in reference to the great work on which her heart was set, the desire of her soul was given her, and she became (as the wife of a missionary physician) a devoted, patient, humble, happy, useful laborer and sufferer for Christ in the Sandwich Islands, where her dust now reposes in hope of a blessed resurrection to endless life, among other kindred souls who, having ceased from their toils and sufferings in the same field of labor on earth, have gone to their rest and their reward in heaven. "And I heard a voice saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works follow them."

In the history of this beloved missionary (passing by all the

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other children, some of whom yet survive) there are some points of special interest which we should love to dwell upon, would our limits allow, and were this the proper place in which to do it without the knowledge of surviving friends. Suffice it to say, her conversion took place in a manner very marked, and when she was only ten or twelve years of age; and that even then, at that early period, some of her first spiritual exercises after her conversion, were those of love to the souls of the heathen, and of strong desire for their salvation. And this love and this desire, in this converted child, only grew with her growth in years, and strengthened with her strength, till it became the absorbing and controlling object of her wishes, her prayers, and her efforts. And yet for many years her way to the attainment of her object seemed completely hedged up. Among other difficulties which at this time seemed to rise up in her way, was the temporary loss, by paralysis, of the use of one of her hands, which for a long time appeared to preclude all hope that she would recover from it. But this seeming obstacle in her way only served the more effectually to prepare her for her desired work, and to make surer to her the accomplishment of her wishes. It led her to engage more extensively in study and mental cultivation, with a view to qualify herself for teaching, and actually to engage in that useful employment. At length, when fully qualified for her work, in intellect and in spirit, by long waiting and much prayerfulness, and a faith and hope that never faltered, all difficulties gave way, and her happy soul saw the dark cloud of discouragement wholly rolled away from before her, and she was permitted to enter upon her missionary career, a matured, well-disciplined, and devoted disciple of Christ—the better Christian, the better missionary, for all that she had suffered. And for many years after, her toils and sacrifices in her Master's service gained for her a name among other faithful laborers in the same field, far above rubies. We have read her private journals contained in letters to us, as she went from island to island, and from one missionary station to another, with her husband in his visits to the sick, with wonder and delight. Hers was pre-eminently a humble, loving spirit; a spirit always intent on doing good, with the least possible display, and at whatever sacrifice of her own personal ease and comfort it might cost. We have loved to go

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back, from her far-off abode in the islands of the western sea, where she labored, and died, and went to her rest, to the little girl of ten or twelve years in her early New England home, and to recall to mind how, even then and there, the first young breathings of her renewed soul were those of desire for the "poor heathen who didn't know that there was any such precious Saviour" as was that Saviour whom her own soul, in the freshness of its child-like affections, loved so tenderly and well. We have loved to trace the hand of God, so obviously manifested in preparing her for her work during a long and painful process of fatherly discipline, and then when she was prepared, in opening the way for her that she might enter upon it. And we love now to commend that beautiful example of faith, hope, and patience which she exhibited, to the notice and imitation of other young disciples of Christ, hoping that some of them may imbibe her sweet spirit of devotedness and love to the Saviour, and go and do likewise. For the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Now when we look back to that mother's faith, and that mother's hope and trust in God's Covenant, as she stood with her children around her and gave them up to the Father of mercies, in the prescribed rite of household baptism, and had the blessings of the Covenant sought for them, and the influence of the Holy Spirit implored to rest upon them—who shall say what intimacy of connection there may have been between that most beautiful service on the one hand, and the approving smile of God and the subsequent effectual working of His Spirit on the other? With such results actually following in future life (as is oftentimes the case), who would not feel encouraged and quickened to honor that precious institution of heaven in his own practice, and by his own compliance with it? The beauty of the spectacle, the loveliness of the scene, which in one single example out of many equally or more striking we have above attempted to portray, will at least be admitted, and we trust felt and appreciated.

"Plants of the heart we bring—
The nurselings of our care—
That often at the household shrine
Have drunk the dews of prayer;

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"That 'mid the darksome night,
Or morning's earliest ray,
Are still remembered with a love
That can not fade away.

"Our God, to Thee we turn,
Almighty Sire and Friend,
Who to our stewardship hast deigned
These priceless plants to lend;

"Guard them from blight and blast,
And the destroyer's doom—
And grant them in Thy bowers above
Eternally to bloom."

Original.

CHILDREN'S NAMES ENROLLED IN HEAVEN.

In an old family Bible of my father, between the Old and New Testaments, there are two or three unprinted pages. Upon one of these pages I find recorded the marriage of my parents, and immediately under that record the names of my brothers and sisters, with my own name, written by my father's own hand. I know not how such things may affect others, but I must confess that the sight of that page always produces in my mind a thrill of pleasure and of hope. My eye never falls upon it without being compelled to pause a moment. It is not the mere fact that I see there the handwriting of a beloved father who has gone to another world, though there is something even in that; it is not merely that there is my name penned by him in joy, and gratitude, and hope; but the idea that moves me is —My name is written by a praying father, in one of God's books—one of His books of life. True, it was written by a human hand, and the hand has long since mouldered away beneath the sods of a distant green valley; but here, on the pages of the blessed Book, the record still remains; and as I gaze on it the question arises—Did He not cause my name to be written in another of God's books?

The Lord Jesus Christ said to His disciples, on a certain

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occasion, "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven!" Can parents do any thing toward having their children's names enrolled in heaven? What an interesting question! If they can, where is the father or mother on earth who would not rather have the name of their child enrolled there, than on any record of honor which earth ever saw, or ever will see? But is it possible—is it even probable? Is not that enrollment done with God's own hand? Assuredly it is; but let us look at all the circumstances which we may consider to be connected with such a blessing. Will any one undertake to say that the Lord Jesus does not write the child's name in answer to the parent's prayers, and in the fulfillment of His own covenant promise, to be the God of His people's children? Must it not be so, if the prayers of parents ever avail any thing toward their children's salvation? I knew a pious father and mother who had an only son; he was the latest born of the family, and his parents solemnly devoted that boy to God; for him they ceased not to pray as he advanced in life. The child grew up, giving no indications of religious feelings; he approached manhood, and Satan seemed to have him perfectly in his toils. Friends said he would be ruined, and all who knew him feared it, except that father and mother; they knew what they had done in their hearts with their boy—they felt that they had dedicated him to God, and they believed that God would save him; and in an hour when they looked not for it—in an hour when he was away from his home—the glad news came to them, "Your son liveth." Was his salvation an answer to their prayers, as they always believed it to be? If so, did they not enrol his name in heaven?

We know that the purpose, the means, and the end of God's plan all move together; and may it not be the law of His kingdom, "I will write in my book of life the names of the children of all my people who, like Abraham, will take hold of my covenant, and like him command his children and his household after him?" One thing is certainly true: The name of the child of praying parents must be often heard in heaven, before the very throne of God—as often as the father or the mother chooses to mention it. Jesus must certainly know that child's name—He must be very familiar with it, it has been so often mentioned to Him. The child has been so often brought to His feet—every

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morning and every evening he has been remembered—and once on a certain occasion his parents brought him to the house of God, and in virtue of His own blessed covenant, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee," they asked that their child might be baptized, and thus openly become one of Christ's family. And then his name was called out in the earthly sanctuary of God, and water, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, was applied as a sign and seal, to strengthen the parents' faith in God's promise; and who can tell that that child's name, in that very hour, was not heard in heaven, and enrolled there, and read off to show that Jesus answers prayer, and to inform the angels that here was a little one around whom they must encamp, and over whom they must watch, and be ministering spirits? Yes, parents, I believe it to be a glorious truth, that even as God allows us to write our children's names in the family Bible, so will He allow us to write their names in heaven—that as He allows us to have their names called out in the sanctuary as belonging to His earthly family, so also will He let their names be called out in the upper sanctuary, as truly His own—members of *His* family in heaven—the *enrolled* lambs of *His* flock.

Original.

ELLA RAYMOND—A TRUE SKETCH.

It was a mild and lovely day in July, in the summer of 1842, when first I became acquainted with little Ella, the subject of this sketch. With her parents, nurse, and infant sister, she had left, for a few weeks, the crowded metropolis, and had come to breathe our fresh and fragrant country air, and to sport, in the happy gleefulness of childhood, beneath the fine old trees which shaded my own loved paternal home.

Sweet Ella Raymond; how freshly and vividly even now do I recall her beautiful form and features! Those large dark eyes, whose clear depths revealed so much of hidden thought—the chestnut curls that clustered so lovingly about her face—her silvery

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laugh and bounding step—all these still live in my memory, and can never be forgotten. Nor shall I soon forget the wild delight with which she sported in the garden among the flowers, or seating herself under the shade of the trees, listened to the sweet singing of the birds in the green branches above. Nature to her was full of life and love, and daily did the sweet child draw fresh lessons of enjoyment and instruction from her exhaustless fountain.

But with all her gentle loveliness and pure affection, little Ella was sometimes passionate, and then a cloud would gather on her brow, and fretful and impatient words break from her lips. But no sooner was the momentary passion over, than she would run to her mother's side, and throwing her arms around her neck would beg to be forgiven, and to be once more "mother's little wee dove," or "mother's little pet lamb." Beautiful, bewitching creature! so artless and affectionate in manners, so mature in intellect; how dear did she become to us all during that short visit! But while we looked upon her strange beauty, and marked the rapid developing of thought in her young mind, we trembled with indefinable fear; for there were times when the light of another world seemed to radiate from her beaming face, and its holy affection to gush forth from her childish heart. Yet while we feared, we hoped—and amid smiles and tears she left us for her city home.

A year passed—the month of July came round again, but not with it came little Ella as before. A few weeks previous to the time of their annual visit to the country, she was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and the disease rapidly gaining ground, baffled the most skillful efforts to arrest it, till it was soon whispered around that the little sufferer was dying. Yes, dying in in her extreme beauty and childish artlessness, with a sweet smile on her rosy lip, and the same deep shade of thoughtful pensiveness in her dark eye. Her parents saw it, yet they were not cast down, for they knew in their hearts that Ella was a Christian, though the time of her change they could not tell. From her baptism she seemed to have been sealed as a lamb of the heavenly fold, but never did the sweet spirit of the Christian shine out so clearly as during this last sickness. Not a murmur escaped her lips, nor did she hardly shed a tear through all

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her suffering. The reading and singing of hymns always soothed her, while with her own sweet but feeble voice she tried to join in the melody; and to hear the Bible read was her peculiar delight. Often did she entreat that her father would come up from his office and read to her from its sacred pages, and when he had concluded, she would ask so many ingenious questions, and express so many beautiful thoughts, in her own touching and simple words, as to surprise and almost overcome him.

And when at last so wasted and feeble as to be unable to bear her own weight, still would she beg to be taken up that she might kneel by the side of her little bed and pray; and no one who listened to her soul-full prayers, and saw the heavenly smile that lighted up her infant face, could doubt that she was indeed a child of God, and would soon be an angel in glory. The last sad hour came, and beautiful she lay in the embrace of death.

With a kiss for each, she bade father, mother, and baby-sister "Good-bye," then folding her tiny hands upon her bosom, she passed from earth to her home above. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Long years have rolled by since that lowly grave was first planted with flowers in the city cemetery, but little Ella is not forgotten. Deeply had she entwined herself in the affections of her fond parents; and though other little ones now bloom around their fireside, none can ever fill the place she held on earth, now given to the lost and angel one in heaven.

M. E. A.

If we would know how to manage a little child, let us imagine how Jesus would have treated it. Would He not have engaged its happiest feelings and affections—won its heart and blessed it? An angel would be more successful in his teachings, only because he would be more gentle, more attractive, and more sympathizing. He would have no greater truths to inculcate than we have, but knowing more clearly than we do the delicacy of our mysterious constitution, and the worth of a soul with its intellect and affections formed for eternity, he would act more cautiously with its bodily temperament.—Dr. Moore.

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Original.

LOOK BEYOND THE TOMB.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Ye lock the vault, ye bar the tomb,
And to their keeping drear,
Intrust the precious treasure borne
Upon the sable bier.
But that which made your idol dear
The essence so refin'd—
That woke the sigh, the smile, the tear,
Those cerements can not bind.

Again ye come! The hoarded gem
For which ye rear'd, with care,
The sculptur'd arch, the fretted shrine,
The column rich and rare—
Where is it? Lo! a fearful change;
The clay hath mock'd thy trust;
The polish'd brow, the graceful form,
Have, mouldering, sunk to dust.

Thus, o'er the sepulcher, where erst
The Lord of glory slept,
The Roman soldiers, strong and stern,
A sleepless vigil kept;
Dawn came, the affrighted watchmen quail'd,
Him whom they watch'd had fled;
And earthly sorrow sought in vain
The living mid the dead.

There are flowers of Christian beauty which only open in the dark; there are fountains of consolation which are only heard in the night.

We must pass through a death of the passions before we can enter the unshaken and unclouded kingdom of truth

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Original.

THE LEAF BY THE WAYSIDE.

A FEW years ago there lived, in a neighboring state, a young man of excellent moral character, but apparently without any interest in Christ. He had been carefully brought up, was the child of believing and prayerful parents, and received earnest and kindly instruction from his pastor. All, however, seemed to be fruitless. The lad was inoffensive and amiable, but reached his twentieth year without giving any evidence of a renewed heart, or an awakened conscience.

About this time he was severely bitten by a dog which, it was feared, was mad. The wounds soon healed over, and the family dismissed their apprehensions, not, however, without taking occasion tenderly to warn the youth in regard to the concerns of his soul, but still without any perceptible effect. After a few weeks, however, strange symptoms appeared, and medical examination pronounced the case one of decided hydrophobia. The usual remedies or palliatives were applied, but the dreadful disease ran its course, and the victim expired in excruciating agony, and it seemed at first as if there was no ground for hope in his death.

Not so, however. A young physician in the neighborhood had been induced to remain with the young man during his last night on earth. This physician, being a man of piety, availed himself of the intervals when his patient was free from convulsive spasms and able to converse to inquire into his prospects for eternity. To his mingled surprise and gratification, the dying youth told him that he was not then, for the first time, to seek the favor of God. He then went on to relate, as well as he could amid the paroxysms of his horrible malady, that on a certain day, some weeks before, while driving his father's team along the road, he happened accidentally to observe, in a corner of the fence, a loose printed leaf. For some reason, he could not tell what, his curiosity was aroused, and he picked up the leaf. On examination he found it to be a part of one of the gospels, and commenced reading it. Almost immediately he

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was pierced to the heart, became convinced of sin, and betook himself to the Lamb of God for mercy. From that hour he was an altered man. Although he said nothing of the facts to his parents, yet he became a regular student of the Bible, a devout suppliant at the mercy-seat, and an earnest follower of the Lord. He trusted that he had found mercy, and was accepted in Christ. Hence he was calm and composed, even in the prospect of death. And when the final struggle came his body was convulsed but his mind was peaceful.

This simple narrative suggests some practical thoughts worthy of attention. One is God's sovereignty in the ways and means of conversion. This youth had all the ordinary instrumentalities employed in his case frequently, powerfully, and under very favorable circumstances, yet they were overlooked, and a despised and forgotten leaf, the sport of the summer wind, is made the occasion of a saving change. That leaf had doubtless been seen by scores of persons passing by, yet none were attracted to its contents as was he to whom it proved "a leaf for healing." He himself had doubtless seen other leaves before in similar circumstances, yet had never been arrested on his way by any of them. Perhaps he had recited the contents of that very leaf in a Sunday-school lesson, without receiving a single salutary impression from it. Now, however, its long-neglected truths flashed on his mind like lightning, and he becomes a new creature. The gospel was the same, the difference lay in the agency of that Spirit who worketh when and how He will.

Yet it need not be supposed that the contents of this roadside leaf furnished the only instruction used in the youth's conversion. Most probably it was only the spark which set in a blaze a train long previously prepared. The Holy Ghost used it as a means of reviving in the memory and the heart many a precious inculcation of truth given long before. These lessons had lain dormant like secret writing before it is exposed to heat. Now they came out in letters of fire, and the subject of the gracious influence could not refuse to see and to feel them. The parent and teacher should never conclude that because no present fruit follows their labors, that therefore those efforts are like water spilled on the ground, which can not be gathered

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again. Let them not grow weary in their endeavors, for thus they form habits, they educate conscience, they lodge truth in the mind, and so prepare the way for the decisive change to be wrought, perhaps, in long years afterward.

The incident furnishes a hint of consolation to pious parents, who grieve over the death of children whom they do not know to be heirs of heaven. It is true religion, like another thing very different from it, "will out." No man can for a long time be a secret Christian; his piety either dies away or, "like the ointment on the right hand, bewrayeth itself." But sometimes for a short period, or in peculiar circumstances, the flame may be kindled from God's own altar, and yet burn under cover. So it was in the present instance. Had this youth been removed instantaneously no one would have been apprized of the change he had undergone. May there not be many similar cases? Piety has existed here only in the close bud. The expanded flower has been reserved for a better world. And yet grace in "the blade" is just as real and as precious as "the full corn in the ear."

How important is piety in a physician! How important to himself, how much more so to others! Often he bears in his hands the secrets, the peace, and the happiness of families, and always he has the very best opportunities for administering pious counsel to the sick and the dying. He may bolster up them that are appointed to die, with deceitful hopes; or he may wisely and kindly prepare them for the fatal issue. And even when, as in the present case, they are already prepared for the last hour, he may still contribute largely to the serenity and comfort of the departing. One of the primitive disciples is styled "Luke, the beloved physician." Many, in after days, have earned the same title. Would that their number were greatly increased.

Sorrow is the mother of many Christian graces, which look loveliest when attending on their parent.

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Original.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

THERE was a period in the dark and unfathomed past when Deity existed alone amid the deep solitudes of His own eternity. Neither the heavens nor the earth reflected His glory. Neither cherubim nor seraphim, nor hosts of unfallen spirits hymned His praise, or lauded Him as their Creator and Sovereign King. Yet it was the design of God to people heaven with shining intelligences; and at length the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

In the creation of angels the work was immediate. He *spake* and it was done. But in peopling earth with moral and responsible beings, His plan was different. For this purpose He constituted the domestic relations as the basis of this plan.

Marriage was the first tie that ever united human beings together. God saw that it was not good for man to be alone—that during the period of his earthly probation he would need a help-meet and a companion—a true and faithful friend. Hence woman was formed, and God himself celebrated the first marriage amid the rejoicings of Paradise.

Man received her as his loving and beautiful wife—he pressed her to his grateful and throbbing bosom as Heaven's gift, as a part of himself, whom he was to love and cherish as his own flesh. The cup of his bliss was now full—his happiness was now complete. They ate, they sang, they conversed, they rejoiced, they *worshiped* together amid the cooling and refreshing shades of their native Eden.

All was beauty to the eye, melody to the ear, and joy to the heart. The deep and dreadful shadows of a moral eclipse had not come over them. The high and lofty brow of Adam had not as yet felt the first biting blush of shame, and Eve's face was as sunny as if the reflection of an angel's wing had fallen upon it. No storm of unholy passion agitated or tossed the bosom—no sense of guilt darkened or debilitated the understanding—no forms of evil tempers lay smothered in the soul to rise and mar their future peace or break their tender union. Then human

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nature breathed in all the freshness of youth, and smiled in all the loveliness of innocency; free from all guile and deceit within, it apprehended none from without. Universal nature rejoiced in their new-made and far-spreading enjoyments, and reflected, as from a thousand mirrors, the benevolence of the Great Parent of all.

Thus our first parents were united in a union the most sacred and tender, under the sanction of reason, the solemnities of religion, and the overshadowing benediction of Heaven.

Since then changes have taken place. Man has been driven from his primeval abode—the very earth has been cursed for his sake—converted, as it were, into a wilderness of briers and thorns; but still the domestic constitution lives as one of the lingering memorials of Paradisiacal bliss—as an *oasis* in the desert—a *retreat* from the conflict and cares of a selfish and sinning world—a *home* of dear affections and hallowed memories. It enjoyed the sanction of patriarchs and prophets. It shone forth brightly and beautifully amid the retreating and departing shadows of Jewish glory. It received the benedictions of the predicted Messiah, and it will continue to exist as the safeguard of virtue, the home of the heart, until the world shall expire and all earthly relations shall be dissolved, and time shall be merged into eternity.

Original.

A HAPPY MOTHER.

Nearly twenty years ago, in one of the maternal associations of New England, this question was proposed to a mother—"Do you believe your children will all be converted to God?" "*I do*," was the firm reply; "and my confidence is not based upon my own faithfulness in duty, but solely on the promises of a covenant-keeping God."

"Suppose some of your children should not be brought into the kingdom, would it not then be your duty to submit to the sovereign will of God?" continued the inquirer.

"Submission to such an event is no part of my duty now,"

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replied the other. "I am not called upon to exercise it in reference to the final destruction of one of my children; but should such a deplorable event ever take place, I trust grace will be afforded to bear it."

The bitter cup anticipated by her friend has not yet been presented to her. Blessed be His name hitherto; "*a lost soul*," has not been uttered over one of the precious children intrusted to her. Not many months since it was the lot of this mother to part with her eldest son, who was bound to a distant land—a land of perils! of death! of gold! To her it seemed plainly right and best that he should go. But what a prospect! He must go away from home—from privileges—from Sabbaths—from protectors—and he must go without God—without hope of safety in the life to come.

"The God of the Covenant is on the waters," she said, as the tears mingled with the garments she packed in his trunk. The lovely boy went down to the sea, leaving aching hearts at home. He entered the ship where no voice of prayer was heard; he mingled with the wretched crew. His heart sunk within him. He now "remembered God and was troubled!" He remembered that, years ago, the blessed Spirit had drawn near and spoken to his inmost soul—was welcomed—had entered and given peace—was again resisted—sent away—was grieved and forgotten! But that Divine Spirit "again moved on the face of the waters." He found the desolate boy alone on the ocean. He spoke to him of his danger—of his sin—of his ingratitude—of his early instructions—of the nightly prayers breathed over his pillow—He spoke to him of a judgment to come, and pointed to the heaving abyss beneath as he reefed his sails amid the foaming billows.

Long were those gentle influences withstood. He fought against them, and tried to close up the avenues of his soul. Oh, had the mother been near, in that critical hour, to lead him at once to the Saviour! But it was not needful. The covenant-keeping God was there! He sent grace from above! He took him—He drew him out of many waters—He set his feet on a rock! And now he writes to his mother: "What a Saviour I have found! I feel safe for the first time. The Bible is my daily comfort; and on every page I find the sweet

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assurance of peace and happiness in the path of right. God brought me to this vessel on purpose, it would seem, to accomplish His great designs of love and mercy."

One little incident, among many, attending the conversion of this dear youth, may not be unworthy of notice. The day before leaving home, the chapter was read at family worship containing this verse, which was commented on, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." In the course of the day he drew from his pocket his little Daily Food, saying, playfully, "I'll see what is my verse to-day:" "*Come unto me*," was the second voice. Soon after he went to his chest for some article, and a paper dropped on the floor. He read it—"Come unto me, and I will give you *rest*," again spoke to his soul.

Mothers, let us go forth, "sowing beside all waters."

* * * * * *

I once knew a father and mother who were taken from their little family at a time when, of all others, they most needed their care. The orphans were left with a legacy of prayer—of consecration—of faith; the only wealth their excellent parents had to bestow. For years the children struggled on, favored by the early influence of a right beginning; but the eldest, a son, yielded to the force of temptation. He forsook the God of his parents, cast off fear, became an infidel, and was hardened in sin. For more than twenty years he was permitted to run this wild career, and those who remembered the faithfulness of his parents were perplexed at the distressing result.

A short time since I was inquiring after the welfare of these children, and received the following reply: "You remember young ———? He was a sad boy; for thirty years he was a grief to his friends, and plunged into error and vice. But he is now a Christian, and preparing for the ministry!"

Friends, this is a world for work, for labor, for prayer! A mother's heart should be a *house of prayer!* Do not think of losing the soul of one of your children. It is true you can not do much, directly, for them; but one thing you can do: you can take them to a covenant-keeping God, and be sure He will do infinitely better for them. "Try it," dear friends, for "He is faithful who hath promised."

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Original.

THE MOTHER'S TASK.

[Extract from a letter to the Editor.]

MRS. WHITTELSEY:

I HAVE been privileged occasionally with the reading of your Magazine, and have ever felt an interest in its prosperity. My health being uniformly feeble, I have been deprived in a measure, of those sources of enjoyment which many mothers have in the social circles for prayer, in the maternal association, etc., still I feel a deep sense of responsibility resting upon me as a parent. My earnest desire and prayer to God is, that the loaned treasure intrusted to me, may early in life be consecrated to the Saviour's service. Did we properly realize that every impression made upon the child's mind has a bearing upon its future prospects, either for good or evil, how cautious should we be, lest by our influence we sow those seeds into their hearts which, instead of springing up to everlasting life, should cause bitter lamentation and woe, and plant thorns upon their dying pillows. Mrs. Huntington, in her memoirs, fully expresses the feelings of a solicitous mother. She remarks, "The person who undertakes to form the infant mind, to cut off the distorted shoots, and direct and fashion those which may in due time become fruitful and lovely branches, ought to possess a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. It is no easy task to ascertain, not only the principles and habits of thinking, but also the causes which produce them. It is no easy task, not only to watch over actions, but also to become acquainted with the motives which prompted them. It is no easy task, not only to produce correct associations, but to remove improper ones, which may through the medium of those nameless occurrences to which children are continually exposed, have found a place in the mind." She further observes, "Add to this the difficulty of maintaining that uniform and consistent course of conduct which children ought always to observe in their parents, and which alone can give force to the most judicious discipline. Nothing but the most persevering industry in the acquisition of necessary

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knowledge, the most indefatigable application of that knowledge to particular cases, the most decisive adherence to a consistent course of piety, and above all, the most unremitting supplications to Him who alone can enable us to resolve and act correctly, can qualify us to discharge properly the duties which devolve upon every mother.

"Yours, etc.,

"C."

Original.

FOOTPRINTS.

THERE is meaning in footprints. Whether they lie far off on lonely shores, or in unfrequented deserts—everywhere and always, till the wave washes them out, or the wind blows the sand over them, have they a meaning and a history.

All over the surface of our mother earth, in these despised hieroglyphics are printed the habits and characters of her children.

The hunter in the wilds of South Africa understands their value when he examines in the morning the margin of the fountains. He knows by their tracks in the sand if the lion, or the princely giraffe, or aged elephant have come to lap its waters.

The Western Indian needs no other guide than the slight trail (which an unpracticed eye would never notice) left on the fallen leaves, to follow with certainty the track of man or animal.

On the south side of this board fence, when the sun is warm and the grass soft and smooth, runs a narrow footpath, regular as if cut from the green-sward. It runs on perhaps twenty rods, when it suddenly terminates, just as the slope of the hill begins. You might wonder why it should be *there*—so hard, so narrow, so regular, and so *useless*—for it leads to nothing; but if you happen to be on the spot any pleasant day, you may see a venerable man of ninety years come out of that old house with the stone chimney, and with measured and careful step tread backward and forward that little footpath, which has been his promenade for twenty years. His worn and shining staff (which is

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never out of his hand while he is awake) is laid on the top of the fence and drawn along—a guide to his steps instead of their support. He is *deaf* and *blind!* Shut out by his great privation from the walks of men, he has sought out a path for himself, and trodden it patiently over, till his footsteps have become blended and indistinguishable as his years. But his step is every day more feeble, and the grass will soon have it all its own way on the hillside.

It is a pleasant summer morning. We are passing along the road which leads through a small country town in New England. Here are the marks of many children's feet—some with shoes and some without—all, I see by their direction, going to school. And what round and tiny feet were these, taking such short steps, and leaving each five little dimples in the yielding sand? They must belong to some "toddling wee thing," venturing out into the world under the care of an older brother or sister, for here all along, and just so far from the little one, is a larger footprint.

With what caution did the one of larger experience guide the little one where the sand was soft to the feet, and by the roadside where it could not be run over.

And what a multitude of such little footprints lie, at this moment, uneffaced, all over these New England hills and valleys—all pointing to some school-house as their center. Have they not a meaning and a history?

It is now half-past nine. What a busy time has there been this morning! What a washing of hands and faces; what a demand for clean handkerchiefs and aprons; what a filling of dinner-baskets and satchels; what a mingling of kisses and warnings—of encouragements and threats!

After the young adventurers have fairly started on their way, what a watching from doors and windows by anxious mothers, to see that they do indeed go straight on, without stopping to play. And what promises and resolves have been made by these little epitomes of men and women, that they will not yield to temptation, even though it should come in the form of a young bird dropped from its nest and fluttering directly in their path—or ripe blackberries standing above fences—or the brook babbling with the pebbles, or gliding over smooth sands, where the

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minnows dart and the shadows of the ripples play. These may all have been resisted, but some heavy pockets may betray to-night, long after the young owners are wandering in the land of dreams, that they were betrayed and overcome by gold, and silver, and gems, glittering to their young fancies in bits of *mica*.

All along, through what scenes of picturesque and sylvan beauty (never to be forgotten, let the future paths lead where they may) do these little footsteps lie! Coming out from old farm-houses away off among the hills—shaded by elm or sycamore—under long lines of rounded, symmetrical maples—by lonely paths, scaring up yellow butterflies from their mysterious convocations—through woodlands fresh with dew and fragrant with whortleberries and sweet fern—by meadows where the bob-a-link swings on some aspiring stalk, or sings as she sails over the waving grass—by fields of yellow grain waiting for the harvesters. When peeping into cornfields the wind has lifted and rustled the long, dark leaves, how have the little feet hurried on, lest *something* should show itself from that mysterious depth! You may see, too, when a pause has been made at a respectful distance from a magnificent thistle, which bears a lascivious humblebee on its purple bosom. Solitary or in companies have they wandered on, and are now all gathered around their teachers. What a sound is going up from mingling voices, conning Webster's Spelling Books and all sorts of rudiments.

Yours, ye teachers, is no light and easy task—no idle mission. Impressions will to-day be made, for good or evil, on these susceptible creatures—these plastic minds, lying open to all influences. And these little footprints, as they grow larger, will show by their direction and their impulse the tendency you have helped to give them.

It is a bright Sabbath morning. The bells in the village ring out their summons on the clear air. It is soon answered by the sound of many feet. There are footprints, large and small—whole families of them. All point toward the church. The parents lead the children by the hand to-day, and all wear shoes. There is the mingling of voices, too, to-day, but it is in hymn or prayer. Precept and warning will to-day do their mission, for life or death, to many hearts. Truly, this is earnest work—this laying down footprints on our Maker's earth, and in the light of

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His own Sabbath sun! It is not a matter of light moment in what direction they point to-day.

Some there are which go round in by-paths to the worn threshhold of tavern, bar, or gambling haunt, *even* to-day, and, shutting the door, forget that these silent but *swift witnesses* against them lie all along their path. Here, too, are little feet. The son has followed the father! Oh, send him back! Let not *him* breathe this tainted air, heavy with curses and burdened with the mingling fumes of tobacco and alcohol. Send *him* home! Has he no mother, that he is here? Have you no heart? Is it not enough that your own "steps take hold on hell?" Must you lead him with you there?

Some are there who, with a soft and slippered self-indulgence, recline on couches through all the hours of this sacred day, and with an air of deprecating innocence affirm, "Thy servant went no whither." "Inasmuch as ye did it *not*," will be one part of *their* condemnation.

The hunted deer seeks the herd, and thinks to hide among the multitude of its fellows. So are there those who think their footfall among the thousands on the pavements of the thronged city leaves no distinct impress. But God, the angels, and conscience are there to take note of *every one*.

There are calm and gentle footprints which lead off to distant hilltops, by the river's bank, or into forest depths,

"Amid the peaceful, sinless works of God;"

many which tend to the dwellings of the suffering and the poor. There is the deep and earnest impress of business; the strong and heavy tread of toil. But everywhere and always have they a meaning and a history. M. W. S.

Industry and economy will get rich while sagacity and intrigue are laying their plans.

Like Indian grass, piety is most fragrant when it is trodden upon.

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Original.

HABIT.

PARENTS may give their children the habit of *doing good.* Men in regard to habits of beneficence are, during their whole lives, much what they were when children. The hand which grasped and refused then, will hold with a still tighter clench now. The hand which, in childhood, ministered to another's woe, and the feet which hastened on their little errands of mercy, will still be swift to do good. When we remember the multiplied and most valuable promises affixed in the Scriptures to the exercise of Christian benevolence, or, as the Old Testament calls it, *mercy*, we should not only be desirous, but deeply anxious to gain for ourselves and our children the fulfillment of those promises. We wish to see our children "received into everlasting habitations?" Let us, then, teach them to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Do *we* hope for the reward of the cup of cold water given in Christ's name? Let us teach them to obtain it likewise. Have we read in David, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," and learned as we go on, that the "Lord will make his bed in all his sickness?" and can we, by negligent teaching or example, deprive our dear ones of these favors? When we remember, too, that Christ has made the visiting and relieving of His afflicted ones a test of our love to Him, and that thereby shall we stand or fall in the great day of account, we should be deeply concerned lest our children, through our unfaithfulness, should at last be turned out of His kingdom. Let us, then, begin as we would in any other work, *early* to train them in this blessed cause. We must recollect that it is not the amount, but the spirit, which is of importance in the charity of our children. One penny, given with the principle of holy love and self-denial, is as much worth as a hundred, and will be equally acceptable with God. Let us early accustom our children to objects of benevolence; take them with us on our errands of mercy, that they may become acquainted with the wants of the poor, and not grow up with that sickly sentimentality which shall shudder at the sight of a

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necessitous fellow-being. And when accustomed to these duties, and arrived at a proper age, let us send them in our place, to dispense our charities and their own, thereby calling forth their sympathies, and strengthening their moral energies. How sadly unaware parents seem to be that the affections, the sympathies, the self-denying efforts of their children must be cultivated and strengthened by exercise and use, or they will certainly be destitute of these beautiful traits of character. Dr. Combe, in his invaluable work on Physiology, in reference to education, remarks: "Every *moral* feeling which we wish to strengthen and cultivate, must be duly, regularly, and systematically exercised, before full success can be attained, just as we see done with the intellectual faculties of music, painting, and memory of facts." Let us be careful to set before our children a manifestation of benevolence in our every-day conduct, that they may see our kindness to be regular, consistent, and self-denying. Thus will our example live in their memory, and incite them to like deeds of love. Let us give them books to peruse concerning holy, self-denying, and liberal men and women, and above all let us continually teach them of the blessed Saviour, who went about doing good, and whose whole life was one self-denying act of benevolence. Thus may our endeavors, if accompanied with faith and prayer, be the means of a nobler, holier charity, when we are departed.

Original.

TEACH YOUR CHILD TO THINK.

To think clearly, and to express thought with precision and beauty, may be the attainment, we believe, not only of the favored child of genius, but even of the many who are endowed with no extraordinary powers of mind. To enable them to do this, those powers must be developed in all their strength by early and long-continued discipline. We know not how many "mute, inglorious Miltons" die and leave no inheritance of valuable thought to those who come after them, because that culture

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was wanting which is necessary to bring forth flowers of thought, as fostering care is needed for the natural plant.

In the households which are now scattered over our land, are gathered those who are soon to bring in their additions to our national literature, and bear its stream onward, till a future generation shall receive it with its accumulated treasures. Those whose minds are now as an unwritten page, are soon to have an influence by their thoughts and their words enduring as time. To give direction to these feeble beginnings of mental power, to develop all the resources of this mighty mind of a nation, is a work in which every mother has a part. It is our purpose to speak of one simple way of aiding in this development, which every mother, though she may not be learned, may practice. The little ones who look to her for amusement, may be early taught to find it for a few moments each day, at least, in expressing their own simple ideas, in their own artless way, upon subjects which their observation, their play, or some fact or story which they have heard may suggest. The object aimed at should be, not so much to teach them a correct grammar and orthography, as to begin with them, unwittingly indeed, that great work of education, to know how to *think*. And this would be a pleasure and not a task-work, for the child who is pleased with a story or a picture, will be pleased with the effort to originate either. That it would be an advantage every teacher knows who has been a witness to the sorrows of the scholar who has to write his first composition, and who supposes he has to do a mysterious something, a hard task, for reasons unknown to him, imposed by an unkind master. It is well to convey knowledge to the mind of childhood by the varied means which all may command—hymn and story, picture and book, all may aid, but the child must make the materials given him his own, by embodying them in his own language. This exercise serves to give definitiveness to his conceptions, stimulates his imagination, gives scope to his fancy, imparts strength to the reasoning powers, and kindles a desire for the acquisition of knowledge, while it teaches him to see with the eyes of his mind, and exercises the memory and the judgment. The subjects chosen should be simple, the common objects of thought to a child, for his mind as well as his body is but in its infancy, and he can

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not write well upon subjects of which he knows nothing. A walk, a ride, a flower, the sky, will afford ample material for description, which will not only instruct but interest.

We have been witness to the results of the course of training which we advocate, faithfully pursued by a mother, who now sees the fruit of her early efforts, in the facility and clearness with which her children express their thoughts, and in their intellectual taste; and we believe that more might be accomplished for true education were this a more common exercise, than by crowding the mind by what is called *knowledge*.

Selected.

OUR PRAYERS DO NOT DIE WITH US.

Though we die our prayers do not die with us; they outlive us, and those we leave behind may reap the benefit of them when we are turned to dust. For my own part I must profess, before the world, that I have a high value for this mercy, and do, from the bottom of my heart, bless the Lord, who gave me a religious and tender father, who often poured out his soul to God for me; and, being full of love to his children, often carried them before the Lord, prayed and pleaded with God for them, wept and made supplications for them. The prayers and blessings left by him before the Lord, I esteem above the fairest inheritance on earth.

Oh! it is no small mercy to have thousands of fervent prayers lying before the Lord in heaven for us. Oh, that we would all be faithful to this duty. Surely our love, especially to the souls of our relatives, should not grow cold.—Flavel.

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